This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

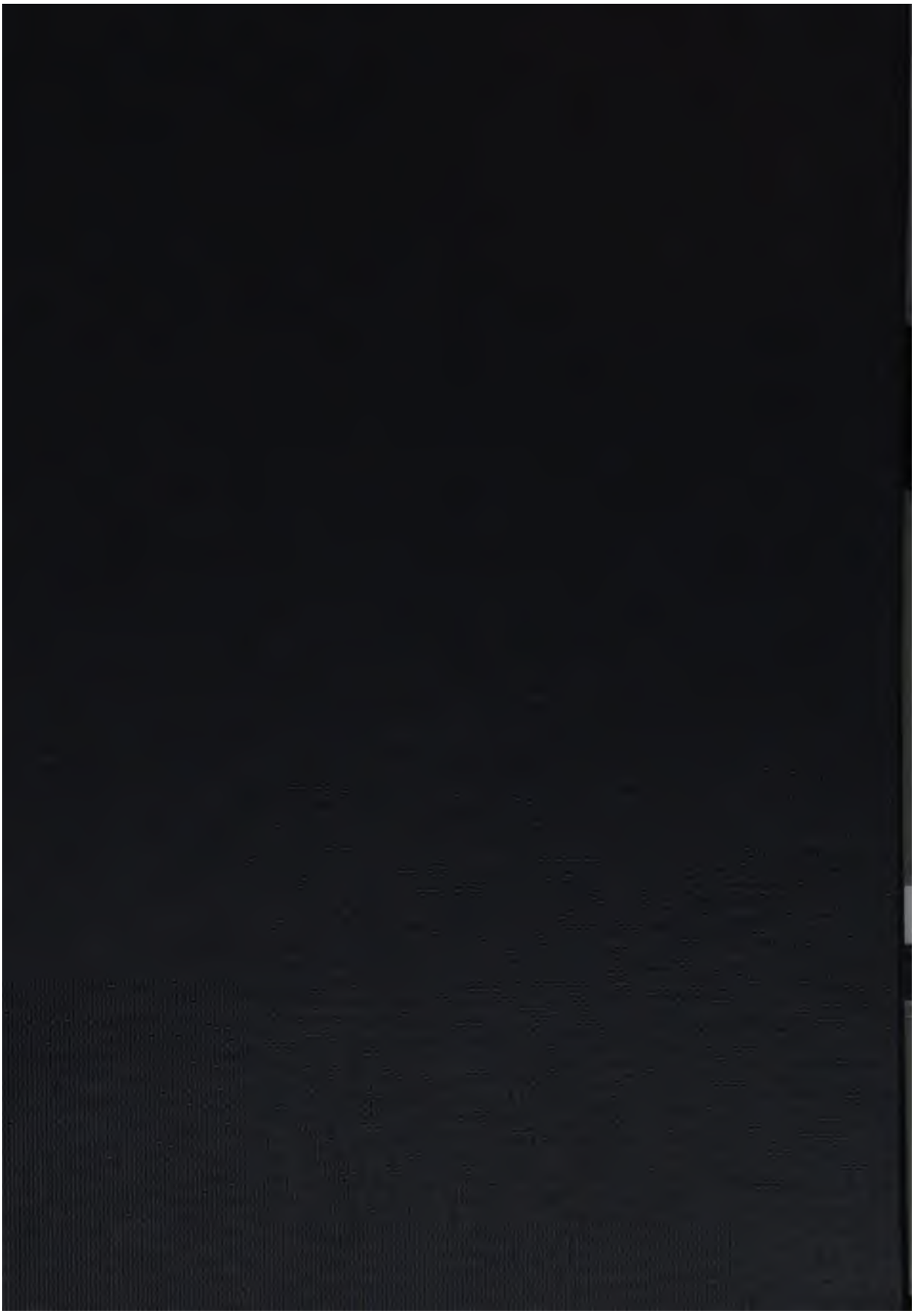
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

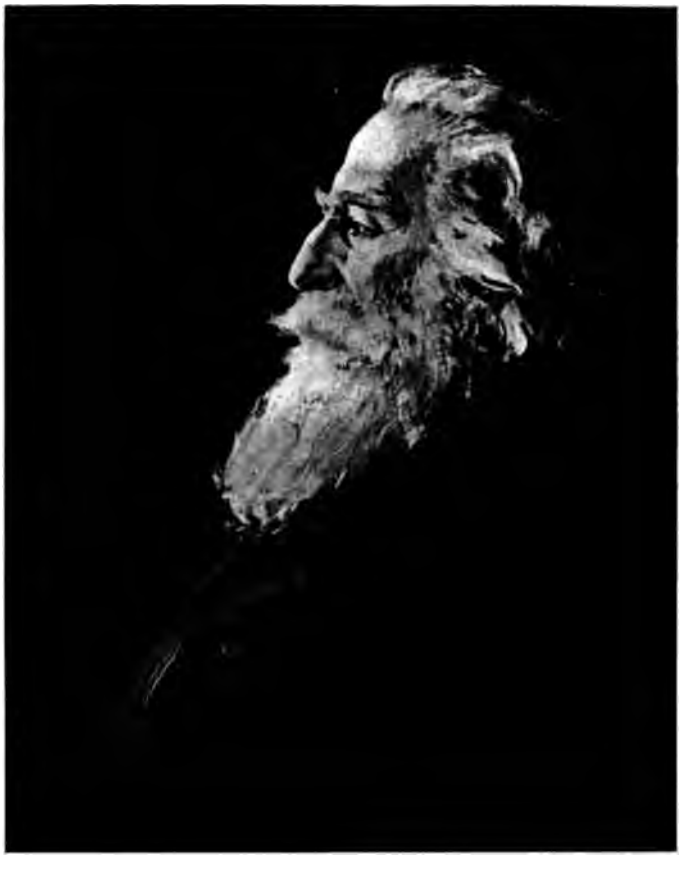
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Gift of the
THE AUTHOR



Edmund J Hunt

Weymouth Ways and Weymouth People.

REMINISCENCES

BY

EDMUND SOPER HUNT

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1907.

US 13519.6.15

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FEB 11 1907
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
COPIES PRINTED.

I DEDICATE

THIS VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES

TO

MY GOOD WIFE.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I

IN THE "THIRTIES": — Introduction — My School Days — The Olden Times — Thanksgiving — Business — From the Arnold Tavern down Commercial Street — Along Front Street — Garfield Square — Pond Meadow and Nantasket — Music in the Union Church and the Union Singing Society — Revivals — In East Braintree — My First School-house — The Old Toll-house — Col. Minot Thayer's Farm — My Home — Business Men of the Village — My Books and Library 9–64

CHAPTER II

IN THE "FORTIES": — The Harrison Campaign — The Cold Water Army — Abolitionists — Fires and Fire Engines — The Band — Business — Windmills — Dances — Manufacturing — Jour. Tramps — Petition for Railroad — Flying Machines — Tilden's Launching — Politics and Postmasters — The Old Amazon and its Trials — The Forty-Niners — New Doctors — The Old Union Bank — Henry Clay . 65–99

CHAPTER III

IN THE "FIFTIES": — The Year 1850 — Political Events — Kossuth — Fugitive Slave Law — Changes in the Village — World's Fair of 1853 — Noted Lecturers — Anthony Burns — The Know-Nothings — The Marshfield Fair — Freemasonry — Gen. Banks — Sumner and Brooks — The Kansas Crusade — Town Officers in 1854 — My Own Business — My First Fireworks 100–138

CHAPTER IV

IN THE "SIXTIES": — The Election of Lincoln — Outbreak of the Civil War — Enlistments in the Old Town Hall — At the Weymouth Fairs — Muff and Tom — Purchase of Prince — Manufacture of Fans 139–152

CHAPTER V

IN THE "SEVENTIES": — Financial Troubles — My Invention of a Life-saving Projectile — Exhibition in Mechanics' Fair, 1878 — Invention of the Colored Shell and Sun Wheel — Lieut. Lyle's Visit — My Trip to England — Observations in London — Bedford Park — Whitehall Palace — St. Paul's Cathedral — Temple Bar — Whitechapel — At Greenwich — Billingsgate — At Faversham — A Shipwreck at Tynemouth — Testing the Hunt Projectile at Shoeburyness — Return in 1880 153–188

CHAPTER VI

IN THE "EIGHTIES": — At Nauset — Displays of Fireworks at Nantasket — Visit to New Orleans — Southern Cities — My Projectile and the Final Test at Nantucket — Last Letter from Mr. Crowninshield 189–202

CHAPTER VII

MISCELLANEOUS EVENTS: — Religious Societies — The Sabbath — Old North Meeting House — Organization of Universalist Church — The Old Account Book — Occupations — May Training — How to Celebrate Old Home Week — "Truth" — Reply to "Truth" — Comments on Newspaper Clippings — The Amazons and the Tigers — Business at the Landing — Mothers' Meetings — The Lawrences — Our High School — Natural Beauty of Our Village — History of Weymouth — Address of Charles Francis Adams — His Errors — What an Old Man Can Do — What a Young Man Can Do — The Professions — Utopia — Fine Old Elms — At the Opera — Our Great Novelists — The Old Hunt Burying Ground — Nathan W. Dickerman — Governor Boutwell and Senator Hoar — Occupations for Women — Manufacturing Fire Crackers — Old-time Musicians — The Great Ship Canal — Our State Flower — Civil Service in Utopia — My Dog Rab — Memorial Day, 1905 — How to Grow Roses 203–285

CHAPTER VIII

ANCESTRAL GLEANINGS: — Origin of the Hunt Family — Col. William Hunt — My Search in Old Duxbury — A Strange Occurrence — The Return of Deacon Ebenezer Hunt . . 286–295

ADDENDA 296

INDEX OF NAMES 297–307

FOREWORD.

I HAVE written down, from time to time, during the past few years, my reminiscences of the old days of Weymouth, and of the towns-people of sixty years ago and more, which are included in this volume together with other letters, mostly printed in the *Weymouth Gazette*, on different phases of life such as prevailed here, and perhaps were a fair example of New England village life in the early years of the century. Humor has carried me in many paths, but as the truth has appeared to me so I have taken pleasure in writing it down for the edification, I trust the benefit, of my towns-people, and perhaps for the assistance of some future historian who would find these data of service.

Outside of some valuable papers in my father's possession, a few old store books, and other data of less importance, I have had nothing to aid me save my own memories of seventy years.

How easy it would be for the historian — the writer of town history especially — had our fathers been thoughtful of the future

in preserving for us, in written form, the true history of the early days in the Colonies, — the true story of the life of the people then. As for Weymouth, there is a blank of one hundred and fifty years, or from shortly after the permanent settlement — say 1635 — to the end of the Revolution, in which time there are absolutely no records of the town or people, and mention of Weymouth is but rarely made. Now and then there may be a record of a land transfer, or a soldier or two drawn from the town, — nothing else.

If my effort should inspire autobiographies, from which histories are made, by oldest residents and others, then these few sketches of Weymouth Landing and its people will not have been penned in vain.

E. S. H.

REMINISCENCES.

Chapter I. In the "Thirties."

I WAS born on Front street, Weymouth, July 19, 1827. The house (now 76 Front street) is the most interesting of all in the village to me. My father, Major Elias Hunt, occupied the south side of the house, and his brother, William Hunt, who died Sept. 24, 1822, lived in the north side. At the time of my birth, his son, Elbridge Gerry Hunt, occupied the north side of this fine old house.

Here I lived until I was four years old, when my father removed to his new house, now 175 Front street, and owned by Mr. James T. Pease. After father removed from my birth-place, it was occupied by Mr. Adoniram Bowditch, whose wife was my cousin, Charlotte Hunt. I enjoyed visiting at cousin Charlotte's better than at any other place, for a better soul never lived than she.

My father was married in September, 1820, in Cambridge, Mass., by the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., father of the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes. My mother, Eliza Maria Theresa Soper, daughter of Major Edmund Soper, of Braintree, came to the home on Front street, where the wedding reception was held, and where our family lived till 1831.

My recollections of the olden times in my native village, together with some of the most interesting events of a long and active business life, I propose to bring together in this volume, believing that it will not be uninteresting to future generations of those who chance to live in Weymouth.

My school days in the "thirties" were passed in the old school-house (then newly built) on Front street. Of the boys who attended school at that time, few besides myself are alive to-day. Of those boys and girls I remember, none were other than native born; their fathers and mothers having always lived in the vicinity of Weymouth, they were descendants of the old Pilgrim-Puritan stock.

At that time the school was called the Fourth District, which included most of the territory of Ward III of to-day, and all were accommodated in this two-roomed school-house. The children began and completed their education here without the aid of a high school. The boys were a motley-looking lot, compared with the boys now. Then money was scarce and clothes were dear, and dress counted for nothing. Some from Back (now Summer) street wore simply smock-frocks, made of coarse blue stuff, gathered at the neck with a string. Green bocking jackets were called pretty fine, and few could afford them. For head-gear, a coarse sealskin cap was worn by many.

These were good old democratic days (Jacksonian), and as none had ever then seen better times, all were content.

Of my teachers, I remember well Miss Seymour, from Hingham; Miss Emeline Merritt, from South Weymouth, and Miss Boynton, from Scituate, who were favorites with the school children; then came Miss Lucy J. Chipman, who on June 4, 1842, became the wife of my cousin, Richard A. Hunt, late of Front street. These teachers taught school in the room on the first floor, while the room above was occupied by a male teacher.

The man I remember best was John Hatherly Foster. He came from a good Scituate family, and was a born teacher. The boy or girl he could not teach could not be taught. Mr. Foster came to the school fully equipped for his work. He had several pieces of apparatus to demonstrate what he taught. A table stood in front of his desk, which was covered with apparatus. How well I remember the electrical machine with its Leyden jar, the air-pump, the air-gun, and a large globe! These are common to-day in all public schools, but in my school days they were the first that my schoolmates or myself had seen, and great interest was created to know their uses. The boys could never forget that Leyden jar, with its bright button at the top and chain by its side. Few escaped an electric shock from it.

As an instrument of torture many had a practical demonstration of its use daily. This Leyden jar was always charged ready for the mischievous, and woe betide the boy that the master saw whispering; for Mr. Foster would slyly seize that jar and as slyly approach the mischief-maker, and, touching the boy's thigh with the button, a sensation like the sting of a large yellow hornet flashed over the mischievous one, who instantly shouted "Oh!" to the great amusement of all the scholars, who had watched the fun from the first. He was, indeed, a dull boy who could not learn from such practical lessons in electricity!

The air-gun was always ready for its work. The girl seen breaking the rules, had the cork stopper that plugged the end of the tube shot at her. This made a loud report. The gun was discharged by a spark from the Leyden jar, which was only another way of giving a lesson in the use of electricity. These lessons were always given in the presence of a long cowhide lying on the table. This cowhide, then considered a promoter of discipline, has, I think, now become obsolete; but in my school days, if the offence was greater than electricity

could atone for, the cowhide was brought into use as the most perfect instrument of torture.

There was no gymnasium for the scholars of that time. In fact every boy had one at home, in his father's back yard, in the form of a chopping-block and a saw-horse. On Saturday afternoon, the school having closed for the week at noon, every father required his boys to exercise by chopping and sawing a pile of wood which was always ready. Scarcely a family in town then used hard coal, and cutting wood was a constant drill in gymnastics. Most of those boys had horses and cattle to care for and to drive on the farm in "seed time and harvest," and so the boys of my time had more exercise than the boy of to-day gets.

As already said, the school-house of District No. 4 was on Front street, and across the way was the homestead of the late Atherton W. Tilden (now Trinity Church). From the well back of this house the scholars got their water, and to be sent on this errand was considered a great privilege. At times the privilege brought temptations. In Mr. Tilden's front yard stood two black-heart cherry trees, and as I look back, it seems to me as though most front yards contained either cherry, pear or apple trees. Now, on those "rare" days in June, the boys always managed to get some of Mr. Tilden's cherries on the sly,—"stolen fruit is always the sweetest;" then in the fall there were the apple trees hanging over the fence from Mr. Josiah Thayer's, loaded with the most tempting fruit that boys ever set eyes upon. At recess the first boys out always got these apples; others, following, shouted for "a bite," while the last to reach the yard often got the core.

Once I remember four boys were missing from school. They had not attended school for several days, and no one seemed to know where they were; but in crossing the pasture behind the late Samuel W. Reed's house, some one discovered them in a hut which they had built in the bushes. Upon

learning of this, Mr. Foster sent some of the larger boys, among whom was the late Thomas Tilden, after them. The four were brought to the school-house by their school-mates (we had no truant officers then) and given a good cowhiding, and no one complained about the punishment.

The school did not keep on Saturday afternoons, for, as I learn from an old school report, this time was considered necessary to prepare the boys and girls for the Sabbath school. As I remember, we chopped wood, shelled corn, carried the grist to the old Welsh mill, pulled weeds, hoed potatoes, run errands, with little time for play, and, knowing no better, believed that those were happy times.

During the public school vacation Mr. Foster taught a private school for boys. This school was in a building long since pulled down, which occupied the site where the Walsh harness shop now stands, between Washington and Norfolk squares, East Braintree. He occupied the first floor, with Miss Lucy Chipman and Miss Mary Leach on the second floor. In this school he had boys from Braintree, with the boys from Weymouth. Of those, I know of but two besides myself now living, viz.: Francis H. Tilden, of Front street, and Amos W. Stetson, of Braintree and Boston.*

Mr. Foster conducted this school much in the same way as that on Front street. Over his desk were arranged a set of cards, and by pulling a string he gave the signal for recess or intermission. Upon his ringing a bell and pulling up a card, the boys made a rush for the door. The monitor was always ready with his bell to sound, if he discovered a delinquent,—and here too the Leyden jar was always ready.

This was, however, a pleasant school as schools go. We played on Mrs. Derby's hill back of the old school-house in summer, and coasted down "Major's hill" in winter. Here

* Mr. Stetson died while on a visit to Switzerland in the summer of 1904.

we learned that never were pears so good as those that grew on the St. Michael pear trees in front of the old Richmond house.

Of my school books, I best remember Colburn's Arithmetic, first published in 1821. I used this for the eight years of my schooling. My Reader was John Pierpont's American First Class Book, first published in 1823, and in its thirty-fifth edition in 1835. I also used Olney's Geography, Comstock's Philosophy, and Willard's Astronomy.

As we always began at the beginning of Colburn's Arithmetic each term, few ever advanced beyond fractions, or the "rule of three," and it was mysteriously whispered around that there were many "sums" in the back part of the book that the teachers could not solve. No one advanced far enough to test this point.

Our lessons were recited in the forms at the back end of the room and in the presence of the whole school. Quite as much was learned from listening to the recitations as from the study of the books. I think that the bright scholars were an inspiration to the poorer ones. There were many fine scholars in Mr. Foster's schools. Ezra Leach, my brother Ebenezer W. Hunt, and Gilbert Nash, the author of a "Historical Sketch of the Town of Weymouth," were among the best.

After Mr. Foster came Mr. Pillsbury, a brother of Parker Pillsbury, the noted Abolitionist. After him came Mr. Nims. These men were unlike Mr. Foster. With them, teaching was a makeshift to enable them to complete a college education. They were not liked by the boys, and the use of the ferule was their most salutary service to the school, as I too well remember.

In the basement of the Universalist Church (now Lincoln Hall), then just built, I attended a private school, and well remember the teacher as a pleasant gentleman named Brown. The boys all liked this school, as they were allowed more lib-

erty than in the town school. Among the scholars were John and George Porter, Henry Willis, Peter Cushing, Benjamin B. Thayer, and Edward Hanson, who is still living in New York. The old Fourth District was disbanded in 1854, but —

> **Still sits the school-house by the road,**
> **A ragged beggar sunning;**
> **Around it still the sumachs grow,**
> **And blackberry vines are running.—*Whittier.***

The boy of to-day, with all his comforts, little knows what the boys of those times had to go through to get their schooling. As I look back, it seems to have been a poor world indeed. Sunday was a day of gloom, and no boy could put his foot out of doors for the sin of it, other than to attend church and Sunday school. Sometimes a donation party to the minister enlivened the boys a little, as did the village singing school, where the boys and girls learned to sing and to choose their mates.

A quilting party was one of the happy things I remember. Surrounding the quilting frames would gather all the neighbors. As they worked they talked and gossiped together until the quilt was done, when all enjoyed a good cup of tea and returned to their homes.

Like the quilting was the husking party in the fall of the year. When the corn had been gathered into the barn and piled high on one side of the barn floor, then the husking came. In the evening the lanterns were hung up around the corn, and all the neighbors came to husk and talk and joke. I can hear them now, telling stories and poking fun at each other, and see the cows standing in the background, chewing their cuds and looking on contentedly. After the corn was husked, all were invited into the kitchen, where the women folks had the long table loaded with a bountiful harvest supper, including

turkey, mince pie, coffee, and cider. These were the sunny days which I remember.

We had no club-rooms; the grocery store was the meeting-place to talk over the doings of the day. In the shoe shops the men usually worked in the evening till nine o'clock. These little workshops were pleasant to get into, in the cold winter nights, for they were warm and comfortable. Here the talk was always interesting, as the shoemaker of that day had many advantages. He was his own master, and could talk as much as he pleased. He read the newspapers, discussed local and public questions, and knew as much about politics as the best politicians did.

The people had little money, and the manufacturers paid mostly in orders on Major Amos Stetson, and Tufts & Whittemore. If one comes across a pass-book of that time, he will conclude that all the folks bought was rum, molasses, spices, and cotton and woolen cloth. It was not that more rum was used then, but that it was obtained mainly at the local grocery store. A man who did not have a large garden of potatoes, crook-neck squashes and other vegetables, besides a hog in the sty — fattened to fill his pork barrel on each Thanksgiving — was regarded improvident.

You seldom find in the old pass-books any mention of wheat flour, for the folks used mostly Indian meal. The corn was grown about here on the farms; after being shelled, it was carried to the old mill for grinding. There, for each bushel ground, the miller took one quart as toll. Our corn bread was baked in the brick oven set in the large square chimney in the centre of the house.

The first cooking stove that I have any remembrance of was the rotary stove. The fireplace and oven were square, but the top was round, with six holes. Around the outer edge, cog-wheels and gears were so connected with a crank that, by turning the latter, one could revolve the top so as to bring

each pot or kettle over the fire as was desired. On Thanksgiving day the roasting of the turkey was done in a tin kitchen, and no nickel-plated stove of to-day could do the cooking as well. The tin kitchen consisted of a cylinder of tin with an opening facing the fire. A long iron spit was put through the turkey, and each end was then placed in holes in the ends of the tin kitchen, and the roast was turned from time to time as the cooking went on before the large open fire. "In yᵉ olden times" he who turned the crank was called a "turn-spit." One who has eaten meat or fowl cooked in a tin kitchen will never admit that it can be done as well otherwise.

In the old church were two stoves long enough to take in four-foot wood. They were made of cast-iron, and when the elderly people came to meeting they brought with them a small, square tin stove, having a wooden frame with a handle on top to carry it by. This tin stove was taken to one of the long stoves and filled with live coals, then placed in the bottom of the pew to keep their feet warm during the services.

Excepting the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving was the greatest day of the year. On that day, be they never so poor, all had a good dinner, — the best of the year. Without stint all the good things were for this day. Great were the preparations.

To-day no one keeps a hog. In the days of which I tell, he who kept no hog was hardly respectable; he was impecunious. In those times all knew of the coming of Thanksgiving by the slaughter of the hog. How well I remember, as the fall advanced, the neighbors going about on Sunday mornings and peering into the pigsties to size up the "porkers." One would say, "Your hog will weigh four score;" one less, another more. A "five score" (500 pounds) shoat made the owner proud, but his neighbors envious.

The week before Thanksgiving day the slaughter began. As if it were to-day, I can see my father's uncle Bill, with his sandstone in one hand and his long, sharp knife in the other.

Uncle Bill was of consequence in the family, for he not only helped us out on Thanksgiving day, but through his ancestors we traced our line of descent from John Alden and Priscilla.

"Poor piggie," all unconscious of his ignominious end, had eaten his breakfast and was dreaming of more "swill" to come, when Uncle Bill arrived and ruthlessly took his life away. The pig was seized by the bristles on his back, and "roused" over on his side and his throat cut, when he squealed his life away, filling the air with cries of the slaughter.

On the arrival of Uncle Bill, the fires were lit under the great wash-boilers, and water was heated ready to scald the dead hog. Think of this, after having his throat cut! Now from the scalding tub he was taken by the heels, hung up in the barn, scraped, split open to cool off, while all prayed for cool weather. The next day the hog was cut up,—in fact, cut down. The lean pieces for sausage-meat, the "spare-ribs" hung up for future use; the shoulders and hams were sent down to Col. Abram Thayer's to be pickled and smoked, and what remained was cut in strips and laid down in the pork barrel. Thus lived and died for others "poor piggie."

Then in my father's yard was strutting the great turkey gobbler, the pride of the household, all unconscious of his fate. He had no ignominious end like "poor piggie," but was taken to the block and decapitated in royal manner as was Charles I. My father's turkey, like his hog, was no small affair, but was of presidential size, weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

Now Thanksgiving week comes. On Monday morning the household is up early, the washing done, nothing to interfere, no Monday Club, and all began on the Thanksgiving pies and puddings. There were no hired servants then. In some families the mother took the place of a servant, and in others were numerous poor relatives living in the family. It was so in my father's family. My mother was regarded as a good

cook. Her pies were made of the best mince-pie meat, moistened with boiled cider, and a quart of good brandy added for its "keeping" quality. Then my mother baked some seventy-five to one hundred mince pies, and the last were better than the first.

The night before Thanksgiving, the oven was heated for the last time, and the plum pudding was put in to remain over night and be ready for dinner. In those days all the baking was done in the brick oven, heated by faggots or bundles of brush-wood, and when the black was burned off the oven was ready to bake.

On Thanksgiving day the breakfast was a bountiful one; all kinds of pies were on the table. After breakfast my father and the boys went to church, leaving the women folks to roast the turkey in the tin kitchen before the open fire and to prepare the dinner. In the "thirties" the old Union Church would be well filled, it being the only church in the village. With good judgment, Mr. Perkins always had a short sermon, and the choir, the most noted in the country about, sang selections from "The Messiah" and "The Creation," the instrumental music being performed by my cousins, Nathaniel, Charles and Richard Hunt.

After dinner, if ice had come, the boys went skating, and at night all went to a dance in Wales' Hall, where one would meet, perhaps, George White and his cousin Alden White; and so Thanksgiving day was ended. No one in the village then observed Christmas. It came and passed unnoticed. It was regarded as a church festival to be avoided. Times have changed for the better, I think.

The most convenient way of reaching Boston was to go by stage-coach. Arad Linfield drove a stage from South Weymouth, while the Plymouth and New Bedford stages came down the turnpike drawn by four fast horses. It was a fine sight to see these drivers, cracking their long whips, coming

down the turnpike, turning at Tufts' corner (now Washington Square) and rounding up at the hotel. The like cannot be seen in these days. Those coaches stopped at all the taverns on the road for the horses to get bait and quench their thirst, as also did the passengers. It must have been a pleasant excursion to have travelled from Plymouth or New Bedford to Boston with a coach full of jolly passengers in those days.

While I was at school on Front street, the hard times of '37 came on. I think there has been nothing since equal to those days of poverty. There was nothing for the workman to do, and he passed his time pitching quoits by the roadside. On the opposite side of the road from the school a dozen men stood idle from morning till night. The late Mr. Elias Richards then occupied the old shop which my father had used ten years before. Later on it was changed into a dwelling house, where the late Jonathan Hartshorn lived for many years.

On the wharves, early in the "thirties," were Porter & Webb, carrying on the lumber business, and later Whitcomb Porter and Harvey Reed, while Quincy Reed and Elisha Blanchard were engaged in the grain business.

As I remember there were four packets running from New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia. The commanders were Captains Elijah Bates, Peter Lane, Quincy Lane and others. These packets brought all the flour and grain used in the vicinity of Weymouth. In those days the wharves were busy places. with teams for grain and lumber from Abington, Randolph, Stoughton and other places. The late Mr. George Blanchard had a store at the wharves, where he fitted out the vessels that went out with supplies.

At the lower end of the wharves stood the large steam sawing and planing mill of Forbes, Cole & Thayer. In the dock below the steam-mill was floating lumber. At this point in the Fore river was a famous swimming place for the boys. To

swim across the river at high tide, to Colonel Thayer's island, was a feat of which many of the old boys could boast. The Tufts family lived in this vicinity, and then owned the only boat that I remember on the river. It was a little green boat and could be had all day for twenty-five cents. The heavy freight was carried to Boston by packet, while the sloop "Volante," Captain Balch Cowing, master, sometimes carried passengers.

Where the Weymouth Railroad Station now stands was the old Whitmarsh house, in which Mr. Samuel Whitmarsh then resided. Mr. Whitmarsh lived to be ninety-nine years old, and his son Mr. John Whitmarsh who was born in the old house, is now (April 4, 1902), in his ninety-ninth year.

The village hotel (now the Roman Catholic parsonage), was kept by Mr. Asa B. Wales with an open bar.

Opposite the Whitmarsh house stood the hay scales, and down back of the house was the string-piece, — a large timber, — stretching across the river, one end resting on the cap of the wharf, the other on the shore back of the old Union Church, making a short cut to church and to Braintree for those who lived below the Square (Washington).

About 1833 there occurred a large fire in that locality. A carpenter's shop, and a large stable which stood where the J. C. Rhines and the C. A. Rice houses now stand, were burned. It was in the days of the "Aquarius." But as the engine was without suction hose, the tub was filled with water by hand-buckets. A line was formed from the well in the Square, and the buckets were passed back and forth until the fire was extinguished.

The "Aquarius" was owned by a number in the village who wished to be exempt from military duty. From my papers I find that the engine men for 1834 were: — Peter H. Cushing, Nathaniel Hunt, Thomas Colson, Jonathan E. White, Thomas C. Webb, Addison Cheesman, Nathaniel Richards, Jr., Thomas

B. Porter, Eben H. Richards, William Field, David J. Tirrell, Samuel Cook, Charles Clapp, Samuel Curtis, Nehemiah White, Aaron P. Nash, James R. Beckley, John C. Rhines, Joseph Clapp, Elias Nash, and Elbridge G. Hunt.

At this time were the May trainings, where all men of a certain age were required to attend. Each must furnish gun, powder-horn, primer and other equipments, and be inspected by the Adjutant. Again in the autumn occurred the annual regimental or division muster. I remember a division muster on Colonel Minot Thayer's hill, back of where Captain Joel F. Sheppard now lives. All of the notables were entertained at Colonel Thayer's house. Our agricultural fairs seem to have taken the place of the military musters of that time.

Mr. Samuel Arnold, the younger, built the Wales hotel, and in 1803 the house now owned by Francis H. Cowing. Mr. Arnold kept the hotel for a while, and was then followed by Colonel Abram Thayer who was succeeded by Mr. John D. Woods. Later Mr. Woods took charge of the Halfway house at Neponset, and then Mr. Asa B. Wales was proprietor in my boyhood days. Mr. Arnold lived in the Cowing house for a time, but after he removed or died, it was occupied by Mr. Asa Webb, a trader, whose store was the one more recently occupied by Lewis and Solon Pratt. Mr. Webb had two sons,—Thomas, at one time our town clerk, and Charles Henry, whom we all remember as a fine musician and the leader of the Weymouth orchestra.

Opposite Mr. Webb's house was the office of Mr. Fisher A. Kingsbury, a man of note, being the only lawyer at that time, and for many years Postmaster. His name will be found connected with most of the legal documents executed in the "thirties."

Next to Mr. Kingsbury's office stood the old State Bank, of which Josiah Vinton, Esq., was President, and Thomas R.

Hanson Cashier. Next stood the shop of Mr. Ezra Leach, who did a large business in currying leather, employing many hands. I remember Mr. Leach as a generous and public-spirited man. It was largely through his generosity that the Union Church secured their fine organ, as he gave most of the money needed. In politics he was a Whig, and he filled a large place in the village. His house is now owned by the heirs of the late Elias Richards.

Opposite Mr. Leach's was the office of Peter H. Cushing, the old-time village jeweller. Here he bought, sold, and repaired clocks and watches.

As we have now reached the "Smelt Brook," which forms the line between Weymouth and Braintree, and can go no farther in Weymouth, we will turn around and go towards the Square.

Next to Mr. Cushing's stood the harness shop occupied by Charles Park. Now we come to the store occupied for years by Tufts and Whittemore. Here they kept a general store with the post office and our first circulating library, — the building then occupying the site of Tufts Library building in 1906. On the opposite corner was the little tailoring shop of Mr. Francis M. Adlington, the village poet. Whatever the occasion, he was ready with his pen to celebrate it in poetry. Many of his poems have been thought to compare favorably with Whittier's in style and sentiment.

Mr. Elijah Pierce occupied the next building, covering quite a large space with old traps of carriages. "Uncle" Elijah, as he was commonly called, was a great favorite in the village. He repaired all the vehicles and harnesses, and his yard and old shop were favorite resorts for the boys.

Washington Merritt had a work-shop near Mr. Pierce's, where it was said, that he built the first reed organ. I remember that his sister, Miss Emeline Merritt, when teaching here, took all the school down to hear her brother play the organ.

Close by was Samuel Reed's blacksmith shop. He ironed my sled, and all the old horseshoes we could find he bought for one cent each. Mr. Reed did many jobs for me in the old shop, for as a boy I was always experimenting. For his work he had a rule that, if he charged, the cost was twice as much as when cash was paid at the time the work was done.

Nearly opposite Mr. Reed's was Tilly Willis's wheelwright shop. He built all the boy's sleds, the wheelbarrows, and the farm wagons. He shared this business with his rival, Caleb Hunt, who lived across the "Smelt Brook." Mr. Reed did not get all of the blacksmithing, for above Mr. Willis's stood the shop of Mr. Isaiah Thayer, who did my father's work.

At that time there was no other business on the "turnpike" (now Washington street), until we come to the old bake-house which then stood where the Baptist Church now stands. This bake-house was built by Mr. Whitcomb Porter from lumber that came from the Old North Church which had been erected in 1752. About 1835, or thereabouts, the bake-shop was changed into a dwelling-house and occupied by my cousin, the late Atherton N. Hunt, for a time. His manufactory was close by, standing between his house and Captain Elbridge Tirrell's. There was no Broad street crossing from the "turnpike" to Front street in those days. The house so long occupied by Sanford White on Broad street was Mr. Hunt's shop. He was there from 1836 to 1840, and according to his old ledger his business amounted to some $6,000 a year.

Broad street, extending from Washington street to East Weymouth, was built in 1834, after much opposition from the north and south parts of the town. There is more coal carted over the street in one day now than was used in the whole town between 1830 and 1840.

Those not already mentioned, then living on Washington street, were Captain Warren Weston (the old Weymouth and Braintree Academy stood just above his place until it was

burned in 1844), Thomas Reed, Chauncey Williams, Thomas Pray, Frederic Pope, Jonathan Damon, David Richards, John P. Peterson, Phillips Torrey, Quincy Hunt, and the old house in which "Granny" Cowing lived. Mr. William Field began to build a house just below where the Baptist Church now stands. Before he completed it, it was burned. He rebuilt the house, which is now occupied by his son, Mr. Granville E. Field.

Opposite the residence of Mr. Francis H. Cowing, on Commercial street, stands one of the oldest houses in the town. It is the old Arnold house, said to have been built in 1698. Here the Committee of Correspondence met in 1775. Later it was a hotel, but in my boyhood days it was the home of Mr. Silas Binney. Below were the Curtis carpenter's shop and the stable, both burned about 1834.

Next stood the house of Mr. Whitcomb Porter, a prominent man in the village, for many years engaged in the lumber business on the wharves, and in later years in the insurance business at Quincy, to which place he removed. His two sons, John and George, were my schoolmates.

Opposite was the little store where Miss C. A. Rice conducted her millinery business. Miss Sally Kingman also had a milliner's shop over Tufts & Whittemore's store. These did all of the millinery business for the village, and the families were rare that did not have an account with one or the other.

On the same side of the road, below, was the lane that led to the almshouse, which at that time was kept by Mr. Silas Binney. Of him, the Overseers of the Poor said that, "They had at all times found the paupers of said house well satisfied with their treatment from the Master, and that they have been well supplied with good, wholesome food, when well, with proper diet and medicine when sick; and that the clothing has been decent, both for working days and the Lord's day, and it may be emphatically said that their lot has fallen in a pleasant

place where they have the Gospel administered to them, and that their yoke is easy and their burden is light."

Below Mr. Porter's was the home of Mr. Ezekiel Worster, father of the late Mr. Edwin P. Worster. He was a shoemaker and later a dealer in coal and wood, of the firm of Worster & Chessman.

On the corner of Commercial street and the lane leading to the ship-yard of the late Atherton W. Tilden, father of Mr. Francis H. Tilden, stood the house of Colonel Abram Thayer. About 1825 he kept the hotel after Mr. Arnold. He was the father of my schoolmate, Benjamin B. Thayer, an apothecary, and afterwards State Assayer for California.

Below was the home of Mr. John Whitmarsh, of whom I have already spoken. Opposite the wharf were the homes of the Blanchards. Mr. Nathaniel Blanchard, prominent in town affairs as Selectman and Town-clerk, died when I was young. It is a pleasure to read the town records written by him so beautifully. He was the father of the late Mr. Nathaniel Blanchard, so long in the grain and coal business with Mr. Joseph Loud on the wharves. As I recollect, Mr. Elisha Blanchard kept a vinegar store on the wharf. He was the father of Mr. Isaac Blanchard. The old house below the Blanchards was occupied in the "thirties" by Mr. Isaac Phillips, who in later times lived in the old red house on Front street.

The house now occupied by Major Eliot Pierce was, at the time of which I am writing, the home of the Tufts family, Mr. Quincy Tufts and his sisters Susan and Mercy.

Mr. Tufts, a bachelor, kept a store on Washington street in Boston, for many years. This was located nearly opposite the Old South Church and was one of the best known stores of Boston, where he carried such a variety of dry goods that one could match his buttons, braids, silks, bandana handkerchiefs, etc. Mr. Tufts saved all his wrapping paper, assorted

it, and whenever a customer bought an article he carefully selected a piece of just the size for wrapping. He never wasted anything but time. At the close of life he left his fortune, — some twenty thousand dollars, — to found the Tufts Library in his native town.

His father, Cotton Tufts, who was for years in company with James Whittemore in a store that stood where the Tufts Library now stands, was the son of Dr. Cotton Tufts, a man of much note in the days of the Revolution. Dr. Tufts was one of the original members of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and for many years its Vice-President. He was a member of the State Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States in 1788. Born in 1731, he took his first degree at Harvard College in 1749, and after studying medicine came to Weymouth, where he practiced until his death, Dec. 8, 1815.

In the old house below, now occupied by the Webbs, lived Mr. James White.

Farther on, Mr. Christopher Webb's family lived in the house then located on the corner of Commercial street and the lane (now discontinued) leading to Robbins's Mill. The house is now owned and occupied by the Rev. William Hyde, Rector of Trinity Church. Mr. Webb was a lawyer of some note, and I find his name on many legal documents of that date. He was a Representative for the town in the General Court for eight years. He was the father of the late Mr. Samuel Webb of our village.

At that time there was only one secret society in town, viz.: the Orphans' Hope Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons. This Lodge received its charter in 1825, but returned the same to the Grand Lodge in 1833, on account of the strong Anti-Masonic agitation that swept over the country. Some years later the Lodge was revived, and its charter restored, and it is now in a flourishing condition.

Starting at Washington Square we will now go up Front street. We first come to the little old-fashioned cottage where the sisters of Captain Warren Weston lived. Beyond this house the land on the right-hand side of the street was unoccupied until we arrive at the house of the late Mr. Ebenezer Richards (now occupied by his son, George Richards). In my boyhood this land on the north side of the street belonged to the Tufts family and was covered with fine apple trees.

On the opposite side of the street was Dr. Noah Fifield, who came to Weymouth in 1806. At that time Dr. Cotton Tufts was alive, and the old village physician had most of the practice. Dr. Fifield became discouraged at first, and told his troubles to his friend Mr. Ebenezer Hunt, Jr., who induced his father, Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, Sr., to loan Dr. Fifield the money he needed, stating that as Dr. Tufts was aged he would not live long, and then the practice would come to Dr. Fifield.

The price of a visit from a physician in those days was fifty cents, including the medicine; but the old doctor was a good collector of his fees and died worth some seventy-five thousand dollars.

To the writer who was, in the "thirties," a small boy, Dr. Noah Fifield was a very interesting man. I had then begun to experiment with chemicals. He could tell me about them, and in connection with the Rev. Jonas Perkins loaned me an old Encylopædia containing rules for making fireworks. These were of great use to me.

The next house, owned by Eliot White of Braintree, was occupied as a tenement by Mr. Simeon Cushing with whose son I played much in the old house.

Mr. Adoram Clapp lived in the next house. In after years he became a shoe merchant, and with his sons did a large business. He represented the town in the General Court in 1839, and was a director of the old Union Bank.

The next house already referred to in my Introduction, was my birthplace. In the "thirties" Elbridge Gerry Hunt occupied the north side of this fine old estate. He was a true philosopher. To him the world seemed a pleasant place. He did not worry about others. A fine mechanic, he could have done much had he not so much loved his ease. He was a pleasant companion, and I always loved to go with him on boating excursions. His four sons now live in the beautiful old house.

The next house was the home of the ship-carpenter, the late Mr. Atherton W. Tilden (where Trinity Church is now standing). His three sons Thomas, Francis H., and Atherton, were my schoolmates in the Fourth District. Mr. Francis H. Tilden is now living, in his 83d year.

Opposite Adoram Clapp's lived Deacon Ebenezer Hunt Richards. Like many others he was a shoemaker and in later years became a manufacturer of shoes. He was a deacon of the Union Congregational Church.

Opposite Mr. Tilden's lived Mr. Josiah Thayer, of whom I can recollect but little, excepting his apple trees that hung over the school-yard fence so temptingly. His son, the late Chapin Thayer, in after years was a large shoe manufacturer.

The old shoe manufactory was next above the school yard, occupied for a number of years by my father, Major Hunt, and later by Elias Richards; close by was the Coolidge family, Mr. William Coolidge, opposite the manufactory of Russell & Buckman, a Boston firm, Josiah Richards managing the business. In the house now occupied by Mr. John E. Hunt was Luke Bicknell, a house mason; he had three boys, my schoolmates, Luke, David, and Wallace.

Above lived widow Eben Hunt and her three sons, Nathaniel, Charles, and Richard; all were good musicians and composed the orchestra of the old church before the organ came.

Opposite for a number of years lived James Whittemore, so long in company with Cotton Tufts; he had two sons, Augustus and Quincy. Augustus was a merchant in Boston for many years. Mr. Elias Richards lived here in after-years, and was a manufacturer of boots in the old shop by the schoolhouse.

Mr. Richards was a prominent abolitionist and prohibitionist, and a hard fighter for what he thought right (always in the front with Garrison and Thompson). He was the father of Mr. Austin Richards, now of New York, my old companion in the Weymouth Band, a fine singer in later days.

There was no other house on this side of the street until we come to the old brick basement house by the burying ground, now occupied by Frederick Cushing, — we always called him Uncle Fred — one of the old-fashioned shoemakers; he worked in the shop opposite his house where I was always at work on something or other, and he was always interested. Afterwards he went to Boston and had a cobbling shop, and one day was found dead on his work bench.

This old shop of my father's was my laboratory for years. Here I put in practice all I had learned of my old master, Mr. Foster.

Next above on the street was my father's house, Major Elias Hunt. He was always engaged in the shoe business in the early years with his brothers, Eben and William, and afterwards by himself. My father built this house in 1831, living here one year and then going to Boston. While there, the Balch Cowing family occupied it before moving into my grandfather's (Deacon Hunt) old house, nearly opposite the homestead, which he built and lived in till his death in 1832.

Deacon Hunt, Colonel Minot Thayer and Deacon Newcomb, were prominent in organizing the Union Church, — Mr. Hunt being its first deacon with Mr. Newcomb. He was a farmer

and worked on the farm in the summer, and in the winter manufactured shoes. His family was noted for its fine musicians, the Deacon being the first treasurer of the Union Church choir from 1817 till 1823. His sons, Ebenezer and William, were in 1817 president and vice-president, continuing five years. His son Elias was president thirteen years, and his grandson, A. N. Hunt, was president fifteen years.

Mr. David Cushing, Deacon Hunt's nephew, the brother of Mr. Simeon Cushing, was no doubt the best singer the town had ever seen.

Deacon Hunt's first wife was Susannah Bowditch, who died in 1806; she was the mother of all his children. His only daughter, Susannah, married Mr. Caleb Stetson of Braintree. He then married the widow Tirza Bates; she was the mother of Mrs. Balch Cowing, Mrs. Warren Weston, and Joshua Bates, the noted banker of London, England. After Deacon Hunt died in 1832, Mr. Balch Cowing occupied the house until widow Hunt died in 1841.

Above, on the same side of the road, was the house so long occupied by Mr. Otis Smith. I think Mr. Addison Chessman lived here at this time. I well remember the cider mill that in the fall of the year was always grinding, groaning and squeaking; the boys gathered around to suck the sweet cider through straws, and the bees and flies filled the air.

Top of the hill beyond, was the house of Deacon Zichri Nash, with his shop where he and his sons Zichri and Thomas worked.

Mr. Eben Hunt, Jr., manufactured shoes in this old shop years before, and it was in a tree in front of this shop where on his return from Boston one day, he found his son Emmons at work on a shoe; asking him what he had done, Emmons said: "After I have finished the shoe I am at work on and two pairs more, I shall have made three pairs!" There were jokers in those days, and Emmons Hunt was one.

Across the way lived Mr. George Nash. I remember him as the master of the sloop "Irene," who at times took all his neighbors down the harbor on excursions. His son George was my schoolmate, and we played together. On the same side of the way was the house of Captain Timothy Nash, father of Gilbert Nash.

Captain Timothy Nash worked on shoes in his later years, and took apprentices, one of whom I well remember. His name was William Burroughs, who after his apprenticeship became a branch pilot. When a boy at the Captain's, he made a large rocket, as he called it, and went into the pasture to fire it. Most of the boys in the neighborhood went with him; each paid one cent, but as I had no cent I did not go, neither did the rocket go as I soon learned.

Above lived Mr. Jacob Loud, who at that time was a boatman running a stone sloop. His son Richard was my schoolmate in Mr. Foster's school.

Opposite Mr. Loud's house lived Mr. Nathaniel Richards, the father of Frank and Alden now deceased, Edward, and Mrs. Avis Smith. Above lived Nathaniel Richards, Jr., the father of the late Francis Richards.

Opposite was the home of Mr. Josiah Richards. I remember him as a shoe manufacturer for Russell & Buckman. His son, Jacob Richards, was one of my schoolmates, and his daughter Elizabeth was the wife of my brother Eben Hunt, now living in Orlando, Fla.

In the next house south of Josiah Richards lived Mr. Thomas Richards. He was a good musician and my father's friend. His son was Elbridge Richards.

Back from the street, nearly opposite Captain Timothy Nash's house, stood an old red house in which Mr. Isaac Phillips lived in the late "thirties." He worked on stone and was the father of my neighbor Mr. John Phillips, and of the late Captain Joshua Phillips. Deacon Isaac Phillips and "Uncle" Chauncey Wil-

liams were noted men of the village, being one and inseparable in their plans and purposes. Every stone about our village shows the marks of their work.

In the "thirties" there was one old house standing in the fork of the roads (Summer and Front streets). The front of this was on Summer street, and the back on Front street. It occupied the site of the house owned by Mr. Thomas E. Mellen. This was the home of Mr. Zachariah Bates, an olden time shoemaker, and a musician who played the bassoon in the old time orchestras of Weymouth. He sold his house and land to Mr. David Hunt, who built the house now owned by the heirs of Mr. Mellen. The old house was moved above on Summer street, and was for many years occupied by Mr. Simeon Cushing.

Going back on Front street to the corner of Sterling street, here stood the shoe shop of Mr. Ebenezer Hunt, Jr., but within my recollection occupied by his sons Nathaniel, Charles and Richard Hunt. I can now seem to see Emmons Hunt, the older brother and a very large man, sitting in the old shop in an arm chair. He was always full of fun and of music, playing the violin by rote from hearing his brothers play by note. The house of Mr. Richard Lloyd Hunt now stands where the old shop was.

As I remember, we all went down by the Fore river to Ezra Leach's farm — now the Wainwright farm — to dig clams and have a chowder. While waiting for the chowder, we all went into the water for a swim excepting Emmons Hunt. Upon being asked why he did not go in with us he jokingly replied that it most killed him to wash his face.

Above the Hunt shop was the little cottage where for many years lived Mr. Ebenezer Nash and his son-in-law, Mr. Isaac Leach. With Mr. Nash also lived his son, Prince E. Nash, who worked in Mr. Atherton N. Hunt's shoe shop, and afterwards removed to Danvers, Mass. In after time the little

house grew in size and was used for many kinds of business. My friend Mr. Charles P. Hunt, and his brother the late John E. Hunt, afterwards manufactured boots here.

The next house was owned by Mr. David Tirrell, but the old house was torn down long ago. In after years Mr. George M. Porter purchased the place and lived there until about 1897, and there his family still live. David Tirrell's son, Franklin Tirrell, a schoolmate of mine, built the house in which the Porter family live. The land adjoining was owned by Mr. Zachariah Bates, upon which stood an old barn by the road. Mr. Bates had an apple orchard just below the burying-ground called "The Paddock," which was enclosed by the land of Deacon Ebenezer Hunt.

Above Mr. Bates's land was the manufactory of Mr. David Hunt, who had a large shoe business for those times. Mr. Hunt met with reverses in his business here, and went to Boston in the "forties," where he became a wealthy man and died some years ago. Mr. Hunt manufactured above in his shop and had a grocery store below. Mr. Simeon Cushing worked for Mr. Hunt, and his son Simeon had charge of the store. David Hunt's father, Asa Hunt, lived in the next house, which was built before 1750, and which is now occupied by Mrs. Byron Hunt. Mr. Asa Hunt was a man of the old school, a farmer having a deal of land, and a shoe manufacturer. His son George was a playmate and schoolmate of mine. Mr. Samuel Cook lived next door. He was, I think, at that time a currier of calf skins. He was an easy, good-natured man and a pleasant man to meet.

Opposite Mr. Cook's was the house of Mr. Daniel Hunt. For many years he ran a stone sloop, "The Purser." His daughter Maria was of my age, and together we went to school. Afterwards she married Mr. E. Atherton Hunt.

On Summer street there were no other houses until we come to the old Ebenezer Kingman house. The land between

was owned by my father, coming to him from Deacon Ebenezer Hunt who bought the same from Mr. Kingman.

Mrs. Kingman did not sign the deed, which caused my father much trouble in after years, the widow claiming her dower. This trouble was carried into the church, as many other personal matters were in those times, and placed the Rev. Jonas Perkins in a very difficult position. However, my father paid the widow a dowry of $12.50 a year on this land.

Of Mr. Kingman I have little remembrance, as he was an old man when I was a small boy. There were many shellbark trees back of his house, and the old gentleman was always on the watch to see that no boy got at the nuts. His son, Ebenezer Kingman, Jr., lived opposite, in the "thirties." I remember how my father's bees used to swarm in May, coming out of the old hive and lighting on some branch of a near-by tree. Mr. Kingman used to hive the bees for my father. I can see him now with his face and hands well covered, holding an empty hive under the swarm and giving the limb a shake, dropping them into the hive. My father always gave Mr. Kingman twenty-five cents for doing the job.

Taking the honey was my work. I used to dig a hole in the ground, stick brimstone matches around the sides, and lighting them, place the hive over the hole. The fumes of sulphur smothered the bees; they dropped into the hole and left the honey free. Mr. Kingman's sons, Ebenezer and Amos, were my companions. In the early "thirties" Mr. Kingman lived on the Tufts farm above, on Summer street.

The Job Nash house was some distance up the street, but it is now gone. I remember his daughter, Miss Nancy Nash, who lived in the old house for many years after her father.

Deacon John P. Nash lived next above. He was a Deacon of the Union Church and a good man. His brother was Captain Timothy Nash; his sons, John Prince, long connected

with the Union Church, and Deacon Stephen and Erastus, have all passed away.

Mr. Albert Hunt, a brother of Asa Hunt already referred to, lived in the next house. He too, was an old-fashioned shoemaker, and his sons were my schoolmates also.

Close by lived Messrs. Jacob, Eliphas and Abner D. Tirrell. Eliphas Tirrell's son, Eliphas, became a lawyer and lived in Quincy. A daughter married George Nash.

A little way above we come to the old Tufts estate. Here in the early "thirties" I used to go for milk, when Mr. Ebenezer Kingman, Jr., lived there. In those days there were no milkmen carrying milk about town as to-day.

Above was the house of Mr. Benjamin Bates, which was later occupied by Mr. Francis Richards.

Near-by lived Mr. Thomas Colson, who manufactured shoes, and near him lived Mr. James Hollis, whose son, Mr. "Bart." Hollis, is one of our village stablemen.

The last house on Summer street in the "thirties" was Mr. Caleb Joy's. His son, Noah Joy, still lives on Middle street. All of these people were farmers in a small way, but relied on their trade of shoemaking for a living. Back of Thomas Colson's, the land was called the Whitman place, from the fact that a Mr. Whitman once lived there. The old cellar still remains, although it is many years since the house was standing there. Here my father used to point out a large, flat stone, where it was said that Mrs. Whitman died on a cold night from exposure, being unable to get into her home on account of intemperate habits.

Close by Summer street is "Pond Meadow," where we used to go to get fresh hay. In my boyhood days after the English hay had been harvested, the fresh grass had to be cut and made. This was quite an event. One was sent down to the sea-shore to get a bucket of clams, and another was selected to make the chowder. My father was a good man with the

scythe. Of the men with him, I remember John Chessman, Addison Chessman and Ebenezer Kingman. The meadow was always wet, and so the Chessmans pulled off their boots and stockings and went to their work barefooted with their trousers turned up. Woe to snakes! for if one was seen he was caught by the tail, and with a snap, off came his head. Rum and molasses, called "black strap," was the drink taken, while the chowder was being prepared. At noon the chowder was ready and all gathered under the great apple tree for dinner. To get the fresh grass was hard work, but the way the work was done brought enjoyment to all.

After the fresh grass was harvested, the old hay-cart was loaded up with good things to eat and to drink; seats were rigged in, and all went down to Nantasket Beach. On our way we stopped under the great elm in Hingham for both lunch and punch.

At Nantasket we stopped at a place then called "Black Jim's," on "Whitehead," there being a large barn to sleep in at night. On arriving, the horses were taken out and hitched to the fence. The boys, always three or four, would make for the beach, while the men would sit around, smoking their pipes and hoping that nothing would happen at home from their being away. After supper all would turn in to the old barn, to sleep on the haymow.

Mr. Zachariah Bates always went on these annual excursions, and at night he was at his liveliest. There was no sleeping if he could prevent it. He was full of stories, and if he could get possession of an old gun and powder he would bang it off all night. We boys enjoyed the fun and helped things along.

When morning came, all were tired and cross and by noon were ready to start for home. If we reached the Old Colony House early in the afternoon, we would stop a while in the grove, while the men finished with a "snifter" before taking their

last leave for home and of the haying season. We repeated this each year till the temperance revival came in 1840. Those who went on these excursions were: Frederick Cushing, Ebenezer and William Kingman, Zachariah Bates, John and Addison Chessman, my father, Major Elias Hunt, the Kingman boys, my brother Ebenezer and myself.

Before the Universalist Church was organized, all the folks in the village attended the Union Church, where preached the Rev. Jonas Perkins from 1815 to 1860. The choir of this society was noted all the country about for its fine musicians and singers. Of the singers in the "thirties" were Major Elias Hunt, Mr. Atherton N. Hunt, Mr. Elias Richards, Mr. John Wildes, Mr. Thomas Webb, and Mr. Hiram Cushing. These and many others were all noted singers of those times.

Mrs. Elias Richards, a sister to Atherton N. Hunt, sang soprano, and those who heard her never heard a better voice. Mr. Richards went to hear Jenny Lind sing, and upon returning was asked how he liked her. He replied that he had heard only one better, and that one was his wife. This choir, from its beginning in 1817 to 1840, was without doubt one of the best in the country. Mr. John Wildes was a noted basso, and taught singing for years, all the country around.

The old choir was organized in 1817, and the records read as follows: —

The subscribers, members of the Union Religious Society of Braintree and Weymouth, feeling impressed with the great importance and utility of sacred music correctly performed as constituting a part of the public worship of God, also viewing the frequent instances of unhappy discord and dissention among choirs of singers, proceeding as we believe partly from want of system in their formation and partly from want of that spirit of mutual affection, forbearance and long-suffering so indispensably necessary in such society; and realizing the practical excellency of the divine precept, "Let all things be done decently and in order:" we have, therefore,

agreed to associate ourselves together as a regularly organized singing society, for the purpose of united and zealous exertion to perfect ourselves in that delightful science, and have in pursuance of that object, after mature deliberation, adopted the following constitution or form of government for said society:

Article 1. This society shall be called the Union Singing Society of Braintree and Weymouth.

Passing from Article 1 to Article 12, as this is most unique:

Article 12. We do hereby individually bind ourselves to strive earnestly to promote a spirit of mutual affection, forbearance and long-suffering, so that no root of bitterness may ever spring up to trouble us, but that we may long be united as a band of brothers, evidencing by our conduct that the delightful strains of melody are not in vain upon our lips, but that our hearts are thereby warmed with a flame of love, not only toward our God who gave us these faculties we possess, but toward each other, showing itself in acts of mutual and earnest exertion to promote each other's spiritual good and temporal comfort, prosperity and happiness, that eventually, although the hand of death may arrest us and separate us from employments for which we now unite, we may be prepared to join the Glorious Choir above, whose constant employment is to chant an eternal anthem of glad Hosannas to Him who died and rose again, and is seated on the right hand of His Father. Depending upon that blessing which cometh down from above, we now declare by this public act that we are determined zealously and perseveringly to render every aid and assistance in our power both by precept and example, to promote the judicious performance by a full choir of publick singing in the Meeting House of the society.

The foregoing was drawn up by Mr. John C. Welsh. The first members of the society were: Ebenezer Hunt, Thomas Cushing, Ebenezer Hunt, Jr., Samuel Hunt, John Cushing, Thomas Richards, Jr., David Joy, Lebbeus Leach, Harvey Bates, Atherton N. Hunt, William Bates, David Cushing, John Kingman, David Welsh, John P. Nash, Elias Richards,

John C. Welsh, Stephen Nash, Elias Hunt, William Bowditch, William Hunt, Zachri Bates, Nathaniel Pratt, Justin Littlefield, Spencer Cushman, Minot Kingman, Warren Nash, George Nash, Robert Bates, William Kingman, Oran Nash, Caleb Stetson, Dexter Vinal, Elisha Wales, Cornelius Arnold, Simeon Cushing, Jesse Leach, Benjamin Bowditch, Loring W. Reed, Elisha N. Thayer, Eben C. Thayer, Jacob Terrill, Joseph Welsh, George Vickers, Rachel Faxon, Hannah Reed, Ruthy Bowditch, Eliza Hollis, Tabitha Kingman, Eliza Nash, Mary Vinton, Priscilla Damon, Elizabeth Hunt, Susan Hunt, Mary Joice, Margaret Dole, Mary Reed, Mary Stetson, Hannah Cushing, Harriet Wade, Deborah Richards, Sara Richards, Martha Pater, Edward Cushing.

In 1824 the following new members came in: Emmons Hunt, George Blanchard, William Nash, Samuel Bowditch, Ebenezer Richards, Samuel Reed, Edward Pray, George Pray, Jr., Thomas Jordan, Loring White, Alexander Bowditch, Joseph Porter, Ziba Hunt, William Hayward, Alexander S. Newton, John W. Loud, George W. Arnold, Samuel Cook, Atherton Wade, Henry B. Cowing, Hiram Cushing, Benjamin T. Bowditch, John Wild, Minot Newton, Alden Bowditch, Lincoln Newton, James South, Silas Binney, Daniel Lane, William B. Coolidge, Jesse Burrell, Thomas C. Webb, Nathaniel Richards, 2nd, Nathaniel Hunt, Adoniram J. Bowditch, Henry Hobart, Henry Newton, Nehemiah White, Thomas Reed, Jr., Richard A. Hunt, Watson Matthews, Charles E. Hunt, Elias W. Nash, Charles Hobart, Gilman Thomson, Rufus K. Trott, Josiah Perkins and N. L. White.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 7, 1817, the new society met at the Braintree school-house, and there the constitution was read, accepted and signed by all the members present. Then proceeding to choose officers, Mr. John C. Welsh was chosen secretary; Mr. Ebenezer Hunt, Jr., president; Mr. William Hunt, vice-president; David Cushing, John P. Nash and Sam-

uel Hunt, choristers; Mr. David Welsh, Stephen Nash, and John Kingman, standing committee; Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, treasurer; William Bates and John Cushing, librarians.

The first service recorded was Sunday, Dec. 14, 1817, when Rev. R. S. Storrs, of the old Congregational Church in Braintree, preached. Dr. Storrs was a man of much note. In the morning on this Sunday, the choir sang "Wells" and "Litchfield," and in the afternoon "Devizes" and "Grantham." On Sunday morning, Dec. 21, the pastor, Rev. Jonas Perkins, preached, and the choir sang "Castle Street" and "Christmas," and in the afternoon "Slade," "Irish" and "Paradise."

Mr. Perkins came from Bridgewater, and preached about forty-five years in the old church, where he was respected by every one. In connection with the beginning of the Union Church I have a letter written some years ago by my brother, Ebenezer Hunt, then in Florida, telling me that when he was a boy and living with Colonel Minot Thayer, the Colonel told him that the church was called the Union Church from its being organized by those of different denominations. Colonel Thayer and Deacon Hunt were Unitarians, while Deacon Newcomb was a Congregationalist. Mr. Whitney and other ministers of the Unitarian faith preached in the church in its early days, and Colonel Thayer may have been right on this point.

In noting the men who were first in the church choir it seems almost a family affair, Deacon Ebenezer Hunt being at its head. He was the father of Ebenezer, Jr., William and Elias Hunt. Thomas Cushing and William Bowditch were his brothers-in-law; Caleb Stetson his son-in-law; David Cushing, Hiram Cushing, Edward Cushing and Simon Cushing were his nephews; and Atherton N. Hunt, his grandson.

Deacon Hunt was a good musician and taught singing school in his younger days. He was treasurer of the society seven years. His eldest son, Ebenezer, Jr., was the father of

a family all noted for their musical ability. By his first wife, Betsey Nash, he had Atherton, Elizabeth, Emmons and Susan, and by his second wife, Eunice, a sister of his first wife, he had Nathaniel, Charles and Richard. They were all members of the choir. Mr. Atherton N. Hunt was president of the society sixteen years, and vice-president seven years. His second daughter, Elizabeth, married Mr. Elias Richards. She was a wonderfully fine singer. It is no discredit to the others to say she was the best soprano of the time. Mr. Richards was a good musician, correct but not pleasing. He was president of the society from 1831 to 1834, and also vice-president four years. Mr. William Hunt was president in 1818, and vice-president in 1817, and from 1819 to 1821. He also was a good musician, but strange to say none of his family took after him in this particular.

Deacon Hunt's third son, Major Elias Hunt, was one of the most noted singers of his time. He sang in the Old North Church before the Union Church was organized. Here as a mere boy he sang counter or high tenor, and his voice was remarkably sweet and musical, as was that of his niece, Mrs. Elias Richards. In his early years he sang in a quartette in Boston with Jonas Chickering, E. T. F. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson, in the old King's Chapel, and afterwards at Trinity Church. Here in Trinity he sang but a few times, for the reason that there were no other singers than himself and he was required to sing a solo at each service; this he disliked to do.

He was president of the Union society thirteen years and vice-president nine years. He was eighteen years younger than his brother Ebenezer Hunt, Jr., of whom as a boy he thought much. His brother Ebenezer taught singing school in Randolph, walking each way, and my father went with him for company. He told my father that when he had finished this school he would be paid twenty dollars, and with the

money he could buy him a cow. This item tells a true story of the poverty of those times, eighty odd years ago.

Ebenezer Hunt, Jr., was one of the most prominent men in the place, and was a charter member of the Handel and Haydn Society, instituted in 1815.

To sing was the pleasure of my father's life, and when he was eighty years old it was a great pleasure to hear him sing "The breaking waves dashed high." Of the three brothers, Ebenezer, William and Elias, it could be said there was nothing that they could not sing, and nothing they could not sing well.

Mr. Thomas Cushing, who married one of Deacon Hunt's sisters, was another good musician and had four sons in this society, all good singers — David, Simeon, Edward and Hiram; my father said David Cushing was one of the best singers of the time.

Nathaniel, Charles E. and Richard A. Hunt, joined the society in the "thirties;" they were good singers and players before the organ came. Nathaniel played the double bass, Charles E., the second violin, and Richard A., the first violin. On June 1, 1839, Mr. Richard A. Hunt was chosen organist, which position he held until 1859, at which time he and his brother, Atherton N., resigned from the choir, it being the end of the Hunt *régime*.

Nov. 22, 1833, Mr. John Wildes was chosen vice-president; for many years he was a noted singer and teacher in and about the neighboring towns. I remember him as being a good friend to our Weymouth Band in its early days. Mr. Thomas Webb, a member of the society in the "thirties," was one of the good singers of the day, and a brother to Henry Webb, our old conductor.

In the forty-two years of the society (1817-1859) there was only one break in the line of Deacon Hunt's family as officers of the choir. This was in January, 1829, when Elisha Thayer

was chosen president and Amos W. Stetson vice president. My cousin, Richard A. Hunt, told me that at that time there was opposition to the rule of the Hunts, — in fact there always was, — from the Binneys, the Webbs, the Hobarts and the Thayers of Braintree. At that time they stole the march on the Hunt faction and ousted them all from office, but at the next Thanksgiving time the choir was a "dead" failure, and their turn came to be ousted at the next annual meeting, after which things resumed their natural course.

Nov. 26, 1839, at the regular meeting of the society, A. J. Bowditch was chosen secretary; Major Elias Hunt, president; Atherton N. Hunt, vice president; John Wilde, Elias Richards and John W. Loud, choristers; A. J. Bowditch, treasurer; Silas Binney, Ebenezer Hunt Richards and Josiah Perkins, standing committee.

From the number of members of this choir of the old Union Church nearly all of those who belonged to the church society must have been taken, but I have made note only of those well known to have been singers and musicians. From 1839 I know of no one who can furnish the record better than my friend Mr. John J. Loud, so long president of the society in its later days.

In connection with the church choir, I will state what my father told me of the rehearsals preparatory to the dedication of the Union Church and the ordination of its minister, June 14, 1815. The choir met for practice in the old toll-house on the south side of the Fore river toll-bridge. Gathered about the table were Deacon Ebenezer Hunt with his sons, Ebenezer, Jr., William and Elias, his brother-in-law Thomas Cushing with his son David, Mr. William Bowditch and his brothers. To fortify themselves, there was on the table a decanter of wine and one of rum with a bowl of sugar. All were good singers; the Bowditches, who were large men, sang heavy bass and at times came down with great power. Deacon Hunt's wife, a

singer, was there, and from my father's account it must have been a family party.

When the day for the dedication came, one of the pews back in the singing seats was used to store the decanters in, and as my father told me, after singing each song the men of the choir would fall back and refresh themselves, while the services were going on. All who were there have gone to their long home. These players and singers were formed into a fine Glee Club in the late "thirties."

Places of amusement were few as compared with to-day. The National Theatre and the Boston, or Federal street Theatre, were long the only theatres in Boston of any account, The Lion Theatre was opened Jan. 11, 1836, giving equestrian performances. The first season in Boston closed in April, 1836, and the company commenced a summer tour through the country, beginning at Weymouth. In 1838 the Lion Theatre was sold and changed into a concert hall, renamed the Melodeon. The first performance of "The Messiah" in that building was given by the Handel and Haydn Society, Dec. 9, 1839.

The times from 1830 to 1840 seem to have been no improvement over the years that had gone before. People earned little money and lived closely and economically. Land was plenty, and nearly all obtained a good part of their living from the same. By manufacturing boots and shoes in a small way, they obtained money sufficient to buy what could not be raised from the land, because there was little to buy in those days.

For travelling there were no cars, but the stage coach. Weymouth was then quite a distance from Boston, and New York was a long journey away.

In those days our beautiful cemeteries had not come. Little care was given to the old burying-grounds; cattle ran at large in them, and Charles Francis Adams, in his reminiscences of

Quincy, says that the hogs often rooted up the grave stones. Nothing shows the poverty of those days more than the books that have come down to us. They were made of the cheapest printing and binding, while at the same time the most beautiful books were made across the ocean, then a much greater distance in time than now.

In our village only one church-bell rang. All of the folks went to the old Union Church, and as I look back I see all the square pews occupied, — those old pews should never have been removed, for those who occupied them so long felt ill at ease in the new-fangled ones. All the sentiment associated with the old church went out with the old pews that the fathers had sat in so long.

One cause of the poverty of those times was, I think, the lack of occupations in the village. There was nothing for one to do but to make boots and shoes, or work in the little blacksmith and wheelwright shops, or as a carpenter. At that time the latter used to frame and board a house, and then use it for his workshop in which he made the doors, sashes and blinds. The only place in the village where steam was used was in the old steam factory on the wharf. The tailoring for the men was done by Mr. Adlington, while the boys' clothing was made by seamstresses.

I look back to the days when the sister made her brothers' shirts, long, long ago; then she made her bridal garments in the old home, and in time the baby clothes.

How well I remember the days of my youth! When night came on, my father, wearied from the work of the field — plowing the ground, planting and hoeing the corn and potatoes, mowing the grass and harvesting the crops, and the boys all helping along the work of the day, would return to the old home so hungry and tired; then all would gather around the supper table, and afterwards get out their books or games for the evening.

Father, getting his pipe and tobacco, would enjoy a comfortable smoke all so peacefully. We boys then found our story books, and accompanied Caesar on his marches and Robinson Crusoe to his lonely island home.

Mother, after clearing away the supper, would sit down but not to rest — there was no rest for mother — she must mend the stockings, sew on the buttons, and see that our clothes were ready for the morrow. No, the mother of my boyhood days had no rest, always finding more than her hands could do. As the evening wore on, the boys, getting sleepy, would go to bed; father asleep in his chair and the house wrapped in the stillness of night, mother would say, "Now I will rest."

Presently the children are all in bed and nothing but the ticking of the old clock breaks in upon the stillness of the hour. Then mother approaches father, saying, "Elias, wake up, it is time to go to bed. You must be up early in the morning."

Still mother sits alone, stitching, sewing, mending; but she is not thinking of what she is doing; her mind is on the years gone by. She takes up the Bible and reads a chapter, and so ends the long day. This is the old home that I knew.

Few were the comforts we had. In winter the house was cold. We had no stoves, but large, open fire-places for burning wood. Here was placed a large back-log with small wood in front, which furnished the fire for warming the house. Before the great roaring fire was a high-back settle where the old people sat to keep warm. This was in the kitchen, or living-room of the house; all the other rooms were unheated.

In my boyhood the two men of most note in the village and who commanded the most respect were the minister and the doctor. They were worthy of regard, as they brought all into the world and saw all out. They were men of dignity and self-respect. To meet our minister, the Rev. Jonas Perkins, was a great pleasure. As the children all went to his church,

at that time the only one in the village, he always visited the schools of the "Fourth District." He knew the father and mother of every child in school, and had a pleasant word for every one.

Dr. Appleton Howe, of South Weymouth, and the Rev. Mr. Emery, of the north part of the town, were the school committee. When Dr. Howe visited school he criticised much, but the Rev. Mr. Emery, always pleasant, was much liked.

Although not officially connected with the schools, Dr. Noah Fifield was a great personality in the place. Being the only doctor, he helped all into the world and cared for their health ever afterwards. So he became acquainted with every one, and at some time in life was earnestly sought for by all.

Revivals were common in the "thirties," occurring in the spring of the year, usually in February and March — a cold and cheerless season when one would naturally wish for something better, even if in the next world. At that time children were often given brimstone and molasses. The spring revival seemed to answer the same purpose, as well as being a "feeder" to the church. The query from the pulpit and congregation was, "What shall I do to be saved?" Our old minister, the Rev. Jonas Perkins, be it said to his credit, never seemed to like such sensational occasions.

A friend of mine has mistaken the late Mr. Ezra Leach, the elder, for the founder of the Baptist Church. It was the son of this man, who, after a noted revival in the old Union Church, thought that there was not enough water in the Congregational creed for him to float in, and seceding, became the father of the Baptist Church in Weymouth.

I well remember the boys who were interested in those revivals; they seemed to outsiders to be really "gooder" than the other boys. They felt so, and "the boy is father to the man." The revivals that I speak of seemed to take the place

of the entertainments that are now given in the church parlors, either vesper services or *musicales*, as you choose to call them. Now this is much more pleasant than the revivals of seventy years ago, but I question if the churches thrive as well on this diet as they did on "You will be damned if you do, and you will be damned if you don't."

I remember well a circumstance in the old Union Church that well shows this hard old doctrine. Rev. Joshua Emery, Jr., of the Old North Church, was our minister on a certain Sabbath. During the service a horse got cast near the church, and a number of the members went out to help the poor animal up. Mr. Emery stopped in his sermon and with much feeling remarked that the horse had no soul to save, and that his hearers had rather help the poor beast than listen to his sermon. This incident my father often mentioned.

The creed of the Union Church was easy, and sometimes it was adjusted to suit the occasion, or left altogether. Asking my father one day how he could subscribe to it, he said, "I didn't; they wanted me so much the creed was not mentioned." My father was wanted in the church choir, and to his credit be it said, when some of the old Watts hymns were given out by the preacher, he as leader of the choir, refused to sing such words as:

> "My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
> Damnation and the dead;
> What horrors seize the guilty soul
> Upon a dying bed."

The old church was full of memories. No. 7 was the pew of my father, and as a little boy I remember Mr. John C. Rhines occupied a seat there. Under the gallery was the pew of Colonel Minot Thayer. With him sat his sister Rachel, and close by sat Mr. John C. Somes, and an old gentleman wearing a silk skull-cap. The boys were allowed to sit in the singing

seats. On the left, in the gallery, was the pew occupied by all the "*non compos*" from the Poor farm.

Afterwards the old pews were removed, despoiling the church, and my father was allotted a new number; the church organ was removed to the opposite end, and its beauty spoiled by being designed to look like a bishop's mitre.

A good old deacon said, "Feed your pastor well, and make your path easy to Heaven." Then the members of the church gave the "Donation Party." With pie in hand they took possession of the parsonage, and with table set, all gathered around and had a good time feasting, leaving at the close of the evening a few crumbs of comfort for the poor minister, to eke out his meagre salary.

I remember the old mill at the "Iron Works" in East Braintree, where I carried the corn to be ground. Near by was the parsonage where lived the Rev. Jonas Perkins, with the little school-house behind where Miss Martha Perkins taught a primary school. I went to her school one term, and played at noon down by the dam of the old mill.

At that time Mr. Edward Pray was manufacturing boots in East Braintree. His father lived on the corner of Mill Lane and Commercial street. Just opposite was the old mansion built by my great-grandfather Major Edmund Soper, some one hundred and thirty years ago (about 1770). In his time he was a man of note, and was engaged in a large business in building vessels on the Monatiquot. His grandson, Henry Holbrook, occupied the house for many years. His daughter, Mrs. Albert Stetson, now occupies the fine old mansion. In the old house above, Peleg Jordan lived. He was a ship carpenter, and his daughter still lives there.

Opposite was the Colonel Anderson house, in the "thirties" occupied by Mr. Caleb Stetson. His wife was Susannah Hunt, daughter of Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, and my aunt. Their son, Amos W. Stetson, who died while on a visit to Switzerland

in the summer of 1904, was my schoolmate in Mr. Foster's school.

The Elihu White family, consisting of eight unmarried brothers and sisters, lived below on the street. One son, Mr. Naaman White, was for many years a lawyer in Washington Square. Major Stetson's old brick store was a landmark in the village. How well I can see the major as an old gentleman, always with a "short six" cigar in his mouth. He was one of the few well-to-do men of that time, and many shoe manufacturers drew orders on his store for the goods they wanted. Mr. Stetson's daughter, Mrs. Rhoda Hill, died in March, 1906.

Adoniram Bowditch, my old companion in the Weymouth Band, was Major Stetson's right-hand man. Many a night I waited outside the store till the old gentleman left, as I was a little afraid of him, and then went in and stayed till Adoniram closed the store, so that we could go home together.

By the "Smelt Brook" was the workshop of Mr. Caleb Hunt, the wheelwright. His lathe was turned by an old water wheel, and the water came from a little pond back of Mr. Ezra Leach's shop, through a pen-stock leading to Mr. Hunt's shop. With this water power the wheelwright turned hubs for wheels, and posts for front-yard fences.

Back a little way in the field near the line between Braintree and Weymouth, stands the old school-house, which was brought from Front street in Weymouth by Mr. Eliot White about 1834, and changed into a dwelling house. This school-house stood close to the street in the old Fourth District yard, now owned by Mr. Augustus T. Cushing. As I went to school but one year (in 1831) in that building, I can just remember its rough wainscoting of boards full of knot-holes through which the "school-marm" used to drop the boys' knives. When the school-house was removed, there was great hustling among the boys to get all those jack-knives; but none were

found, to their great disappointment: the mystery was, Where had the knives gone to, that the teacher, Miss Bowers, had put through the holes?

Mr. Micah Richmond lived opposite the house made from the old school-house. Of the Richmond family I remember but little, other than of their nephew, Bizah Keith, who went to school with me in the little school-house. Richmond and Keith streets in our village are named from this family, as at that time they owned the land where these streets are.

Next was the Derby house, lately occupied by the late Joseph I. Bates. At the fork of the road beyond was the little office of Lawyer Breck, and the old Thayer house. Just beyond, where the railroad crosses Quincy avenue, stood the house lately occupied by Mr. Alden Bowditch. This house was moved there with the old Union Church from Boston, and was the parsonage. Opposite where the old Union Church stood was the house built by Gideon Thayer, Esq., a lawyer of note in his day, now occupied by Mr. Granville Bowditch. Mr. Thayer was a cousin of Colonel Minot Thayer, and the house in the "thirties" was occupied by the families of Mr. Cole and Dr. Jacob Richards. Well do I remember the Doctor, and the old kitchen where, to have a tooth pulled, I sat on the floor with my head between the Doctor's knees while he wrenched the tooth out. Such times are never forgotten. Dr. Richards was the father of Mr. Augustus J. Richards. Mr. Cole was interested in the steam mill on the wharf.

Standing near the church was the dwelling of Mr. A. Warren Stetson, son of Major Amos Stetson. I remember Mr. Stetson as a shoe manufacturer and a Jacksonian Democrat. His old shop is still standing where Lincoln Newton worked, and voted as did Mr. Stetson.

Near the Fore river stood the toll-house where the singers met, as already related. Here the toll-keeper lived, had his house rent free, was paid a small salary and opened the gates

so that one could pass through upon paying fourpence, or six and a quarter cents. He also hoisted the draw for the craft that went up and down the river.

Over the river towards Quincy was the Colonel Minot Thayer farm with its old colonial house. I remember the cherry trees in front of the house; the gardens sloping to the river, with the only strawberry beds about; the island below, with its mongrel geese; the great barn containing a fine herd of cows and an ugly bull; the fields below along the river, where grew the shagbark nuts that the boys loved so well; the duck pond by the spring, the great flocks of pigeons of many fancy kinds, always flying around, and a large room in the old garret full of canary birds, of which the colonel was a great fancier, — all of which I seem to see as of yesterday. It was an ideal place for a boy. The old colonel, a bachelor, loved boys and usually had one or two around for company. With Colonel Thayer lived his maiden sister Rachel, and his ward John Somes. He loved company, was a great entertainer, and as a radical Whig had many political acquaintances.

In those times the Turnpike (now Washington street and Quincy Avenue), was the road over which Daniel Webster traveled on his way from Boston to Marshfield. Mr. Webster often stopped to see the colonel when going by. At his dinner parties the colonel had many guests, and as he was a bachelor, my mother, who was his niece, always took the head of the table. It was the colonel's pride that nearly all on the table was grown on his own farm.

He was a Representative to the General Court for thirty years, and like his relative, the late F. A. Hobart, was moderator of the Braintree town meetings for years. Here he ruled supreme, and when he said "Please nominate," he always heard the name of the man he wanted. I mention the old colonel and his farm at length as there was nothing about like him for his free and generous hospitality.

On the opposite side of the river from Colonel Thayer's there has been a great change since 1840. At that time there were no coal sheds to mar the prospect, but the wharves were piled with lumber. As there was then no railroad through Weymouth the lumber was carried on teams a long distance inland, and a small business made a great show. At that time I was a great lover of the river, and it was a great treat to get the little green boat — the only one on the river — and sail as far as Quincy bridge.

The business done in the village in 1840, or thereabouts, was small as compared with the business of today. Then the manufacturers were all boot-makers. I have no recollection of any shoes being made. All made hand-sewed boots. An old ledger of one of the largest manufacturers of that time shows that his business amounted to some $6,000 per year. There seems to have been no cash trade, but the business was done on six and eight months' credit. From Deacon Eben Hunt's death at this time and my father's settling his estate, many bills and accounts came into his hands, and these were fortunately saved, giving me very good data on this subject.

In looking over the old accounts it seems as though all the shoemakers in the village worked for my father, and still his business was a small affair as compared with to-day. There were others who made a few shoes, all together amounting to little.

In the Square were Tufts & Whittemore where the library now stands; Asa Webb, from the old bills, I judge did quite a large business; across the Braintree line was Major Stetson's store; Mr. Ezra Leach seems at this time to be the busiest man of the place, doing the currying business; Mr. Elijah Pierce was making harnesses; Porter & Webb (Whitcomb Porter, Christopher Webb) were doing the lumber business at the wharves; Mr. Ira Curtis was building houses; Atherton W. Tilden was building vessels; Peter Lane was bringing

flour and grain from New York in his packet schooner.* The sloop "Volante" was the packet running to Boston, Balch Cowing, master.

From the many accounts I find in the name of the Weymouth Packet Company, they must have brought to town most of the goods bought in Boston by our people, and many were passengers on the old sloop. Asa B. Wales was keeping the hotel; Fisher A. Kingsbury the lawyer. I find all the above names in the old papers left by my father, showing about the business done at this time in the village.

The Bank that has just closed was not for our village only, but for all the neighboring towns, — easily seen from the fact that the first president was Josiah Vinton, living in Braintree; the second was Benjamin King of Abington, 1833–57; then Minot Tirrell of South Weymouth, till 1876; Albert Humphrey, till 1893, he of East Weymouth; Henry A. Nash, till 1896, also of East Weymouth, then George H. Bicknell, till 1898; finally Augustus J. Richards, the last two from the Landing. By this, one can see the Bank was not for the Landing only, but for the neighboring towns. The directors lived in Braintree, Randolph, Abington and South Weymouth as well as the Landing. It was the only Bank for all these towns. I question if the Bank was any help to the village. In the "thirties," I knew little of it other than that Thomas R. Hanson was the cashier, a correct man, but not a pleasant man to meet in the Bank, so tradition says.

George Bartlett, the next after Hanson, was the son of the cashier of the Quincy Bank; after him came John W. Loud. Now Mr. Loud was of a character that I admire, and the like I would wish to see in our village to-day, but he was not a pleasant man to meet in his office; he was not the man to help the new beginner, the man who wanted help.

* The name of Peter Lane does not appear in the old papers, but I am told he was in the Landing in these early days.

While Mr. Loud was cashier, the Bank so I am told, helped people living out of town more than those within. I remember in the "fifties," when the shoe business was at its best, our shoe manufacturers did not get their discounts at the Weymouth Bank, but went to Hingham to Mr. Leavitt, or to Quincy to Mr. Bartlett. There was no accommodation at our Union Bank, and it was a time so unlike to-day, when business men give a discount for cash and the trade pay cash; but in the "fifties" everything was bought and sold on six months' time, and a bank of discount was the one thing needful for the man doing business.

Our only manufacturer Mr. Tilden, to-day no doubt does more shoe business than all that were engaged in it in the "thirties." There is more lumber business done to-day than in those years ago on our wharves, and so on. In fact it was a poor time; our people got a living, — they existed, — but mostly by farming the land that almost everyone had at this time.

Robbins' mill was grinding the corn grown about the village, and in the fall the bins were full of the potatoes raised. The great shoat, when killed at Thanksgiving time, filled the pork tub. I remember the great droves of pigs driven through our streets, their owners stopping now and then to sell; they went along rooting up the sides of the street, and the yards of the houses; no one cared.

Among some old pamphlets relating to the town, bought at auction by my son, I found a catalogue of the "Social Library." Some time afterwards a friend gave me two curious old books. On examination I found they were books of this same library, for on the first blank page was this: "The Property of the Proprietors of the Social Library in Weymouth; to be returned in six weeks." The title of one was, "Submission to the Righteousness of God," published in 1764; of the other, "Friendship in Death," published in 1792. The books were

once the property of Mr. Ebenezer Hunt, Jr. He died Jan. 27, 1823, and was no doubt a member of this corporation.

In the "thirties" there was a small circulating library kept in the Tufts & Whittemore store, which occupied the present site of the Tufts Library, in Washington Square. It was supported by popular subscription, and all the leading people patronized it. Once in a while, in recent years, I have come across one of those old books.

It was from this library that I obtained and first read Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "Old Mortality." Few readers would admit that they had not read "Waverley," with its heroine Flora McIvor, and "Ivanhoe," with Rebecca the Jewess.

'Tis of his novels I will tell, for many years ago I read nearly all. As I have scanned them over this last week I find that those I liked best as a boy are not the ones I like best to-day. Waverley, the first in the series, tells of the young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, "Prince Charlie" as he was called; of his landing in Scotland; of his victory at Preston Pans; of his defeat on the field of Culloden in 1746, and of his escape and adventures, the heroine being Flora McIvor. In my old school Reader was a chapter from this romance.

Guy Mannering, the astrologer, became interesting from the old witch Meg Merrilies, the character so associated with Charlotte Cushman, the famous actress; the Antiquary, Mr. Oldbuck; the mendicant, Edie Ochiltree; Rob Roy and McGregor.

My favorite years ago, and just as good now, was "Old Mortality." Robert Patterson, *alias* "Old Mortality," was born in 1715. For upwards of forty years he visited the graves of the old Cameronians who fell in defence of their religion; cleaning, repairing and erecting grave-stones without fee or reward. The old man would find much to do in our cemeteries to-day.

John Graham of Claverhouse, "The Bonnie Dundee," was my favorite hero, though he harried the Covenanters fearfully. He was killed in the moment of victory at the battle of Killicrankie.

"Sound the fife and cry the slogan;
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear."

Balfour of Burley was another of my heroes; he led the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, and fought to his death. Conning over these old novels seems like visiting the scenes of my boyhood, for I immediately turn to the stories of the battles. Scott has little to do with "love's young dream;" his heroines are rarely beautiful, except Flora McIvor. The fighting was the most interesting to me as a boy.

In my reading, when I got to "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," as with most of the other books, I was going to scan it over, but as I began I could not leave the book until I had read it through; two volumes took me two long evenings. It is a wonderfully fascinating story, not of kings and queens, lords and nobles, but of the common people of old Edinburgh, and of Scotland. There is no hero in this story, but Jeanie Deans, a simple freckle-faced Scotch girl, is the heroine. As the story runs, she had a beautiful sister, Effie Deans, whose baby without the banns caused much trouble. The child disappeared, and it was supposed it had been murdered by its mother, but no proof could be found. Notwithstanding, Effie Deans was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Now the Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh was called the "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

After her sister was condemned, Jeanie Deans, knowing that no one could save her but the King, borrowed money and began the long and tiresome journey to London. Many adventures did she have, but finally arrived at the end of her journey, where she found a Mrs. Glass, who sold a famous

kind of snuff. Jeanie had two lovers, one an old man but rich, who loaned the money with which she made her way to London; the other, Reuben Butler, a young minister of the Church of England, but poor and waiting for a parish. She called upon one of her countrymen in London, and then went to see the Duke of Argyle, who seemed to be "the power behind the throne." Reuben Butler's people were well known to the Duke, and through this influence Jeanie was brought into the presence of Queen Caroline, who asked her how she travelled from Scotland. "Upon my foot mostly," replied Jeanie. "What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?" "Five and twenty miles and a bittock." "A what?" said the Queen to the Duke of Argyle. "And five miles more." "I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly." "May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs," said Jeanie.

Pleading with the Queen for the life of her young sister, she says: "Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings; our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body — and seldom may it visit your leddyship — and when the hour of death comes to the high and low — lang and late may it be yours — O, my leddy, then it is nae what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on most pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the poor thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the 'tail of a tow.'"

The Queen was won, and, of course, the King granted the pardon. In the end, Butler, through the Duke of Argyle, secured a rich living and married Jeanie Deans.

Cooper, the rival of Scott, had written many of his novels, among them his "Leatherstocking Tales," with their hero Natty Bumpo, "The Spy," with Harvey Birch the peddler, and "The Pilot," with Tom Coffin of the "Ariel." In sea stories Cooper had no rival, but many disciples.

Washington Irving had written his "Sketch Book," purporting to be by "Geoffrey Crayon, Gentleman," with its humorous "Rip Van Winkle," and its pathetic "Philip of Pokanoket."

I read Mrs. Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Scottish Chiefs," and Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," and "Persuasion." In 1835 Hawthorne was writing for the American Magazine, and his great novels were yet to come. In 1837 Prescott had written his first book, "Ferdinand and Isabella," and was then writing "The Conquest of Mexico." Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" appeared the same year. How eagerly we watched for them as they came out! The poets were Poe, Bryant, Whittier and Longfellow, and what have we better to-day?

Of newspapers I remember "The Statesman," and "The Olive Branch," which were greeted with pleasure in our home. I think "The Olive Branch" was the first paper to publish a serial story — "The Wrecker's Daughter." This was the one family paper of the village, and a great favorite. "The Liberator" was stirring up the people over slavery, from North to South. The other Boston papers were the Traveller, the Courier, the Atlas, the Advertiser, the Investigator, the Transcript, the Saturday Evening Gazette, the Chronicle, the Post, and the New England Farmer.

Only one magazine can I remember, "Graham's," begun in the "thirties," a fine magazine, full of illustrations. "Harper's" came into the field in 1850. The first illustrated weekly paper was "Gleason's Pictorial," published in Boston. It seems to me more reading was done at that time than to-day; there was little else to do. In Boston was the Museum,

for the good Orthodox; a few wax figures made it a museum, taking the curse off of the good work Warren was then doing; two theatres for the wicked To-day no Museum, but eighteen theatres; how hath the wicked prospered! Then, at this time to get to Boston cost money, for to go to the theatre required a horse and carriage; no railroad, no electric cars to take you from your door. Those who went enjoyed it the more for the few opportunities they had. To the Museum I often went to hear Warren, the most loved actor Boston ever had; in fact he belonged to Boston. How well I remember him in "The Forty Thieves." How well I can see the forty great jars, each holding a thief, but one filled with oil; Morgiana peeking into them, boiling the oil, pouring it onto the thieves, the groan each gave; Warren on his cobbler's bench; all this seems but yesterday. Thinking of this has made me forget the books that I proposed to speak of, so now I will begin.

At the end of the long kitchen in my father's house stood the secretary containing the books, all we possessed — as many as our neighbors, other than the professional doctors, ministers, etc., whose books were tools in trade as were the hammer and lapstone of the shoemaker. First among these books was an old Biographical Dictionary that I used to hunt through, to find the heroes of the stories I read, to learn if real or not. Then there was the "American Monthly Magazine," already mentioned, most interesting to me from the story of the massacre by the Indians in Haverhill, and the flight of the Dustin family. This story was wonderfully interesting reading for a boy, and the old magazine now before me is well worn at this chapter.

One more book I will mention in the old book-case, "Fox's Book of Martyrs," by John Fox, born in Boston, Lincolnshire, 1517, died in London, 1587. He was a tutor in the family of Sir Thomas Lucy, immortalized by the story of Shakespere's robbing his deer park. He was the author of numerous

works; all are forgotten save his Book of Martyrs, which first appeared in London, 1553, and despite its inaccuracies and defects, still maintains its place as a popular work. It tells of the sufferings of the early Protestant reformers from the persecutions of the Romish prelates in the realms of England and Scotland. This book was well illustrated with prints, showing the burnings at the stake, and broilings on gridirons, all so interesting to the small boy. So the Book of Martyrs was in all good Protestant families in the years gone by, keeping company with the Bible, to-day in every house.

There is no book so interesting as the old family Bible, with its records of births and deaths, going back into the past. It is my good fortune, from my bearing the family name on my mother's side, that I have the old family Bible, with its long record of births and deaths written some one hundred years ago, — not wholly interesting from this record but from the wrangling there has been over the old book. Parkerites and Blagdenites (Theodore Parker and Dr. Blagden of the Old South Church, Boston) were my mother's family, and when they got together the old Bible leaves were turned and turned, until each could prove their views were right.

Few understand the value of a scrap-book—a book with blank pages on which you can paste everything of interest that you read in the newspapers, and all the happenings about. Such a book will grow in value as it grows in years, and will be at hand to refer to in the years to come.

One does not know until he tries it, the difficulty of studying up the past. I have found an old man's memory is the most uncertain about the happenings of his youth. There is nothing so good to rely upon as the records in black and white. Evelyn's and Pepys's Diaries are the most valuable books we have, telling the ways of the people in the times of which they wrote,— James I and James II, and Charles I and Charles II. To people who write of those times, these Diaries are books of

reference. If every boy and girl in our High school were required to keep a diary of passing events, and have it read once a week, we should have history ready-made in the years to come.

In my library I have the histories of most of our neighboring towns, which tell more or less about Weymouth. These are the "History of Plymouth," by James Thatcher, 1832; "History of Plymouth," by Francis Baylies, two volumes, 8vo, 1866; "History of Bridgewater," by Nathan Mitchell, 1840; "History of Hingham," by Solomon Lincoln, 1827; "History of the Town of Hingham," in four volumes, 8vo, compiled by prominent citizens of the town, 1893 (one of the best and most thorough town histories ever written); "History of Scituate," by Samuel Deane, 1831; "History of Duxbury," by Justin Winsor, 1849; "History of Braintree" (Braintree Records, 1640–1793), by Samuel A. Bates; and last, and most interesting to our Weymouth folks, "The Vinton Memorial," by John Adams Vinton, 1858.

These are the books that the future historian of Weymouth must study, and especially "The Vinton Memorial," for these books tell of families long gone out, as are the White and Tufts families.

In my possession I have an old map of the town, dated 1830. This has all the roads of that time, and the houses along the ways are marked with the names of those then occupying the same. The names are all familiar, and many of the boys went to school with me. The old houses are now occupied by strangers, who know no more about the history of Weymouth than did the Indians of the history of the country. As I study over the map of seventy-five years ago, I wonder to myself, and think how poor our people were, the two hundred years before. With the exception of the two White houses at the "Landing," and the Wilde house under King-Oak Hill, — historic old colonial houses, — all others in

the town seem to have been of the low-studded cottage type, built on the same plan, with two front rooms and a long kitchen, the living-room, with a bed-room for the old folks at one end and the buttery at the other. This was the Weymouth house of seventy-five years ago. What could have been the condition one hundred and more years before? Who can write up its dreary history?

Chapter II. In the "Forties."

AS I remember the year 1840, it seems to have been one of many events worth noting. It was the time of the great Whig campaign, when the party met its first triumph in the election of General William Henry Harrison as ninth President of the United States. Politics ran high, and the air was filled with campaign songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and

> "We will sing a Harrison song by night,
> And beat his foes by day."

The slur cast upon the hero of Tippecanoe by the Democratic party, that he lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider, was used as a war-cry by the Whigs. Log cabins were drawn about the streets, transparencies with all kinds of devices were carried, and lively political songs were sung at every gathering.

> "What is this great commotion
> 'Motion, 'motion, all the country through!
> It is the ball that's rolling on
> For Tippecanoe and Tyler too.
> And with them will be Little Van,
> Van, Van. Oh, he's a used-up man!
> Oh, he's a used-up man!"

I well remember the Glee Club meeting at Mr. Ezra Leach's, where these songs were sung. My father was very indignant, and soon afterwards, the Club being invited to Dr. Stephen Thayer's in Braintree, father had it plainly understood that no political songs should be sung, and they were not. This seems to have been the liveliest political campaign of all that we have had, within my recollection. The financial crisis that followed the election of President Van Buren gave the Whigs their opportunity. The cry of "Two dollars a day and roast beef" was a great incentive to voters who had had nothing for pay, and little to eat during the previous four years.

Harrison's success was complete. He received 234 electoral votes, while Van Buren got but 60. The President died April 4, 1841, — one month after his inauguration, — from fatigue and excitement, and John Tyler, the Vice-President, became President of the United States. This was a great disappointment to the Whig party, as he was a Democrat, and during most of his administration without a party behind him. His beginning, however, was better than his ending, for at his death he was a member of the Confederate Congress, then in session at Richmond. In 1842, when Bunker Hill Monument was completed, John Tyler, then President, came to the celebration, and I saw him riding in a carriage with his negro slave holding an umbrella over his head.

I was in Mr. Brown's school, under the Universalist Church, and politics was with the boy as with his father. Mr. Whitcomb Porter was a Whig, as were his boys, John and George, in school. Ben. Thayer and myself were Democrats, as were our fathers. When the Whigs won, there was great rejoicing by the Porter boys; and when President Harrison died, they wore crape on their arms.

In 1831 ex-President John Quincy Adams, then our representative in Congress, presented fifteen petitions, signed by the citizens of Pennsylvania, praying for the abolition of slavery

and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. A little later the House of Representatives passed a "gag" law, denying the right of petition. In 1840 Mr. Adams was fighting for that right, and he was invited to deliver an address in the old Union Church on "The Right of Petition." He was entertained by Col. Minot Thayer, in his old colonial house on what is now the estate of Thomas A. Watson, but then called "Colonel Minot's Farm." The old colonel was a sturdy Whig, and, having a large acquaintance, entertained many old-time politicians, including the ex-President and Daniel Webster, who was a frequent caller on the colonel, and no doubt got much "spiritual" help on his way over the turnpike.

On this particular occasion a procession was formed at Col. Thayer's house and marched to the old church, escorted by the South Weymouth Band. Mr. Adams spoke from the old high pulpit. Beside him sat the Rev. Jonas Perkins and Col. Minot Thayer. The church was crowded, and the band occupied the organ loft. It was the first year of the organ, and Richard A. Hunt performed on it. The subject of the lecture was held to very well at first, but as the old gentleman warmed up, being in the height of the political campaign, he gradually worked into a good Whig speech. The Whig part of his audience enjoyed this much, caring far more for their party politics than for the right of petition. The Democrats felt that a trap had been set for them, and they grew very angry. As the Rev. Jonas Perkins was very conservative, the old church was little used for political lectures afterwards.

At this time, John Hawkins, a "reformed drunkard," was on his crusade against rum. Our village poet-laureate, Mr. Adlington, wrote many good verses in the cause of temperance. Dr. Jewett, a noted temperance lecturer, Mr. Edwin Thompson and others, gave lectures here. "Cold water armies" were formed, and everyone signed the pledge of total abstinence. One would have supposed that rum was to be driven from the

earth. At that time my father signed the pledge with the rest, as he was interested in the cause.

One night there came a knock at the door, and three men called to tell my father that he had broken the pledge, — at least they had heard so. They said, "Major Hunt, we understand you have broken the pledge." With much surprise, my father replied, "No, I have not." They said, "We are told you drink gin." "Of course I do. I always have, and have to," was the reply. And so the major was turned out of the "Cold Water Army."

The temperance movement was like a squall on the river; it ruffled the water for the time being, and quickly passing, all returned to the original state as though nothing had happened.

Every society in those days had its picnics, and so must the Cold Water Army. Wanting a grove to meet in, they chose the pasture just above Dr. Noah Fifield's; and all the people of the village turned out with hatchet, hammer and hoe, cleared the land of underbrush, and put up seats and tables. This was the first of many picnics, and was most enjoyable from being the first. I remember that Mr. F. M. Adlington gave a descriptive poem on the occasion.

The South Weymouth Band, Mr. James L. Bates, leader, headed the procession, which was formed of all in the village, both young and old. The marshals (of whom my father was one), with much pride carried batons tied with blue ribbons, formed the procession, marched about the town, ending up at the grove, where the mothers and daughters had the tables set with all that was good, the older folks waiting on the young and seeing that none were slighted.

Rev. John M. Spear, the minister of the *new* church, was always interested in these cold-water picnics, and made remarks suitable for the occasion. The band played, and all had a good time, and the cause was helped along.

The Abolitionists were also busy. The new Universalist Church was quite liberal, and opened its doors to all who came. It was in this church that we heard all the notables of the day. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Edwin Thompson, and Theodore Parker, were all in their prime. Parker was no non-resistant as were the Abolitionists, but a fighter, as was his ancestor on Lexington Common. His first anti-slavery speech was delivered in 1841, and from that time till his death in 1860, he gave himself no rest, interesting himself in the fugitive slave, his house in Boston always being open to secrete them.

He was also fighting the Boston Association of Unitarian Ministers, who at that time were narrow and bigoted. He was much in advance of his fellow ministers. They called him a heretic because he did not believe in miracles, and for a long time none would exchange pulpits with him. Later, men of the breadth of James Freeman Clarke did. He was a great favorite in our village, and a large audience always greeted him. At this time our village was far in advance of our neighbors about, who were still Calvinistic and narrow. True, it was full of "isms," but they all led to better things, and placed us in advance of the times. William Lloyd Garrison was an old campaigner in the anti-slavery cause, having published the "Liberator" in 1831, and been mobbed in Boston in 1835. He was always welcomed by his many admirers in our village. Wendell Phillips was very unlike Parker and Garrison. He was a born scold, and cut to the quick every one who was not with him in the abolition cause. As an orator Mr. Phillips ranked among the foremost.

While all that I have told was going on, the late Atherton W. Tilden was building vessels, — cruisers in fact, as they cruised up and down the Monatiquot and along the shore to Boston. In all, he built fourteen. Among the vessels that he built, I remember the barque "Emily Wilder." Ship-

building was the most interesting business in the village. There were quaint men from the South Shore towns who worked on these vessels. They seemed to have the flavor of the sea about them. As I remember, they were men of consequence, who attended church, drank New England rum, and, in truth, verified Byron's lines:

> "There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
> As rum and true religion."

In the early "forties" came my old friend Amos S. White. He occupied the store which formerly belonged to Tufts & Whittemore, and kept a general country store. Thomas Ellis, who came from Middleboro, was with him, first as clerk and for a short time as a member of the firm. Afterwards Mr. White went into the apothecary business, in the store previously occupied by Dr. Eli Thayer, and he remained there many years. This store was the rendezvous of the Weymouth Band before and after rehearsals.

At this time Mr. Asa Webb, removing to Boston, his store was used by Mr. Elias Richards, who continued the business that had been carried on by Mr. Webb. Afterwards the store was kept by Richards & Hunt (Charles E.), then by Nye & Hunt, and finally by the brothers, Charles E. and Richard A. Hunt, who remained there until they removed to Front street. The Hunts kept a grocery store below, and manufactured boots and shoes above. At one end of the building, under the stairs, was a room where Mr. Henry B. Cowing did a little shoe business. I remember a man coming one day with a sewing machine, and of seeing Mr. Cowing and the stranger experimenting with it. This stranger proved to be Singer, the famous sewing-machine inventor and manufacturer in after years. As near as I can remember, this was about 1847.

Between this store and Mr. White's was a small building then occupied by Mr. Abraham Ray. He kept a saloon, and

after band-meeting the members would gather and have a little mild dissipation, — a bottle of Bass's ale and some oysters. Mr. Ray was afterwards in company with Turner Torrey in the blacking business, and was located in Lincoln Square, where the waiting-room now is.

Mr. Ezra Leach moved in the early "forties" from his house in Washington Square to the cottage on Washington street, next above the Academy, now the house of Mr. William Baker. At the same time Mr. Elias Richards removed from his house into the one vacated by Mr. Leach, where he lived many years, and which is now occupied by his daughters.

Here Mr. Richards used the upper rooms of the ell for his shoe manufacturing, but the lower room was used as a public hall, and called "Liberty Hall." Those who met there were called "Come-outers," because most of them had come out from the old Union Church and taken up all the "isms" of the day. Abolitionism and Prohibitionism were the subjects usually talked about. The name did not belie the hall; every one who came along, out of touch with the times, could here lay down his burdens before a sympathetic audience. One of the most interesting speakers was Parker Pillsbury. He was an Abolitionist of the most radical kind and "called a spade a spade" without reservation. He always had a full house. Edwin Thompson was another who came often. As I remember him, he was a little man in stature, but a great worker in the cause of temperance. At this time Frederick Douglas had just escaped from slavery, and he was one of the most interesting men who came to the old hall.

Mr. Linfield, the stage-driver, refused to carry Douglas to Boston because he was colored. My old schoolmate, Thomas Tilden, hitched up his best horse in his best chaise, and took Douglas to Boston, where he wished to go. This shows the prejudice of those times in Weymouth.

The prominent Abolitionists in our village were the family of Elias Richards, the Cowings and the Westons.

Mr. Elias Richards was an earnest man in the cause he thought to be right. Always a "non-resistant," he did not believe in going to the polls to vote, but in later life he changed his mind and held a number of town offices.

Mrs. Maria (Weston) Chapman was a worker known on both sides of the ocean. Next to William Lloyd Garrison, she did more for the abolition cause than any other person in Massachusetts. One does not want to get mistaken by mixing up the Abolitionists with the anti-slavery people; for in 1840 the anti-slavery people came out and formed a political party, and the two were ever after antagonistic, disliking each other as much as they did the slave-holder South.

The Hunts to a man were anti-slavery people, and hard workers in what finally became the great Republican party of to-day. The first anti-slavery party was called the Liberty party, and their first candidate for President in 1840 was James G. Birney. In 1844 this party was the means of defeating Henry Clay and giving the Presidency to James K. Polk.

No man did more for the anti-slavery cause, indirectly, than did John Quincy Adams in fighting for the "Right of Petition." Dr. Channing, the famous Unitarian minister of Boston, was the first to advocate that cause, in opposition to Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of the Essex street Congregational Church, who was considered a pro-slavery man.

In 1844 the work of the Abolitionists was completed, the Anti-slavery party taking up the work and carrying it on under the name of the Liberal party, which later became the Free Soil party.

Up to this time Mr. Garrison had done a great work, but now a political party having taken it in hand left little for the non-voters to do. Mr. Garrison never voted but once;

Wendell Phillips, never. In 1846 both were praying for the dissolution of the Union.

In the summer of 1845 came the incendiary fires. Some five or more barns in the neighborhood were destroyed. These fires occurred in the evening about nine o'clock, and were the cause of great anxiety. I remember that our neighbor, Mr. Atherton N. Hunt, hired Elijah Arnold to watch, by marching back and forth on the hill behind his barn with a gun on his shoulder.

My father kept a horse and cows at that time, and did not want them burned. He and I watched the old barn through several nights, and listened to the whistles sounding through the night from the gravel trains at work in Braintree, building the Old Colony Railroad.

Having no fire engine in the village, at first there was nothing to do but to see the fire burn; but soon our folks obtained a little engine, the "Adams," from Quincy. It was a small affair but answered its purpose quite well. The "Adams" was one of the first suction engines of the Thayer make, as the "Amazon" was the last.

As a result of these barn-burnings a fire district was formed, and a committee chosen to purchase a fire engine. At that time Hunneman & Co. were making a first-class machine, but from some unaccountable reason the committee contracted with the older builder, Mr. Thayer. The result was they got a thoroughly out-of-date machine, when they could have gone to Hunneman and obtained a first-class one with all the improvements of that day. My old friend Elbridge Hunt would say: "An engine is nothing but two force pumps;" but there *is* a difference in the quality of force pumps.

Well, the day came when the engine was received with great expectation and curiosity. All we had to compare it with was the little "Adams," made years before by Thayer. Beside the "Adams," it seemed a great affair. Many of the Quincy firemen came over to see the new machine. They were practical

firemen; what they did know, our "Amazon" firemen never found out. They manned the "Adams" while an amateur company was improvised for the new "Amazon." The Quincy men worked with a will, but were defeated. This was the first victory claimed by the "Amazon," to be followed by many defeats.

A large, fine-looking man, Mr. Gilman Thompson, by the natural order of things became the foreman, and Mr. Austin Richards was the clerk. On our first excursion we went to Plymouth. Lawyer Naaman White was one of the speakers. I remember of his giving a good history of the famous Amazons, and of the river from which the engine was named. Since that time our steamer has come, and we might almost say gone, and last our waterworks, but none of these has so filled the village as the old tub, the "Amazon."

In January, 1840, the steamer "Lexington," one of the first Long Island Sound steamers running to New York, was burned, and with it most of the passengers. This sent a thrill of horror through the country.

In this year Fanny Elssler, the famous dancer, came to Boston and took the town by storm. She gave a benefit towards the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument.

On the 14th of June, 1841, the Boston Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts was opened by Moses Kimball. It was called the "Orthodox Theatre," for many people of the times would not go to a play in a theatre, but they had no objection to attend the same play in a museum. So this play-house received its name.

In 1843 came the "Millerites." "Father" William Miller set apart a day for closing up earthly accounts, and built the "Tabernacle" on Howard street, in Boston, where he had many followers.

In 1843 the Weymouth Band was organized, through the efforts of Mr. Amos S. White. The first members were Amos

S. White, Adoniram Bowditch, Benjamin Leach, Ebenezer A. Hunt, Edmund S. Hunt, Silas Binney, Lorenzo H. Loud, and Francis H. Tilden. Soon others came in. Our first public playing was at a Sunday-school picnic in Braintree, in Dr. Storrs's parish July 4, 1843. Capt. Sam. Hayden was the chief marshal. At the time of the coming of the "Amazon" the band played fairly well, and accompanied the firemen on all their excursions and drills. I was a member of the band fifteen years.

1848 and 1849 were busy times in the village. The Weymouth Band had been in existence some five years, but it was without any regular organization. Mr. Amos S. White, the first leader, was simply serving until some one would take his place. After Mr. White came Mr. Robert Raymond, who was a good musician and played fairly well. He was leader till 1848, when the Band was reorganized with Mr. Loring Stetson of South Weymouth as leader, and Mr. White as clerk. The old Band filled quite a space in the village, and when the members gathered in the old Amazon Hall on Monday nights, the time of meeting, there would always be quite a crowd of interested ones about, listening to the music.

In the "forties" the wharves seemed to be the busiest part of the village. The lumber came in little coasters from "down East" (Maine), and the wharves were crowded with piles of boards stacked high, and great timber was floating in the dock; much of it was round and had to be hewn square before it was ready for use. Vessels were bringing grain from New York and Philadelphia; teams were loading for the Abingtons and the Bridgewaters, all making it a lively place.

The old steam mill on the lower wharf was running at its full capacity, sawing, planing and moulding. In the later "forties" a new mill was built where had been Mr. Tilden's ship-yard. The proprietor was Mr. Jonathan Burnell. The men engaged in the lumber business seemed to be very active

and full of competition. I have tried hard to unravel the tangle of companies in this business at that time. There were so many it is impossible, but I remember Porter, Loud, Chamberlin, and Rhines.

Many unskilled workmen were employed, unloading vessels, and carrying heavy boards on their backs to be stuck up in piles. These men came in great numbers from Vermont and New Hampshire, bringing many new families into the village, who remained here, making it their home. Among these were Royal Ayres, Solomon Wright, Amos Wheelock, Roscius R. Walker, Haskell Boynton, George S. Holden, and Justin Wright.

About 1844 came Mr. Isaac Jackson from Boston, where he had been a dry-goods merchant. He here engaged in the lumber business for a number of years. His son, Capt. John Jackson, is still living in our village.

In 1845, Mr. Joseph Loud was doing the grain and coal business. Mr. Nathaniel Blanchard was selling coal, as was Mr. Isaac Blanchard. Later, Nathaniel Blanchard went into company with Joseph Loud, and the firm was long known as Joseph Loud & Co. In 1843, Worster & Chessmen were selling wood and coal.

Of all these men I have mentioned, only one, Mr. John C. Rhines, is represented to-day in his son, John B. Rhines, in business on the wharf.

Mr. Isaac Blanchard was an interesting man. He experimented in different directions, and built a ship's wheel for steering, but most interesting of all was a windmill built to run his lathe. Now, I was always interested in windmills, and in later years built every conceivable kind; but this particular windmill of Mr. Blanchard's was the most interesting of all, from its beginning to its end. Great things were expected from it. It was built on the end of his shop, facing the south. One day, after waiting some time for a favorable wind, it

came from the south, and the mill started with a rush. Its great wings whirling in the air frightened all the horses on the wharves, and everything was in commotion until the end came. If Don Quixote with his Rosinante, and Sancho with his ass, had been there, the picture would have been complete.

Through neglect Mr. Blanchard had failed to provide a brake, and the old building having no wheels such as windmills usually have, could not be turned from the wind. As the wind increased it was a question which would last the longer, the old windmill or the old house. The windmill finally decided to fling itself to pieces, in disgust at the staying powers of the house; then quiet came, the scattered beams were gathered in, and things on the Fore river wharves resumed the ordinary, as if nothing had happened. The remembrance of this event lasted many days, and Mr. Blanchard was forever afterwards guyed about his lost windmill.

Coaches were still running through Washington Square, and continued until the completion of the Old Colony Railroad in 1846; afterwards Franklin Tirrell ran a carriage to Braintree, to meet trains to and from Boston. This was the first depot carriage in the village.

The express business was small; Mr. Thomas Tilden did some at this time. He was followed by Mr. Gilman Thompson, who continued for many years. He also had a coach for carrying pleasure parties to the Boston theatres, and in summer to Nantasket, where then was only one hotel, the Warricks. As I remember, the shoe manufacturers had covered wagons which would hold about all the goods made in a week, and after they had made a trip to Boston and return, there was little other expressing to do. The shoe manufacturers always went to Boston on Saturday to transact their business; they put up at Wilde's, on Elm street, where was given as good a dinner with wine as could be had in Boston — all for "two and threepence ha'penny" (37½ cents).

It was a happy day when the boy could ride in over the road, and get his dinner at this tavern. I remember the long dining-room with tables through the centre, filled with everything that the market could produce, with decanters of wine at intervals. The guests ranged around the walls of the room, each in his chair, ready at the sound of the bell to fill his place at the table. When the chairs struck the floor, the noise was like the grounding of arms of a military company. This was a pleasant place, where business men could meet and for a while forget the cares of business.

There was little change in the appearance of Washington Square in the "forties" from what it was ten years before. Most of the buildings we see to-day were there sixty years ago, — simply moved about like a game of draughts, the same old buildings in a new place.

Of the families that came into town at this time, there were the Bakers — Ashford, William and George — carpenters by trade. All have passed away, but their descendants are numerous in the village.

Mr. John Rollie came in at this time. He was a tailor. I think he built the house so long the home of Dr. Nye; I know that he lived in that house. He was a Scotchman, and was prominent in the temperance cause. One time in a temperance meeting he jumped up and exclaimed: "And what do you think I saw this morning! I saw a man with a 'joog.' And what do you suppose was in this 'joog'?" At that time a jug carried by anyone was supposed to contain rum, never vinegar nor molasses. Those were strenuous times in the cause of temperance.

All the "assemblies," or dances, were held in Wales Hall, and they were pleasant times. How well I can see, seated in the little alcove, the musicians, Mr. George White and his cousin, Alden White,— one with a clarionet and the other with a fiddle. They were famous in their time, and we could not

have a dance without them. They ranged the whole South Shore, and were better known than any other two men; no dance was complete without their presence.

In the later "forties" a Quadrille Band was organized, with Richard and Charles Hunt, first and second violins; George White, clarionet; Amos S. White, cornet; and Adoniram Bowditch, ophicleide. As we had not then heard the famous Julien nor Strauss, we thought this good music.

As I remember, most of the girls came from Quincy, and were a lively lot. Being good anglers in the matrimonial line, nearly everyone secured a Weymouth boy for a companion in after-life.

The Band held many of these "assemblies," as they were called, and sometimes had Mr. Wales get up a fine supper. Those were pleasant times, and as I see the snug parlor that we sometimes engaged, with the portraits of Mr. Wales and his wife looking from the walls, it seems one of the times that I would like to go over again.

Oct. 27, 1845, the famous opera of "Norma" was performed at the "Howard" in Boston, and the Seguins brought out "The Bohemian Girl," which was a great favorite. Who, that lived in that time, but remembers the favorite air, "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls"? February 25, 1846, the "Howard" was burned. It was rebuilt and reopened on October 5 of that year; on this occasion Mr. William Warren made his first appearance in Boston.

The first town report was published in 1839, and it says nothing about school matters other than that Tilley Willis was prudential committee of the Fourth District, and that he expended $376.33.

In 1840 Joshua Emery, Abner W. Paine, and Dr. E. T. Learned, were the school committee, and Major Elias Hunt was the prudential committee of the Fourth District. In 1844 the Ninth District (Tufts School) was set off from the Fourth

District, and ten years later the district system was abolished.

In 1841 the widow of Deacon Hunt died, and the old homestead came into the possession of the Stetson family, the Cowing family moving to the house then just vacated by Mr. Asa Webb, where they have since lived. Mr. Caleb Stetson put the place in good repair, and Mr. Atherton N. Hunt moved in from the house on the "turnpike" (now Washington street). In the meantime the little building that had been used by the Cowings as a store and workshop, standing above in the lane, was enlarged and used by Mr. Hunt for his shoe manufactory.

At the same time the old brick basement house by the burying-ground (Ashwood Cemetery) was repaired, and a shop built close by. Mr. Darius Smith moved from where he had lived on the corner by Hunt's Lane and the "turnpike" (corner of Washington and Hunt streets), and lived here a number of years. A short time after, his shop was enlarged and, as one of the patriarchs of old, surrounded by his family, including his sons and brothers, he manufactured what was called custom work. Mr. Smith took the "Investigator," and in those times was called an infidel; nevertheless he was a good business man, and while he lived, gave employment to all of his people. When he died he was missed by all, for he was a man whom everyone liked.

At this time Otis Smith, a brother of Darius, was living in the house above on the street which had formerly been occupied by Mr. Addison Chessman. In his religious views Mr. Otis Smith was very unlike his brother Darius, being one of the prominent members of the Universalist Church. He represented the town in the General Court in 1859.

The little shop across the road from the manufactory of Darius Smith was where I experimented, making everything from a fire-cracker to a fire-engine. I had an electrical machine with its Leyden jar, and wire around to the door of the shop,

ready for mischief when anyone attempted to enter. To my neighbors, the Smiths, who were busy across the way, this all seemed to be play; but it was in fact my school, for all I there learned came into use in my after-life, and helped me out of many difficulties.

In this connection I must mention an incident that caused much trouble in 1849. My brother Eben Hunt was going to and from town (Boston) every day. He was then just married, and was living with his wife's people, the Richardses, on Front street above. Stopping at father's one night, on coming from town, he complained of being ill. My mother insisted on his staying, knowing that she could care for him better than anyone else in the world. Dr. Noah Fifield was called and pronounced the case chicken-pox; but as my mother always had great faith in her old friend, Dr. Appleton Howe, of South Weymouth, she sent for him. As Dr. Fifield had said, so he said, it was chicken-pox. Here was a case where the doctors did agree, and still both were wrong. This strange disease went through our family, and the Smiths, coming into the old shop where I was at work, caught the disease, and then it was found to be the small-pox. Instead of having the chicken-pox, our family had the varioloid. Some of the younger members of the Smith family were very sick, but all recovered.

Mr. David Hunt, till about 1847, was doing quite a large business in his shop on Summer street, carrying on the grocery store in connection with it. He met with reverses, and afterwards removed his business to Boston.

Mr. Francis H. Tilden continued the shoe business in the shop then near his dwelling-house. At the end of the "forties," Mr. Richard E. Loud was just beginning to manufacture. Mr. Stephen W. Nash, afterwards of the firm of S. W. & E. Nash, Ebenezer Kingman, George Nash, and Nathaniel Blanchard & Co. (Mr. Silas Binney, Jr.), did a small shoe business in the middle "forties." These were all, aside from

those already mentioned, that I can remember as manufacturing at the Landing.

These men made only a few cases of boots a week, but as all the work done was hand-work, everyone seemed to be busy. The capital employed in all the shoe factories in the village and on the wharves then would be but a trifle as compared with that of one of our manufacturers of to-day,— Mr. George H. Bicknell, for instance.

The old factory of Mr. Atherton N. Hunt was typical, and the most interesting of all to me. Having formerly been used by the Cowings as a grocery store, it was now raised up a story, and the old corn-barn which stood in front was added on. When all was completed, the shop was of as many pieces as was Joseph's coat of "colors." It was called the "light-house."

How well I can see Mr. Hunt walking leisurely from his house just below, in the morning after breakfast. I seem to see him take a little box from his pocket, from which he takes a pinch of fine-cut tobacco and slyly puts it in his mouth. This was his only dissipation. He, of all the Hunts, was a thorough "teetotaller," never even smoking a pipe or cigar. Unlike most of our people at that time, Mr. Hunt was a great reader, and enjoyed all the novels as they came out. Many were read and talked over in his shop. He was a Whig in politics, and was with Henry Clay, but afterwards did all he could to defeat Clay with James G. Birney. He worked hard to defeat Van Buren in 1840, and harder still to elect him in 1848. With his brothers, Charles and Richard, he was always an anti-slavery man, and bitterly opposed to the Garrison-Phillips faction. He was a good musician, and was for sixteen years President of the Union Church choir. In 1860 he was chosen State Senator. The newspapers came to his shop and were read aloud, and the political situation was talked over by all the shopmates.

As already stated, Mr. Hunt walked leisurely to his shop; so did all his workmen. All worked by the piece, took their time, and came and went as they chose. There were then no "Knights of St. Crispin," neither were there any "Labor Unions."

With all of this freedom Mr. Hunt was somewhat arbitrary; when he was through talking he wanted no more, and all were expected to be quiet. As I belonged to the Band, I was full of music which sometimes found vent in a whistle. Mr. Hunt would say, "Don't whistle, Edmund." With all his abitrary ways, he was always liked by his workmen, of whom I remember many. Elijah Arnold cut sole leather in the lower room; Jacob Remington, who came from Abington, crimped all the uppers; Prince E. Nash treed the boots as they came in from the makers. Sometimes Thomas Tilden, the expressman, helped.

Mr. Hunt occupied the bench at the end of the counter, and "transed" out all the uppers from the calf-skins; his son, E. Atherton "cut in," and with others made the counters. These were tied up in dozens and given out to the fitters, who stitched the counters and then sided them up. This part of the work was done by the women of the village. When fitted and tied up in dozens, they were loaded into covered wagons with the sole leather and given out to the boot-makers. Most of Mr. Hunt's workmen lived in Middle street, Braintree. Of them I remember Lewis, Harvey, Hezekiah, and Simeon Thayer, Quincy Denton, and John Bowditch.

When Mr. Hunt's son Atherton carried the stock to these men, I frequently went with him. Not a machine was then used in the shop. Saturday was always a holiday. Mr. Hunt went to Boston, as did all the manufacturers, to sell his boots and buy his stock. At home, the workmen did little; some went to Shaw's to roll ten-pins, or down the river to catch flounders under the bridge.

Ebenezer Hunt, son of Atherton N. Hunt, was a very serious kind of a boy. Being one year older than I, he voted first when the Free Soil party was formed, and he took much pleasure in telling me that I was nothing but a child in the "eyes of the law." He was always interested in the political questions of the day, and could talk seemingly as wise as his father, whom, when young, he followed in all things, but later it was otherwise. His father was much opposed to secret societies, but the son became a Mason, and we had many a good time going to Orphans' Hope Lodge in East Weymouth. With his uncles Charles, Richard, and myself, he took the thirty-second degree in the old Masonic Temple in Boston. In later years he became Master of Delta Lodge in this village. He was, as already stated, a serious boy, old for his years and most uninteresting, but as the years went on he became one of the most companionable of men.

Of the old shop crew, Jacob Remington, given an old flint-lock rifle and a few wild Indians, would have made a capital "Leather Stocking" character, right from the wilds of the "Thicket" of Abington. Original from his birth to his death, he lived to be a very old man, and died a few years ago. Prince E. Nash, after working for Mr. Hunt, moved to Danvers, and at one time was a temperance lecturer. Elijah Arnold was with Mr. Hunt many years, and was one of his admirers, though in his later years he was opposed to Mr. Hunt in politics.

There were in those times no tramps as we have to-day. Sometimes a man would come into the shop and say "Occasion?"—"only this and nothing more." We used to call such men "tramping jours,"—"jours" being short for journeymen. He carried, rolled up in his apron, all the kit needed for making a boot. If there was no "occasion" for his work, he went on; if otherwise, he secured a chair or stool, spread his kit and went to work. Finding a bench, he soon was established, be-

came a citizen, got married, raised a family, worked for years, and then died.

The "tramping jour" in the shoe business, like the men who tramped from up in the country to the wharves to carry lumber on their shoulders, was the means of bringing new blood into the old village. In time some of these became successful business men and acquired wealth, and did much for the town.

In 1844 the house occupied by Mr. Thomas B. Porter and Peter Lane, on the "turnpike" (Washington street), was burned. This house was formerly the old Weymouth and Braintree Academy. After this, Mr. Porter built and lived in the house on the corner, near the Universalist Church, and now occupied by Dr. William F. Hathaway. Captain Peter Lane built on half of the old Academy cellar, the house now occupied by Frederick Cate, who married Captain Lane's daughter. Mr. Rufus K. Trott lived in the house just above, but which was soon occupied for many years by Mr. Ezra Leach.

Next above Mr. John O. Foye had built his dwelling, and opposite, his shop. Mr. Foye was a carpenter, as also was his brother Stephen, the church-builder. Mr. Foye was prominent in the Universalist Church, and a man of influence in all that was going on in the village. As I remember, in his later years he became quite a traveller and journeyed as far as Palestine.

Jeremiah Bailey was Mr. Foye's right-hand man, and I remember how his horse turned in a circle to drive the machines in his carpenter's shop where he made sashes and blinds. Things in this shop moved just as leisurely as they did in Hunt's shoe shop.

I find the following petition in some old papers which I think it will be of interest to our people to-day: —

To the Honorable the Senate, and the Honorable the House of Representatives in General Court assembled:

The Subscribers, citizens of the towns of Weymouth and Braintree in the County of Norfolk, respectfully represent, that public convenience and necessity require that a Rail Road should be constructed from Weymouth to Boston, commencing at a point near the Post Office at East Weymouth, and running to a point near the head of navigation on Weymouth Fore River; thence through the centre of the town of Quincy, and thence through the towns of Dorchester and Roxbury to a point in the City of Boston near the Boston and Providence Rail Road Depot.

They, therefore, pray that they may be incorporated for that purpose, with all the powers and privileges and subject to all the liabilities contained in the thirty-ninth Chapter of the Revised Statutes, concerning Rail Road Corporations.

And as in duty bound will ever pray.

Noah Fifield	Cyrus Lincoln
Amos Stetson	Samuel Reed
Dean Randall	Roscius R. Walker
Elias Richards	Isaac L. Blanchard
John W. Loud	Ezekiel Worster
T. B. Porter	William Cole
John C. Rhines	Peter Lane
Ira Curtis	George Blanchard
Joseph Loud, Jr.	Fisher A. Kingsbury
Jacob Richards	Eli Thayer
Caleb Stetson	Asa B. Wales
James White, 2d	Alexander Bowditch
Elisha Blanchard	Eben C. Bowditch
Joseph Loud	William W. Hobart
Warren Loud	J. W. Hayden
Amos W. Stetson	N. W. Loring
John B. Allen	Samuel Bowditch

Nov. 6th, 1844.

A true Copy: Attest

Silas Binney,
Deputy Sheriff.

In the "forties" some were trying to fly through the air. There are folks to-day who remember George Willis and Turner Torrey, and how hard they worked and experimented to

spread their wings and soar above their neighbors. Having made their wings and practiced with them to get accustomed, they went to a steep ledge behind Mr. George Baker's house to get a start by jumping off the ledge to the ground below. The trial was not a success, from a "lack of tail feathers," as it was said at the time. Mr. Torrey afterwards manufactured beer and blacking, and the jokers called it "wing" beer and "wing" blacking. One could joke Mr. Torrey about the "tail feathers," and he would join in, but it was not safe for the boys to say "tail feathers" to his partner, for he would not take a joke.

On January 11, 1845, another petition was made to the General Court, to run a railroad from Hingham across Back river, through "Old Spain," and crossing the Fore river at Quincy Point, thence to the Old Colony road near the "Stone" Church in Quincy. This was signed by Thomas Loring and others. The North Weymouth folks worked hard to get this road through, telling the amount of business done in the place as an inducement. Among other things they told the amount of flour used in their village, which was more than was actually used in the whole town.

Mr. Thomas Tilden did some work at Hunt's shop, a little expressing, and afterwards kept a livery stable. Who of that time can forget his "Tom" and best chaise, painted as he used to say, "the color of my friend Keith's face." His best team I had many a Sunday, and when getting in he would tuck the robe around me and say, with a round oath: "Don't let any one pass you on the road!" Mr. Tilden's language would not have become a Sunday School superintendent, but it was always honest.

A rival in business was Peter Cushing, "Uncle Peter" as all called him. In our parties to the beach there were many horse trots on the way home, and unless the one who hired from "Uncle Peter" let the horse's breeching out, he was sure to

be beaten. The horse could not let himself out, as "Uncle Peter" shrewdly managed to have the breeching short, and so saved his horses many a hard drive.

Some time in the early "forties," Mr. Atherton W. Tilden built a large craft at his shipyard, and trying to launch it, she stuck in the mud. In great trouble Mr. Tilden sent to Boston for Lowe & Sons, riggers, to come and help get the vessel off. They came with heavy blocks and tackle, and when all was ready and the tide high, it was the middle of Sunday forenoon; but Mr. Tilden could not afford to wait, as the expense was so great.

Thomas Tilden, unbeknown to his father, had, while getting ready for the launching, loaded up the old swivel full to the very muzzle, and had the gun back of the shiphouse, just opposite the old Union Church, ready to fire when the vessel moved from the "ways." All was ready to knock away the "dogshores" and let her go, when who should appear on the scene but the two deacons of Mr. Perkins's church, close by — Deacon Newcomb and Deacon Nash — protesting against launching the vessel on Sunday and during the service. Mr. Tilden, who was full of trouble and anxiety, and in no mood to be meddled with, told them plainly that he did not care to have them interfere with him, and that he should launch the ship.

Just as the vessel moved from the "ways," the old gun spoke out from behind the shiphouse, and, as its echoes rolled away, capped the climax. It seemed a direct defiance of the old church and its deacons, and Mr. Tilden having expressed himself in profane language, was, as I find in looking over the church records, haled before the church for desecration of the Sabbath.

In 1848 came the Free Soil party with Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams, Sr., as candidates. The rallying cry was, "Van Buren and free soil, Adams and liberty."

Daniel Webster said on this occasion that for the leader of the Free *Spoils* party to become the leader of the Free Soil party would be a joke to shake his sides. From the time of Jackson's administration down to 1845, the town was Democratic. At this time the new party, made up of the old Anti-Slavery Whigs who had followed Henry Clay, and many disaffected Democrats, were so strong in town as to be able to defeat the candidates nominated by the Democrats, and after much balloting it was decided to send but one Representative to the General Court. James L. Bates was chosen at this time.

In the two following years the town was not represented, the new party being strong enough to prevent an election of their opponents, but not strong enough to choose one of their own. In 1848 came the Presidential election, and the Free Soil party was but just organized. There was a great political fight in town between them and the Democrats. After this date the Whigs were of little note.

The fall town-meeting for the choice of Representatives to the General Court was held in the Universalist Church in this village. It was the largest town-meeting known up to that time, and it was so large that the house could not be polled but adjourned to the street, and a long procession was formed from Washington Square to the Academy Hill, and then was counted. On the question of dividing the town there was no choice.

The next year John C. Rhines, Sr., and Noah Vining, Jr., both being Democrats, were chosen Representatives. Foremost in the political campaigns in the village were Atherton, Charles, Richard, and Elbridge Hunt, Thomas and Whitcomb Porter, Adoram Clapp, and as I remember him, Nathaniel Blanchard, the most active man of all. He always seemed to be working for someone other than himself, for I do not find his name among the town officers. I have not included my

father in this list, for until the "Coalition," he was a Jackson Democrat.

To show just how high politics ran, I will say that in 1844 my father was the candidate of his party to represent the town. When town-meeting day came, his relatives, the Hunts, turned out to a man to defeat him, carrying voters with teams. I remember Daniel Holbrook, the old shoemaker, had no coat to wear, and so my father's nephew, Charles E. Hunt, took off his own and loaned it to him for the occasion.

In 1848 the old "Lighthouse" in the lane showed out in its brightest light, illuminating the village. Business was little thought of; politics was all that was talked about. Transparencies bearing the names "Van Buren and Adams" were used in the torch-light parades, of which there were many.

The candidates were Van Buren and Adams, Free Soil; Cass and Butler, Democratic; and Taylor and Fillmore, Whigs, who were the successful candidates. General Taylor was the hero of the Mexican war, and had always been in the United States Army, having never voted. He was neither Whig nor Democrat, but an available man, and proved to be a good President. He died on July 9, 1850, and was succeeded by the Vice-President, Millard Fillmore.

With the coming into power of the Whigs, the Democrats were turned out of office and replaced by Whigs. As this was their first inning, they were hungry for office, and Lawyer Kingsbury, who had held the office of postmaster many years, was removed, and Mr. Asa B. Wales appointed. At first the post office was in his hotel; but as some objected to going there for their mail, he afterwards kept it in a small building in his yard. This moving the post office from where it had been for so many years to new quarters, was a great change for the village folks.

Mr. Kingsbury had been accustomed to have some of the boys help him, of whom I remember Peter Cushing and Ben.

Thayer. A bachelor, he liked to have the boys around, and made it a pleasant place.

Fisher A. Kingsbury was a man of much prominence in the village. For many years he did most of the law business, and his office was in Washington Square. This building was the post office for many years.

Mr. Kingsbury was a temperance man, always active in the cause. He made many enemies amongst those who sold intoxicating liquors. I remember the time when his office was blown up by gunpowder, lifting it off its foundation. At this time Mr. Kingsbury was living in Mr. Ezra Leach's family, but after this affair he fitted up a room and slept in his office. After he was removed from the office of postmaster, he was missed for several days, and on breaking into his office he was found unconscious from a paralytic shock. At this time he was an old man, and partly recovering, soon after left Weymouth to live with his sister, Mrs. Richardson, with whom he died.

In his early days there were Lawyer Breck just by, in Braintree, and Squire Christopher Webb, and afterwards came Naaman White; but in looking over old deeds and conveyances I find the name of Fisher A. Kingsbury oftener than the others. I cannot find that he ever held a town office; perhaps he made himself unpopular from his work in the temperance cause.

Before Mr. Kingsbury's time the post office was in the store of Tufts & Whittemore, Mr. Tufts, and aftewards Mr. Whittemore, being postmasters. They occupied the store where is now the Tufts Library building, and the post office was almost exactly where it is to-day.

In writing of the business done in the "Square" I omitted to mention Phineas Pratt and Thomas Davis. Mr. Pratt was a tailor at the same time as Mr. Adlington, and, as I remember him, was always much interested in the Union Church and Sunday School. He lived on Front street, in the house form-

erly occupied by Luke Bicknell, but now by the heirs of the late Mr. John E. Hunt.

Thomas Davis, called "Tinker" Davis, was the tinman who mended the milk-pails and pans for the village folks. His little shop stood just by Caleb Hunt's, near Smelt Brook.

Mr. Ezra Leach did all the plumbing for the village. At this time pumps were replacing the well-sweep and the windlass in the wells, and the lead pipe used came in short lengths of twelve feet, which had to be soldered together. Mr. Leach did this, and as I remember, seldom made a tight joint, from the crude methods he used. He also leathered the boxes, and when the pump at home was out of order I was always sent for Mr. Leach. He then lived on the "turnpike" (Washington street), just above the old Academy.

At that time the building of the "South Shore Railroad" through to Cohasset was going on. On Jan. 14, 1845, the petition for the road to extend from near the post-office in Cohasset, thence to Hingham, thence to East Weymouth, to the head of navigation on Weymouth Fore river, thence to a point in Quincy near the Town Hall, connecting with the Old Colony Railroad was presented. This petition was signed by Laban Souther and others. On Jan. 1, 1849, the road was finished and opened.

In the year 1845, as I have previously mentioned, a committee was chosen to buy a suitable engine for the place, and decided on a Thayer tub, — I think the last one ever built. I never could understand why this engine was bought, as the Hunneman engine was so much superior in principle and workmanship, the Thayer engine having cast iron works, while the Hunneman's were of composition. However, the engine came, and my cousin Elbridge G. Hunt and myself always "blowed" for the "Amazon"; each had many an argument in favor of it, knowing all the time it was inferior to the more modern machines. We learned to love the old tub and were always ready to uphold its prowess.

On the engine's arrival in town we played in Washington Square. A company was organized and Mr. Gilman Thompson chosen foreman. No better-looking foreman could be found the world over, but the foreman and the company were entirely devoid of engine-guile, from which lack the "Amazon" was much handicapped, and at trials usually beaten; in fact the Tigers, our great competitors, usually devoured us.

Our company was of the best people in the village, who wanted all fair and honorable. Our opponents were the opposite, and I think the Amazons were handicapped from lack of profanity in the foreman, for the men to be called everything vile seemed to put life into them. In fact an engine trial was anything but a prayer meeting, although the saints and sinners worked in harmony together for victory. One great fault was our lack of judgment in going into the enemy's country (Quincy) for help, and I am inclined to think they played us false.

In 1849 the "Amazon" engine had been in town but two years, and was just as interesting as at first. Always on trial it was not always successful, but it was ever in a state of transition from wooden to iron and extension brakes, or enlarging her cylinders; some mysterious men hard at work in the engine-house putting her in order, and using great secresy that rival engines should not know of the improvement. At this time the Amazons entertained the Lynn firemen, who came with Bond's famous Band, and the day was filled with music and marching. In the evening there was an entertainment in Wales Hall, and on the next morning we escorted them to Hingham to take the boat for home.

In after-years a new engine came into the village — the "Union" — which is still here, a fine tub with all the best that is known to date. Sport came when the new tub arrived, for the Amazons were bound to beat, and so were the Unions. I think our first trial was at what is called the Park, back of

the Richards house. Mr. Thomas Pratt was judge for the "Union" and I for the "Amazon." The engines were placed back in the field, and the paper in the roadway opposite the old Elliott White house, Mr. Granville Thompson then living there. The Amazons had the first play, and the distance was measured on the paper. Then came the Unions, who were bound to beat. I can see my old friend South on the "Union," urging on the boys.

Now the result: The "Union" played a little farther on the paper than the "Amazon." Consequence: The Amazons "had their tails down," and were discouraged; some went home, forgetting the oyster supper that was to come off but did not. The Unions, oh my! did not they throw their hats in the air? I well remember friend South, the "Union" foreman, throwing his hat in the air and putting his fist through the top.

After the excitement had calmed a little, the judges proceeded to verify the measures. I say the judges, but I should say the judge, for at once Mr. Pratt took it into his own hands, also a shingle, on which, carpenter-like, he figured the result, all standing close by. Now, no one had taken into consideration where the tubs stood when they played; so to the surprise of all, Mr. Pratt figured on the shingle that the "Amazon" had won by some nine inches. Just at that time one could say there was a great revulsion of feeling, so the trial finished in the afternoon. In the evening the judge who had nothing to do with the judgment, had a call from Mr. Granville Thompson and other friends of the "Union," who said that the "Union" and not the "Amazon" had won, that Mr. Thompson's wife saw the streams from her window, and that the "Union" played much the farther. I told the "Union" man I was perfectly satisfied with Mr. Pratt's decision, and so it went on record that the "Amazon" whipped the "Union." Many years ago the "Amazon" ended its days in Weymouth, and of

those who "ran with the machine" few are left to tell its story.

When the "Amazon" came, there were no steam fire-engines, and we had challenges from other "tubs," mostly in Quincy. The Quincy men were of those who worked out-of-doors, stone-cutters and others, hard and tough; while on the "Amazon" the men were mostly of the shops. This gave the Quincy tub a great advantage. In contests with it the old "Amazon" was greatly handicapped and nearly always beaten. But though, as I have said, the "Amazon" company was always at work to improve their tub, replacing the wooden brakes by lengthened iron ones and putting in larger cylinders, the engine was never improved. The men who built her made the best Thayer tub possible. Our trouble was with the company. They talked more than they practiced on the brakes, while our opponents worked the brakes to perfection. So in summing up, the old "Amazon" was usually defeated, until the new "Union" came to town and then there was a change, for the "Amazon" was a larger tub, and when playing tub and tub was sure to win, and on distance did as well, as our famous trial shows.

On January 24, 1848, gold was found in California, but it was not until later in the year that people generally believed in the discovery. By the middle of the summer the news was believed everywhere, and from all parts of the world thousands flocked to the gold-diggings. The first immigration into that country was from Mexico, Peru, Chili, and the countries near-by. It was not until 1849 that the gold-fever reached Weymouth.

There were three ways to get to California — a six months' voyage around Cape Horn; across the Isthmus of Panama; and by the overland route, which was a wagon journey of more than two thousand miles. In the summer of 1849 I remember going down to the end of Long Wharf in Boston,

where lay the old ship "Cordova," getting ready for the voyage around Cape Horn. I seem to see her deck covered with all manner of luggage, and the crew stowing it away. The old ship seemed but a poor craft to make so long a journey, but she had good luck and arrived at her destination in San Francisco, safe and sound, distancing many a younger craft.

Of those who went on the "Cordova," I remember Mr. George Bartlett, 2d, who was cashier of the old Union Bank of Weymouth from Dec. 30, 1845, till May, 1849. He was the son of Mr. George Bartlett, cashier of the Quincy Bank.

Thomas Ellis, who had been in company with Mr. A. S. White, from some trouble or other was put aboard the "Cordova" off Boston Light. Mr. Freeman Whitmarsh, in his sail-boat the "Panther," took Mr. Ellis from Weymouth to Hull, and off Hull awaited the arrival of the "Cordova." Mr. Samuel Burrell, as I remember him one of the happiest and pleasantest, was another of this party. One of those who went on the old ship is still living, my neighbor Mr. John Phillips, who likes dearly to tell about the "forty-niners." Afterwards he went to California again with his friend Freeman Whitmarsh. Mr. Thomas Mellen, the florist, who but recently died, carried his kit and some stock, to be ready for the first job that should turn up. At that time he was a shoemaker by trade and was wonderfully quick at his work. Mr. Burrell used to tell the story that he wanted a pair of slippers, and so gave Mr. Mellen his first job after leaving home. Mounting to the "main-top" of the "Cordova" with his kit and leather, Mr. Mellen commenced work. Wanting something from below, he sent Mr. Burrell for it, who, on returning, found Mr. Mellen quietly smoking his pipe: asking about his slippers, Mr. Mellen simply pointed to them hanging up in the rigging to dry, and ready for Burrell to put on.

I read that in 1849, 39,000 people went to California by sea and 42,000 by land. Mr. Albion Hall of our village, who died recently, went overland, in company with Mr. John Phillips of Marshfield, Mass.

There were many others beside those I have mentioned who went in search of gold: — the late Mr. Edwin P. Worster, his brothers John, Henry and Thomas Worster, Elias Nash, William Cowing, and William Chessman who is still living in the far northwest, and one of the few who prospered from leaving Weymouth.

Later, in 1850, Mr. John P. Peterson and Mr. Atherton W. Tilden, the ship-builder, caught the gold fever and together went to California. Well do I remember the day some nineteen months after, being in the shop of his son Mr. Francis H. Tilden, when word came that his father had returned, a very sick man. He died Nov. 4, 1851, a few hours after his arrival.

In 1847 a new doctor came to town, Dr. Josiah Ball, a homœopath in practice. He was a young man of much promise, and was a member of the School Committee from 1848 till his death, Aug. 15, 1850. He was succeeded by Dr. Lewis Warren, a physician in the village for a number of years, who also followed Dr. Ball on the School Board. Dr. Warren married the widow of Dr. Ball, and was afterwards in the apothecary business.

In 1847 Dr. Hervey E. Weston began the practice of medicine in the village, and continued for several years. He was an eccentric man, and unlike the other doctors: if his patient was poor, he made no charge. His profession seemed to him more a pleasure than a means of gaining a livelihood.

I have known only one physician (other than Dr. Weston), Dr. Jacob Richards, who was born and practiced in our village. Perhaps he and Dr. Appleton Howe taught school in the old Fourth District before I first attended, when I was four years old (1831).

Before Mr. George Bartlett, Mr. Thomas R. Hanson was cashier of the Union Bank from its organization in 1832. I find that he was an Assessor for the town for 1847, 1848 and 1849. When Mr. Bartlett went to California, he was succeeded by Mr. John W. Loud, who filled a large place in the village, always working hard for its interests. For years Mr. Loud was most prominent in the Union Church. He was a Selectman in 1834, and in later years was many times a member of the School Committee.

In looking over the past of the town, I find that few except Democrats where chosen to office in the "thirties" and "forties." Even the field-drivers were Democrats. Mr. Loud, being a Whig in politics, was less frequently chosen to town office.

Lawyer Elijah F. Hall came at this time. As I remember, he was a good lawyer and one of the most genial of men. It was a pleasure to meet him in his office. Like Drs. Ball and Warren, soon after his arrival in the village, he was put on to the School Board. Mr. Hall was a Democrat, and succeeded Mr. Asa B. Wales as Postmaster. This position he held through the administrations of President Pierce and President Buchanan. He built and lived in the building so long occupied by the late Granville Thompson, the jeweller.

Mr. Jonathan Burnell continued in his steam mill business for only a short time. He was followed by H. & E. A. Boynton, then by Theodore J. Rand, then Ephraim Bradford, and finally Henry Peterson. The old mill was a lively place, giving employment to quite a number of men, all making doors, sashes, and blinds. In those times there was little work for boys in the shops and none for girls, whereas now boys and girls do the greater part of the work in many factories. This is owing principally to the use of machinery, which the boy and girl just from school can operate better than elderly people.

In December, 1849, was the last appearance in the Senate at Washington of Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, both old men, long in the service of the country. As I remember, Henry Clay was a great favorite. I can now see his portrait hanging on the walls in the house of my cousin Richard A. Hunt, and this is what I read of Mr. Clay: —

He was a man of great natural ability, and knew men well, but had no knowledge of books, as the gaming tables had attractions that he could not find in his library. According to the custom of the times he drank to excess, but his warm heart made for him a multitude of friends. No man has been loved as the people of the United States loved Henry Clay, the great compromiser. John C. Calhoun honestly believed that slavery was right, and lived for the cause of slavery. California, coming into the Union as a free State, was a great disappointment to the South.

To-day, when the newspaper comes it is quietly read, and then the reader goes to his club. It was not so in the times of which I am writing. The men gathered in the shops and talked over the doings at Washington, and talked understandingly. It was a time when great changes were going on in the political world, and when the people were thoroughly interested, as never before nor since. When I say the people, I mean the men of most account in the village; then, as now, there were those of little account in anything.

In 1848 came the famine in Ireland, and the U. S. steamship "Jamestown," loaded with provisions and commanded by my whilom friend, Capt. Robert Bennet Forbes, was sent across the water to feed the starving people. This was the beginning of the great immigration from that country which has continued till today, bringing into our town many good citizens and all good Roman Catholics. So ends my reminiscences of the "forties."

Chapter III. In the "Fifties."

THE year 1850 will be remembered as that of the famous "Seventh of March speech" of Daniel Webster; of the death of President Taylor on July 9; of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law on September 10, and of its approval by President Fillmore on September 13, and of the organization of the Coalition party in the State.

The first caucus of the new party in town was held in the old school-house in Middle street, and Mr. B. F. White of South Weymouth, and Major Elias Hunt of the Landing, were nominated to represent the town. Mr. White had been a Free Soiler, and Mr. Hunt, a Democrat, but at town-meeting both were chosen Representatives. At this town-meeting there were twenty-three other candidates, but Mr. White received 411 votes, and Major Hunt 500.

In the following January when the General Court assembled, a United States Senator was to be chosen. Charles Sumner was the Coalition candidate; Robert C. Winthrop was the candidate of the Whigs and Hunker Democrats. For this office there followed a struggle from January 14 to April 27, 1851. Sumner was elected, having on the twenty-fifth and last ballot in the House, 193 votes, the exact number required for a choice.

The secret ballot was used on the last voting, each member enclosing his in an envelope. The votes cast at this twenty-fifth ballot were presented to the New England Historic Genealogical Society, where they were preserved.

In the year 1851 Messrs. C. E. & R. A. Hunt removed their factory from Washington Square to their new shop on the corner of Front and Broad streets. There my father was always awaited on his return from Boston daily, to learn of him how the voting stood. My father was tempted by many good suppers, wine and all the good things, to change his vote. Mr. Caleb Stetson of Braintree, also a member of the General Court, did all he could to induce him to change his vote, but in vain, and in after years father took pride in his twenty-five votes for Charles Sumner.

The shop of Charles E. and Richard A. Hunt was the great gathering place, at that time, for those interested in the political world. It was called "Tammany Hall," for here met the men who for years shaped the politics of the town. Whom they selected for an office was elected. Once, I remember, when the campaign was laid out and their men selected, how Mr. Edward Cushing started his rounds about the town on a missionary tour. It was, "You go for our man and we will go for yours," and "our man" was always chosen.

As I have said in the preceding chapter, Henry Clay was a great favorite with the anti-slavery Whigs; but Webster had many friends until his "Seventh of March speech." From that time on, nearly all of them were alienated from him, because of the stand he took.

President Taylor, neither Whig nor Democrat, but a thoroughly honest man, was taken as a candidate for his availability, being a successful General; but as President he proved a great disappointment to the South, for although a large slaveholder himself, he showed them few favors. When he died he was lamented by both the Whigs and the Democrats.

Fillmore, succeeding President Taylor, was a Whig with a southern bias, and as soon as he became President, began to work for the next presidential campaign by catering to the southern slave-holders. After the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, his approval of it lost him many friends from his party.

There was nothing that had stirred the North up to that time as the Fugitive Slave Bill did; and yet a hundred guns were fired on Boston Common, and a great meeting was held in Faneuil Hall by those who believed this bill would satisfy the South. Bostón, being full of wealthy mill owners who bought their cotton from the South, and sold their cotton-cloth there, was ready to give the South everything to keep peace.

The Fugitive Slave Law did not work as smoothly as its supporters had wished. On Feb. 15, 1851, a negro named Shadrach, employed in the Cornhill Coffee House in Boston, was arrested on the charge of having escaped from slavery. He was detained in the United States Court-room at the Court House. A mob of colored men broke into the room and carried off Shadrach, who soon escaped to Canada where he became a free man. Of this event Theodore Parker said, "Shadrach is delivered out of his burning, fiery furnace without the smell of fire on his garments."

On April 3, Thomas Sims was arrested as a slave who had escaped from his Georgia owner. He was confined in the Court House in Boston, from which he was taken at five o'clock in the morning, escorted by three hundred police, and safely put aboard a vessel that took him to Savannah.

This rendition caused intense feeling. On the day that Sims was carried off, church bells were tolled. A meeting was held on Boston Common, where Wendell Phillips spoke, and in the evening Theodore Parker spoke in Tremont Temple.

On Friday, Dec. 5, 1851, the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, arrived in New York harbor, coming on the U. S. frigate

"Mississippi," provided by the Government to convey him and his *suite* to this country. A salute of twenty-one guns and an address of welcome greeted him, and on arriving at Castle Garden one hundred thousand people welcomed him. No such enthusiasm had been seen in New York since the landing of Lafayette in 1824.

On Dec. 30 Kossuth reached Washington. A large crowd awaited his arrival, and Webster, then Secretary of State, called upon him. Of Kossuth, Webster said that he was a gentleman in appearance and demeanor. Afterwards a banquet was held in honor of the patriot, and Mr. Webster made a speech in which he presented a strong argument for the independence of Hungary. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which Kossuth had at first been received, by the middle of January, 1852, the excitement had wholly died down. Kossuth no longer appealed for intervention, but for money. He remained in this country until July, 1852, and the net amount of the contributions to his cause was less than one hundred thousand dollars. His name so filled the country that the Fugitive Slave Law was for a time forgotten.

In 1851 and 1852 the town was building a new Town Hall in the centre of the town, now discarded. This hall — a great, ugly building — was, however, an improvement on the meeting-houses as a place for holding the town meetings.

In the fall of 1852 were held the political Conventions for nominating the President-to-be. The Democratic Convention was held at Baltimore on June 1. Lewis Cass, Stephen A. Douglas, James Buchanan and William L. Marcy were the prominent candidates.

Cass was a son of New England. Going West in early life, he became Governor of the Territory of Michigan, Secretary of War under President Jackson, Minister to France, and in 1848 he had been the candidate of the Democratic party for President.

Douglas also was a son of New England; he worked on the farm in summer and went to school in winter. By the time he was twenty he had worked two years at a trade, had completed a course at an academy, and had begun the study of law. His first political speech gave him the name of "The Little Giant."

James Buchanan was born in Pennsylvania in 1791. He had a fair school and college education, was a Representative to Congress for ten years, and was three times elected Senator. Under Polk he was Secretary of State, and withal a gentleman of refinement and courtly manners.

Marcy was a shrewd politician, and the author of "To the victors belong the spoils." He had been Judge, United States Senator and three times Governor of New York, where he was an honored citizen. The highest mountain peak in that State bears his name, and serves as a monument to his memory. Under Polk he was Secretary of War.

After five days, thirty-four ballots had been cast, and there was no choice. Then Franklin Pierce came into the field, and on the forty-ninth ballot received 282 votes to six for all others. He was a New Hampshire man and in his forty-eighth year. He had served in the Legislature four years, was Representative to Congress at twenty-nine, and a Senator at thirty-three, then being the youngest man in the Senate. He served as a General in the Mexican War. Of him Hawthorne, his best friend, wrote that he was a man of truth and honor, and loved his family, State and country.

The Whig Convention met at Baltimore, June 16, 1852. The candidates were Webster, Fillmore, and General Scott. At this time everything turned on the Fugitive Slave Law, and the platform insisted on its strict enforcement. General Scott was nominated on the fifty-third ballot. He was a Virginian by birth, and received the nomination solely on account of his brilliant campaign in Mexico.

To Webster, his defeat was the eclipse of all his bright hopes. How strange to think that Daniel Webster should sigh in vain for the position that so many mediocre men have attained!

The noisy rejoicings over the results of the Convention greatly disturbed Henry Clay as he lay on his death-bed in Washington, where he died June 29th. As he had been loved so was he mourned.

The Free-soilers with their platform: "Free soil, free speech, free labor and free men," nominated Hale and Julien in August.

Pierce was chosen President, having 254 electoral votes to 42 for General Scott, and the Free Soil party casting less votes than in 1848. This election was the death-blow to the Whig party, and it never entered another presidential campaign.

In May, 1852, while driving in Marshfield, Mr. Webster was thrown from his carriage. The shock was great, and this physical injury, followed by his defeat at Baltimore, preyed upon his health and mind. In July he came from Washington to Boston, where he was welcomed by a great public meeting on Boston Common, when the Weymouth Band did the escort duty for the Independent Cadets.

This was the first time I had seen Webster, and I well remember how I and all the Band were impressed with his solemn, grand appearance. We were close by the stand where he spoke, and I now seem to see him in his blue dress-coat with bright buttons, and buff vest, a figure never to be forgotten. In August he went to Washington, but on September 8 returned to Marshfield again.

It was the fortune of our Weymouth Band to be the escort. Mr. John Wild, of whom I have before spoken, was living in Duxbury, and, through my old friend White, engaged us. We met Webster at the station in Duxbury, and a procession being formed, marched to his farm in Marshfield, where a great number of the people about had gathered. It seems

but yesterday that I saw him welcoming the folks from a hay-wagon. At this time he was a sick man, and on the 20th of September he went to Boston for the last time. He died at Marshfield, Oct. 24, and his funeral took place Friday, Oct. 29, 1852. Thousands flocked to Marshfield to do him honor. Later there was a great funeral procession in Boston, when again the Band did escort duty for the Cadets.

March 4th, 1853, Franklin Pierce was inaugurated President. He was the youngest man who had then taken the presidential oath. He did not read his address, but spoke without manuscript or notes, in a distinct voice and a graceful manner. In his address he alluded to the death of his child, a bright boy of thirteen, by a railroad accident, which happened in the early part of January while travelling with his father. Some Whig journals criticized that allusion as a trick of the orator to awaken personal interest before unfolding his public policy. Cheers and noise of cannon greeted the President when he closed his address, typical of the joy of the Democrats on their restoration to power.

Upon the inauguration of Pierce, the removal of the Whigs from office commenced. Among these was Mr. Asa B. Wales, who, when his four years were finished, was removed, and Mr. Elijah F. Hall was appointed to succeed him as Postmaster. As I remember, the people of the village were well satisfied with the election of Pierce, the Democratic party being in the ascendancy. The Democrats who had voted for Sumner in the coalition of the previous year, generally voted for Pierce. In March, 1853, a grand ball was given in the new Town Hall to celebrate his election. Whigs, Democrats and Free-Soilers all attended it.

Hawthorne, who had been removed from the Salem Custom House by President Taylor, was a great friend of President Pierce. As Hawthorne was our favorite New England writer, he brought President Pierce into favor with many by his cam-

paign biography of Pierce. Upon his removal from the Custom House Hawthorne said, "Nor was it without something like regret and shame that I saw my own chances of retaining office to be better than those of my Democratic brethren; but who can see an inch into futurity, beyond his nose; my own head was the first to fall. The moment a man's head drops off is seldom or never the most agreeable of his life."

Pierce named his friend Hawthorne as Consul to Liverpool. At first he shrank from accepting the office from his friend, as it seemed too much like receiving pay out of the public purse, for his book, and argument was needed to change his mind.

The loss of his place in the Salem Custom House impelled Hawthorne to write "The Scarlet Letter," and the consulate gave him the opportunity to visit Europe, and enabled him to write "Our Old Home."

In 1853 the State Convention for revising the Constitution was convened. From this place Mr. Charles E. Hunt was a member. Of that Convention the late ex-Governor Boutwell said that it was the ablest body of men that ever met in Massachusetts. Rufus Choate was no doubt the ablest man of them all, and Nathaniel P. Banks was the president.

After Mr. Thomas Ellis, the old Tufts & Whittemore store was occupied by Noyes & Dowse, two young men. They continued the business of Mr. Ellis for several years, when they were succeeded by Jackman & Goodhue. I best remember Mr. Noyes as a member of the Weymouth Band. His successor, Mr. Jackman, after being a while with Goodhue, removed to Boston, where he formed the company of Jackman & Merrill. As I remember him, he was convivial, a good singer, and prominent in the Masonic Order.

Noting the removal of the old hotel, puts me in mind of the ice-house under it. Mr. Asa B. Wales was the first in the village to store ice for summer use, and kept it in the cellar under the hotel. At that time little ice was used; it was a

luxury, and not as to-day a necessity. Milk and butter were kept cool by hanging in the well. Mr. Wales had a smoke-house, where he cured and smoked shoulders and hams of pork. Col. Abraham Thayer had a smoke-house also, where herring from Weymouth Herring Brook were cured and smoked. Later, Capt. Peter Lane went into the ice business, his sons delivering the ice from his ice-house near the Universalist Church.

When Mr. David Hunt went to Boston, his grocery business was bought by Mr. Otis Smith; shortly after, a company was formed and the store was called the "Union Store." The neighbors about had a share in it, and having a man to purchase the goods and a storekeeper who was paid a salary, the goods were sold at a profit sufficient to pay expenses. Mr. Otis Hollis was the storekeeper, and the "Union Store" was a success for a time, but after a while the shareholders, getting tired of the thing, sold out to Mr. Hollis. The way of keeping the store was so different from that of to-day that I will tell of it.

Mr. Hollis would come to his store at any time from seven to eight o'clock in the morning, and he usually found a number waiting, but he did not hurry. At noon, when the clock struck twelve, the store was closed, never minding if a customer was at the door; his dinner hour had come, and he would not go back, and so it was the customer who was always waiting on the storekeeper.

After a while Mr. Edward Chipman bought out this store. He was very unlike Mr. Hollis, being an accommodating, pleasant man. He was a great lover of music, singing and playing the guitar finely. After his store was closed at night, it was a pleasure to hear him sing and play the old "plantation songs" that were all in vogue at that time. Well do I remember the old store, with its settee, and the blocks of wood to crack shellbarks on. After dinner some of the neighbors

would come in, and comfortably arrange themselves on the settee and take a nap. How unlike the drive and hurry of to-day!

In the early "fifties" another "Union Store" in Washington Square was kept by the late Mr. Martin K. Pratt. He was there many years, and then he kept the newspaper store until a few years ago when he retired. Up to the time he retired there had been no one in the village so long in active business as Mr. Pratt, and lately going to his pleasant home I found him as lively as a boy, and full of reminiscences.

In 1850, 1851, and 1852 the business of the village had little changed since the "forties." Gilman Thompson was still doing the expressing. Thomas W. Tilden and Peter Cushing were running the livery stable. The shoe business was on the increase. Engaged in it at this time were Adoram Clapp in Washington Square, and Elias Richards.

Atherton N. Hunt, of the firm of A. N. Hunt & Co., had removed from the Deacon Hunt place to Front street, where his people have since lived. Darius Smith moved into the Deacon Hunt house, and occupied the "Old Light House" for his manufactory. R. E. & C. Loud were doing an increasing business. Stephen Nash had now his brother Erastus with him, under the name of S. W. & E. Nash.

In 1851 W. H. Chipman was manufacturing boots, also Thomas Colson on Summer street. California was now in the market for boots and shoes, at prices that paid the manufacturer well. This business was increasing each year. On the wharves there had been little change from the "forties," though the coal and grain trade were on the increase. Where coal was little used in the "thirties" it was now in general use. The lumber was still coming from down east.

In the shoe shops the sewing machine had come, but there was little use of other machinery, and the business was carried on in the same leisurely way as in the past.

In the shop of A. N. Hunt & Co. the question of politics was always at the front and continually talked over. Aside from Charles Sumner, who was regarded by the Free-soilers as far above anyone else, came Henry Wilson, the Natick cobbler. Without Henry Wilson, Sumner could never have been chosen to the United States Senate. Wilson did the political work needed, and no one did more to build up the Republican party than he; but Sumner held himself aloof from political work.

One of the important causes of the success of the Republican party was the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which first came out as a serial in the "National Era," an anti-slavery paper published at Washington. The story attracting little attention, it was published in book-form in March, 1852, and proved to be the most successful novel ever written. On the first day of publication 3,000 copies were sold, and within a short time over 300,000 copies were sold in our country. Within the year it was translated into twenty different languages, and the authoress, Harriet Beecher Stowe, became the most famous woman in America.

The London Exhibition of 1851 suggested the "World's Fair," which was held in New York in 1853. Here the building called the "Crystal Palace," built of glass and of most elegant design, was erected. Of that building the most graceful commentator on passing events wrote: "Beneath the dome of Crystal Palace in cheerful rivalry meet all the nations, as of old kings met upon a field of Cloth of Gold."

In September of this year I was married, and made a journey to New York to see this "World's Fair." On my return to Weymouth, the wharves that, when I left the village, were covered with buildings and lumber, were in ashes, having been completely burned over. The old steam mill that I had known so long went with the rest. At the time it was thought that the fire caught from the crew of one of the coasters, then oc-

cupying one of the empty sheds on the wharves. This fire was by far the largest that Weymouth had seen, sweeping everything from the railroad depot to the mill.

In the "fifties" it was customary to have a course of lectures each winter. These were gotten up by subscription, and usually given in the Union Church. Many noted men were engaged in lecturing in those years. Of these I remember Bayard Taylor, a fine, handsome man and a poet of note, who gave a lecture on his travels in the East: Dr. J. V. C. Smith, former Mayor of Boston, gave a lecture on the same subject: Dr. Ezra S. Gannett gave a lecture on "Conversation." I can now see the old gentleman limping up the aisle to the pulpit. His lecture was so dry, or scholarly, that few were interested, and the folks when going out of the church afterwards kept very quiet, no one daring to express an opinion, for fear of showing his ignorance to his neighbor.

One of the most interesting lectures was by Professor Lowell Mason on the "History of Music." His idea was for all the congregation to sing in unison, and my impression is that he tried exercises in the old church. Mr. A. N. Hunt, president of the choir, was a great enthusiast over Mr. Mason.

Many of these subscription lectures were exceedingly dull and dry, but all in the village went, as no one wanted to be thought other than literary; but the lectures in which all were interested were those given by Garrison, Phillips, and Theodore Parker. The theme of Garrison and Phillips was always slavery, while Parker was not confined to one subject; he lectured on many, and was always interesting and instructive. I have forgotten to mention Phillips's famous lecture on the "Lost Arts," which he delivered all over the country.

In 1854 occurred the Crimean war between the French and English allies, and the Russians, and the folks in our village were much interested in the siege of Sebastopol. Our people were generally in sympathy with the Russians. The Crimean

war will be remembered from Tennyson's famous poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and its lines

> "Oh, the wild charge they made!
> All the world wondered."

On March 3, 1854, Douglas made his great speech in the United States Senate on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; the principles proposed were that "Congress should neither legislate slavery into any Territories or States nor out of the same, but that the people should be left free to regulate their domestic concerns in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

This bill was in violation of the Missouri Compromise, but Douglas spoke upon it till daybreak, when the vote taken was thirty-seven in favor and fourteen against. The measure was called popular or squatter sovereignty.

On Monday, May 22, the House passed the bill by 113 yeas to 100 nays, and on May 30 it was approved by the President. The bill sealed the doom of the Whigs, and caused the formation of the Republican party. This famous bill was the all-engrossing theme, interesting all in the village.

On May 24, Anthony Burns, a negro, who had escaped from slavery some three months before, was arrested in Boston. He was taken to the United States Court-room for examination before Commissioner Loring. As Richard H. Dana, Jr., chanced to pass the court-house at about nine o'clock, he saw what was going on, went in and offered Burns his professional services. Burns declined them, saying, "They will swear to me and get me back, and I shall fare worse if I resist." Meanwhile Theodore Parker entered the court-room and had a conference with Burns. Parker told him he was a minister, and had been appointed the special pastor of fugitive slaves, and asked Burns if he did not want counsel. Burns said, "I shall have to go back; my master knows me, his agent knows

me; if I must go back I want to go as easily as I can;" but Parker said, "It will do no harm to make a defence." "Well," said Burns, "do as you are a mind to." He seemed stupefied with fear.

On Friday morning, the 26th, a call was issued for a meeting at Faneuil Hall that evening. A crowd gathered, and were addressed by Phillips and Parker; amid great excitement, Phillips moved that they adjourn to Court Square, where a mob of negroes was attempting to rescue Burns.

There they found a small party under the lead of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who, with a stick of timber used as a battering-ram, was attempting to break down one of the doors of the court house. It became an angry crowd of two thousand, bent on the rescue of Burns. A breach was made in the door, but the place was defended.

In the meantime one of the police was killed, and Higginson wounded by a sabre cut. Several were arrested, after which no further attempt was made to break into the building. This attack enabled the Marshal to appear as a vindicator of the law. He called out two companies of United States troops, and reported his action to the President, who answered, "Your conduct is approved."

On June 2d, after the trial, Commissioner Loring adjudged the negro to his owner. On the day Burns was sent out of Boston, the town was full of people who had come from all parts of New England, and a large body of police and twenty-two companies of soldiers guarded the streets through which Burns passed.

The procession was made up of one artillery battalion, one platoon of marines, 125 police guarding the fugitive, and three platoons of marines with a field piece. Windows along the line of march were draped in mourning. From one window on the corner of State street a black coffin was suspended, on which were the words, "The Funeral of Liberty."

The procession was witnessed by 50,000 people, who hissed and groaned as it passed by. The fugitive was marched to the end of Long Wharf, and was soon on a revenue cutter on his way to Virginia. I was standing on State street as Burns was taken off, and shall never forget the wild excitement of those times.

The political movement in 1854 one can never forget. The "Know-Nothing" party was a great secret society, covering every State; secret lodges were formed everywhere, with pass-words, grips, signs and solemn initiation. The candidate for the first degree, with his right hand on the open Bible, took an oath of secresy. He was considered a proper candidate if he were twenty-one, believed in God, was born in the United States, and if neither himself, his parents, nor his wife, were Roman Catholics, but had been reared under Protestant influences. He was next conducted to an inner chamber where on a raised platform sat the worthy president. There, with right hand on the Bible and left raised toward heaven, the candidate took the oath of secresy and swore to vote for no man other than a Protestant American citizen. The pass-word and grips were then given and explained to the new member; he was then taught the challenge: meeting a brother he must ask, "What time?" The answer would be given, "Time for work." Next he would say, "Are you?" and the answer would come, "We are."

The president of the Lodge then lectured on the dangers that threatened the country from foreign-born and Roman Catholics. "A sense of danger has struck the heart of the nation," he said, "and this Order has been devised as a means of advancing America and American interests on the one side, and on the other of checking and subverting the deadly plans of the Roman Catholics."

The great mystery was the name of the organization; this the president alone could give. At the proper time he sol-

emnly declared, "Brothers, you are now members in full fellowship with the Supreme Order of the Star-Spangled Banner." The official name was "The American Party." When one inquired of a member of the party what its principles were, the answer was, "I know nothing," and from this the party was named in derision, "The Know-Nothings."

In our town the Order met at the Town Hall, and I remember Mr. Abner Holbrook and Mr. Daniel Dyer as being very prominent. They were the candidates nominated for the General Court, and were chosen by an almost unanimous vote, and were re-elected the second year.

The year 1854 was a year of lawlessness and excitement; riots were frequent; women would raid bar-rooms, break the glasses, and smash the casks of whiskey. At an open-air celebration of the Abolitionists in Framingham, Garrison burned the Constitution of the United States. At the Washington Monument in the District of Columbia a mob broke in a shed and destroyed a beautiful block of marble, sent from Rome by the Pope as a tribute to the memory of General Washington. A self-styled "Angel Gabriel" led a crowd which broke the windows and tore down the cross from the Catholic Church in Chelsea. The police and militia were continually called upon to suppress riots caused by crazy fanatics in this "Know-Nothing" time.

In the November election an attempt was made to form a Republican party. A Convention was held, and Charles Sumner made a speech, and Henry Wilson was nominated for Governor. The Whigs would not give up their organization, but had their Convention, nominating Emory Washburn for Governor. The "Know-Nothings" put Henry J. Gardner into the field. The contest came between the Whigs and the "Know-Nothings," and the Whigs were badly beaten. Gardner had more than fifty thousand majority over Washburn. All of the Congressmen elected were of the new party, but

all were anti-slavery men. The General Court, composed almost wholly of the "American party," chose Henry Wilson to the United States Senate.

Having been refused admittance to one "Know-Nothing" Lodge, but persisting, Henry Wilson afterwards succeeded in being regularly initiated into another. Horace Greeley, the editor of the "New York Tribune," was foremost in the formation of the Republican party. He was anti-slavery and prohibitionist, but strongly opposed to Know-Nothingism. The "Tribune" was an authority in the "Tammany Hall" of our village, and Greeley was always being quoted. With the "Tribune" was the "New York Independent," which was always taken by Mr. A. N. Hunt. In it Henry Ward Beecher's political writings appeared, and he and the "Independent" were also opposed to the principles of the "Know-Nothing" party.

I remember on the Fourth of July, after Gardner was chosen Governor, the town of Dorchester celebrated the day, and Edward Everett delivered an oration. His subject was "Dorchester in 1630, in 1776, and in 1855." As usual, the Weymouth Band played for the Boston Cadets. Meeting them in Boston, we rode in carriages to Dorchester, where the Cadets did the escort for the Governor, then went from the Governor's house to the tent where Mr. Everett delivered his oration, and then escorted him back to the Governor's house. In the evening Governor Gardner entertained, and our Band was stationed in the summer-house in his garden, where we performed at times during the evening. Nine members of the old Band who played that night were still living in 1902.

Charles Francis Adams says, "that in 1858 the 'Know-Nothing' deluge had in a great degree subsided, having in Massachusetts brought to the political surface absolutely nothing but scum and driftwood." According to Adams, the great majority of the people was scum and driftwood.

In 1855 the "Underground Railroad," composed of friends and houses of refuge for escaping negroes, was at work carrying slaves from the South to freedom in Canada. The houses were called "stations," and the sympathizing white man a "conductor," or "station-keeper." If the negro reached the first station, he was very sure to reach his destination in Canada. Samuel J. May was one of the managers.

A United States Marshal in Boston said to James Freeman Clarke, "When I was Marshal and they tried to make me find their slaves, I would say, 'I don't know where your niggers are, but will see if I can find out;' so I would go to Garrison's office and ask him to find such and such a negro, or tell me where he is. The next I knew the negro would be in Canada."

From 1850 to 1856 something like a thousand escaped each year, while only two hundred were arrested and taken South.

August 23 and 24, 1854, a great Fair and sale was held at the old Governor Winslow place in Marshfield. Its object was to raise money to repair and improve the Winslow Burying Ground, where Daniel Webster had been buried. The Weymouth Band was engaged for the occasion. This was a pleasant time. Messrs. White, Bowditch, Chipman, and myself went together in a carriage with a pair of horses, only stopping by the wayside and having lunch, with a bottle of sherry which was contributed by Mr. White. At that time I thought the use of sherry a dissipation.

The presiding genius of the Fair was Mrs. Fletcher Webster, wife of the son of Daniel Webster, who as Colonel of the 12th Mass. Regiment lost his life in the Civil War. Mrs. Webster was a large, fine-looking woman, and was the centre of attraction.

The old Governor Winslow house was full of relics of the olden time, and was wonderfully interesting. Many admirers of Webster, anxious to honor his memory, came from Boston

to this fair. The Band stopped with Mr. Hatch, in a queer old-fashioned country house.

In the autumn of 1854 Mr. Charles E. Hunt and myself went to Hingham, where we took the first degree in Masonry in the Old Colony Lodge. The Lodge-room was down by Hingham Cove, over the tin-shop of Mr. Enos Loring. Mr. Marshall Lincoln was Master; Bela Whiton, Senior Warden; John P. Lovell, Junior Warden, and I. Bassett, Jr., Secretary. On the 23d of May, 1855, we took our third degree, and Winslow Lewis was at that time Grand Master. Marshall Lincoln was a gentleman of the olden school, and John P. Lovell in after years became one of my best friends.

Soon after that, Orphan's Hope Lodge was reorganized in East Weymouth, receiving the old charter that had been surrendered in anti-Masonic times. When the Lodge was instituted in East Weymouth, many new members from the Landing were made, and it was always a pleasant time when the monthly meeting came around, as all went together in an omnibus. Of those, I remember Charles E. Hunt, Richard A. Hunt, and E. Atherton Hunt, my brother Eben Hunt, Thomas and George Porter, Mr. Anderson, the school teacher, and Mr. James Bates, then with Joseph Loud & Co. Of that happy party that went to the Lodge in its early days, none but myself is living.

Feb. 2, 1856, on the one hundred and thirty-third ballot, Nathaniel P. Banks was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives for the Thirty-fourth Congress. Banks was a self-educated and a self-made man. He had worked as a bobbin-boy in a factory, and afterwards as a machinist. He had less genius for mechanics than for rhetoric, in which he gained practice by delivering temperance lectures. He had tried the stage, playing before a Boston audience. To the previous Congress he had been elected as a Democrat, and was chosen to the present House as a "Know Nothing." In

1855 he abandoned that party and presided over the Republican Convention of Massachusetts.

The election of Banks as Speaker was regarded as a great triumph for the new Republican party, and I remember, when the news came, there was quite a celebration in Washington Square. This was my first appearance in public as a pyrotechnist, as I made the fireworks used on that occasion. There was speech-making, too.

Banks proved one of the best Speakers the House had ever known, and his election was a victory of freedom over slavery. The new party, taking the name Republican, was not liked by their opponents, the Democrats, as it seemed like stealing their thunder, for the Republican party of Jefferson's time had been the forerunner of their own; to distinguish this new party from the old, they called it the "Black Republican" party, because of its connection with the cause of the negro.

On Feb. 22 the "American" party nominated Millard Fillmore for President, and Andrew J. Donelson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President.

The Democratic Convention met at Cincinnati, June 2. The contest was between Buchanan and Douglas. On the sixteenth ballot Douglas withdrew, and Buchanan was nominated by a unanimous vote. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was chosen as their candidate for Vice-President.

On June 17 the Republicans met in Philadelphia, and on the first ballot John C. Fremont received all but thirty-eight votes, and William L. Dayton was nominated for Vice-President. On the informal ballot, preceding this nomination, Abraham Lincoln received 110 votes. Fremont was the first Republican candidate for the Presidency. From his skill and endurance as an explorer, he was called the "Pathfinder." His career appealed to the voters, and his adventures excited their admiration. Besides, Fremont had married Jessie Ben-

ton, the daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton, and her devotion and their romantic marriage crowned his heroic exploits. To the people Fremont was an ideal candidate.

In November, Buchanan was chosen President, having received 174 electoral votes, Fremont 114, and Fillmore the eight votes of Maryland. This was the liveliest campaign the village had seen, not excepting the Harrison campaign of 1840.

In looking over the old records of the Weymouth Band, I find we played for some political party nearly every night in September and October, and that our time was about equally divided between the Fillmore Club and the Fremont Club. There seems to have been no Democratic Club in our village, as all appear to have belonged to the Republican and the American or Know-Nothing parties.

On the nomination of Fremont, there was a great ratification meeting at the Town Hall. The Band played on this occasion, and in the procession was a hand-organ which Mr. Thomas Porter had secured. I remember that hand-organ grinding out music in a wagon from the beginning to the end. In this campaign torchlights came for the first time, and grand illuminations of houses, each vieing with the other in trying to make the greatest display.

I find by the old records that there was one Democratic flag-raising in the Square. September 17 was Franklin Day in Boston, when his monument in front of City Hall was dedicated, and our Band played for the City of Boston.

On May 19, Charles Sumner made his great speech on "The Crime against Kansas." He said: "The crime against Kansas is the crime of crimes; it is the crime against Nature, from which the soul recoils and which language refuses to describe. David R. Atchison, like Catiline, stalked into the chamber reeking with conspiracy, and then, like Catiline, he skulked away to join and provoke the conspirators who awaited

their congenial chief. The followers were murderous robbers from Missouri; they were hirelings picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilization."

If there had been no more to Sumner's speech than the invectives against the slave power, he would not have been assaulted by Preston C. Brooks; nor is it probable that the bitter attack which he made against South Carolina would have provoked violence, had it not been coupled with personal allusions to Senator Butler, who was a kinsman of Brooks.

It is necessary to quote from Sumner's speech, to show the extent of the provocation: "The Senator from South Carolina [Butler]," he said, "and the Senator from Illinois [Douglas], who, though unlike Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, yet like this couple sally forth together in championship of human wrongs. The Senator from South Carolina has read many books on chivalry, and believes himself a chivalrous knight, with sentiments of honor and courage. Of course he has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight,—I mean the harlot slavery. For her his tongue is always profuse in words; let her be impeached in character on any proposition made to shut her from the extension of her wantonness, and no extravagance of manner or hardihood of assertion is then too great for the Senator; the frenzy of Don Quixote, in behalf of his wench Dulcinea del Toboso, is all surpassed."

On the second day of his speech Sumner said: "With regret, I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina [Butler], who, omnipresent in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State, and with incoherent phrases discharged the loose expectoration of his speech, now upon her representative, and then upon her people. The Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure with error, sometimes of principle,

sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy; he cannot open his mouth but out flies a blunder."

There seems to have been no reason for Sumner's personal attack on Butler, other than his defence of Atchison, which, to-day, reads as a tribute to a generous though rough and misguided man. This was very galling to Sumner.

Butler was a man of fine family, older in looks than his sixty years, courteous, a lover of learning, and a jurist of reputation. He was chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. When Sumner sat down, Cass rose and said: "I have listened with equal regret and surprise to the speech of the Senator from Massachusetts. Such a speech — the most unpatriotic that ever grated on the ears of the members of this body — I hope never to hear again here or elsewhere."

Douglas spoke of the depth of malignity that issued from every sentence of Sumner's speech. Said he: "The libels, the gross insults which we have heard to-day, have been conned over, written with a cool, deliberate malignity, repeated from night to night in order to catch the appropriate grace, and then he comes here to spit forth that malignity upon men who differ from him — for that is their offence."

This was Sumner's reply: "Let the Senator remember that the bowie-knife and bludgeon are not the proper emblems of senatorial debate. Let him remember that the swagger of Bob Acres and the ferocity of a Malay cannot add dignity to this body; that no person with the upright form of man can be allowed, without violation of all decency, to switch out from his tongue the perpetual stench of offensive personality, taking for a model the noisome, squat and nameless animal." Douglas made an offensive retort, and Sumner rejoined, "Mr. President, again the Senator has switched his tongue, and again he fills the Senate with his offensive odor."

On May 22, at the close of the session, Sumner remained in the chamber, occupied in writing letters; he was approached

by Brooks, a Representative from South Carolina and a kinsman of Senator Butler. Brooks said, "I have read your speech; it is a libel on South Carolina and Mr. Butler, a relative of mine." As he spoke, he struck Sumner on the head with his cane, made of gutta percha, and about one inch in diameter.

Sumner, pinned under his desk, could offer no resistance, and Brooks continued his blows till the cane broke, when he went on beating with the butt-end. The first attack stunned and blinded Sumner, but with powerful effort, he wrenched the desk from its fastenings, stood up, and with spasmodic and wildly-directed efforts, attempted to protect himself. Brooks seized him and struck him again and again, until his arm was grasped by one who rushed to the spot to stop the assault. Sumner's injury was more serious than was at first thought by his physician and friends. The blows would have killed most men, but Sumner's iron constitution and perfect health warded off a fatal result. For three years and a half after the assault of Brooks, Sumner was under medical treatment in Washington, Boston, and London.

He was re-elected to the Senate by an almost unanimous vote of the Massachusetts Legislature, having received out of 345 votes in the House, 333. He did not enter the Senate again until December, 1859, and did not speak again until June, 1860, when he described in burning words, "The Barbarism of Slavery."

To take a man unawares in a position where he could not defend himself, and injure the seat of his intellect, was a most dreadful deed.

Following are quotations from contemporary authorities on the assault on Sumner: "And who was he, struck down in the strength of a splendid manhood? One of nature's noblemen, cast in her finest mould." "Besides physical perfection, Sumner was endowed with a vigorous brain, a great soul, and

a pure heart; the feeling of revenge was foreign to his nature: he felt no resentment towards Brooks."

"Full of manly independence, he would submit to no leadership, bow to no party, nor solicit any member of the Legislature for a vote. His presence made you forget the vulgarities of political life. He was the soul of honor, and his absolute integrity extended to the most trivial affairs of life. Duty was to him sacred; his thoughts, his deeds, were pure."

"His faults were venial, and such as we might look for in a spoiled chief of a city of culture. He was vain, conceited, fond of flattery, overbearing in manner, and wore a constant air of superiority." Ex-Governor John D. Long said, "Sumner needs adulation." Longfellow, in his diary, speaking of a dinner party where all were Republicans, wrote, "When I came away, all were enumerating Sumner's defects, or what they imagined were such."

Jefferson Davis said, "Charles Sumner was a handsome, unpleasing man, and an athlete, whose physique proclaimed his physical strength; his conversation was studied, but brilliant, his manner deferential only as a matter of social policy." Johnson says, "It was Sumner's silly way of saying the bitterest things without apparent consciousness of saying anything harmful."

Preston C. Brooks came from one of the good South Carolina families. He was well educated, and had been a member of the House of Representatives for three years, where his conduct had been that of a gentleman. He was courteous, accomplished, warm-hearted and hot-blooded, and a good friend but a fearful enemy. His assault struck the people with horror, and indignation meetings were held all over the North. Edward Everett, the type of Northern conservatism, said: "It were well worth all the gold of California, could the deed be blotted from the record of the past week." The tendency was to forget the personal provocation, and to regard the at-

tack on Sumner as an outrage by the slave power, as he had so denounced the South.

Since the Burns case in May and June, 1854, when Sumner denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, he had been very obnoxious to the South, and had been warned that he stood in personal danger. He was hated more by the South than any other Republican.

In the South, the assault was approved by the people and the press. The "Washington Union" said: "According to the code of political morals which seems to prevail in Massachusetts, it is not only no offence, but praiseworthy, for a Senator in Congress to avail himself of his position to indulge day after day in the grossest vituperation and calumny; but, on the other hand, if some opponent, thus abused and slandered, seeks for satisfaction by applying his gutta-percha to the head of the Senator, the crime is so shocking that the whole of Black Republicandom is filled with indignation meetings."

Brooks, on returning to South Carolina, received an enthusiastic welcome, and to make him the present of a cane was a favorite testimonial. South Carolina was as joyful as Massachusetts was sorrowful.

Senator Wilson said in the Senate: "Sumner was stricken down by a brutal, cowardly assault." Butler replied, "You are a liar." Brooks challenged Wilson to a duel, but Wilson declined the challenge, repeating the words he had before used.

Anson Burlingame of Massachusetts denounced the assault in the name of fair play, which even bullies and prize-fighters respect. Burlingame's remarks resulted in a challenge from Brooks, which was promptly accepted by Burlingame, who selected for the meeting-place the Clifton House, Niagara Falls. Brooks declined to fight the duel there, on the ground that it would not, in the excited state of feeling, be safe for him to go there.

The day after the assault, many of the Senators went to their seats armed. An exciting time was anticipated, but the proceedings were quiet. Wilson gave a temperate account of the facts, and Seward offered a Resolution for the appointment of a committee to consider the affair. A committee was appointed, which reported in favor of the expulsion of Brooks. On the Resolution, the vote was 121 to 95. As it required a two-thirds vote, it was not carried.

After the decision Brooks made a speech, and ended by resigning his seat as Representative. His district re-elected him almost unanimously. In the following January Brooks died, but not until he had confessed to a friend that he was sick of being regarded as the representative of bullies, and was disgusted at receiving testimonials of their esteem. Butler lived but a few days over a year from the time the attack was made.

Though freedom in Kansas was one object, the Emigrant Aid Societies of New England had others, indicated by their name. Their purpose and plan was to aid those who would procure lands and make for themselves homes in the new territory. They contemplated only peaceful measures, though the emigrants themselves were of course compelled to resort to such means of self-defence as the "border-ruffian" policy rendered imperative.

In the early days of 1854, Eli Thayer of Worcester, drew up the charter of the Emigrant Aid Company of Massachusetts, introduced the matter to the Legislature and had it referred to the Committee on Judiciary. The charter was signed by the Governor, May 26, 1854.

This was a stock company, having its capital originally fixed at five millions, from which an assessment of four per cent. was to be collected for the operations of 1854.

Mr. Thayer hired a hall in Boston and spoke day and evening in favor of his enterprise. One day he would meet a party

of clergymen in Theodore Parker's study; on the next, one in Dr. Lothrop's, and with the help of the Boston press, there began to be some interest in the plan to save Kansas.

At the close of one of his meetings in Boston, a man in the rear of the hall arose and announced his intention to subscribe ten thousand dollars towards the capital stock of the company. This was John M. S. Williams of Cambridgeport. Charles Francis Adams, Sr., came forward with a subscription of twenty-five thousand dollars, and others followed.

The office of the company was in Boston. The emigrants from Maine, eastern Massachusetts and New Hampshire were for the most part registered in the Boston office, and made into colonies. The books of the Boston company showed about three thousand emigrants in all. The pioneer colony left Boston July 17, 1854, and the number was doubled before reaching Kansas. Immense crowds gathered at the stations to give them a parting "God-speed."

In August another colony went out. In their outfit was a steam saw-mill. These men entered in earnest upon the work of making a home, and soon their canvas tents gave place to more substantial structures.

Among the members of the second party were Dr. Charles Robinson and Samuel C. Pomeroy; the former becoming the first Governor under the "Free-State Constitution," and the latter a member of the United States Senate.

This organized effort of "free-statesmen," and the fact that they had formed a settlement, and that the town of Lawrence had taken form and name, made a marked impression both at the North and South. Not only did additional colonies go from Massachusetts and other New England States, but colonies were formed in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. To this work Mr. Thayer devoted himself with tireless energy and unceasing effort. Fully impressed with the idea that in this way the Free States had the power to secure freedom to

the Territories, he travelled thousands of miles and made hundreds of speeches, giving his views and calling on the people to join in this grand crusade.

Eli Thayer was very bitter on the Abolitionists. He said of them: "One great error in the methods of these Abolitionists was to stimulate feeling upon the slavery question without suggesting any practical action; in their annual, semi-annual and quarterly conventions and numerous anti-slavery bazaars, the most fiery, furious and passionate of their orators pictured blood-hounds, auction blocks, manacles and whipping-posts; tears and wailings were the result. The only action they proposed was the destruction of the Government, the overthrow of the Constitution, the dissolution of the Union, and the abolition of the pulpit and the Church."

In 1854, the School Board was composed of these men: Dr. Appleton Howe, Noah Vining, John W. Loud, James Humphrey, Dr. J. H. Gilbert, Benjamin F. White, and Lemuel Torrey. These were men of note in the town.

The Selectmen were Noah Vining, Jr., James Humphrey, and Prescott Lathrop; Treasurer, Thomas Nash; Town-Clerk, Oran White. The three Selectmen were paid for their services $133.49; the Treasurer, $40; the Clerk, $40; and the School Committee, $206.

Abner Holbrook and Daniel Dyer were chosen Representatives, and Henry J. Gardner Governor. There are still some amongst us who will remember the great Gardner inauguration ball, held at the Town Hall, which was given by the Weymouth Band.

As I remember our townsmen fifty years ago, Adoram Clapp was our Representative in 1839; my father, Major Elias Hunt, in 1851; Charles E. Hunt was a delegate to the State Convention in 1852–3; Atherton N. Hunt was State Senator in 1860, and his son, E. Atherton Hunt, was a Representative, and a State Senator in 1875; Richard A. Hunt and Free-

man Hollis were also Representatives. Strange to say, Nathaniel Blanchard seems to have been the only one of the coterie who obtained no office. I am inclined to think that he cared little for office, but enjoyed going to the old shop, "Tammany Hall," and working for others than himself. The reader will notice that those who held the town offices seemed to be of our best people.

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain with its azure hue."

My first vote was cast for George S. Boutwell, in 1851, he being a Democrat and the candidate of the Coalition party, so called, made up of dissatisfied Whigs, Democrats, and those opposed to slavery — the anti-slavery element. Governor Boutwell held many offices, being Secretary of the Treasury under Grant; he was also chosen United States Senator, to fill out the unexpired term of Henry Wilson, when Wilson was chosen Vice-President.

Upon the election of George F. Hoar to the Senate in 1877, Governor Boutwell retired from public life, a disappointed man. He then became a "Mugwump," upon the fence, scolding both sides, but nothing too vitriolic could he say of his old party, the Republican. Later he fell off the fence into the arms of the Democratic party, and appeared advising the negro to vote the Democratic ticket for the Presidency. It was a sad ending, considering the beginning.

In looking over my old papers, I find that I was manufacturing boots in 1851, in the old shop by the Burying-ground. I sold a number of cases to Richards & Hunt, to Josiah Richards, and to my brother, Ebenezer William Hunt.

One Saturday afternoon, being tired of the business, I sent over for Mr. Asa Hunt, knowing that he would buy my stock and tools if he could get them cheap. I sold him everything that was in the shop,— lasts, leather, tools, in fact everything

there was; and that was the last I had to do with manufacturing boots.

Late in the fall of 1853, as the firm of Richards & Hunt was dissolved, I went with my brother Ebenezer to Boston, where he took the store at 30 Central street. This store was formerly occupied by Alexander Strong, and before his time by Isaac Jackson, who afterwards came to Weymouth and was in business on the wharves. I found in the loft his old sign. Here it was my part of the business to get to town early in the morning, open and sweep out, build the fires, if in winter, and dust off the goods on the shelves. I tell thus much of my work in the Boston store, as there was the turning point of my life.

In addition to the care of the store, I kept the books and occasionally sold to a customer. The business was small, and at this time my brother was building his dwelling-house, but little in town, coming late and going early. I was alone most of the time, and a dull place it was, occasionally enlivened by some one coming in from Weymouth. At that time business seemed to be done wholly on credit; the leather was bought on six months' time, and sold in the same way. A man would come in to sell a few hundred dollars' worth of boots and take a six months' note. At the same time he would buy about the same amount of calfskins or sole leather, and give a six months' note. There was little cash business done.

One morning, after sweeping out and dusting, a gentleman came into the store. He was from New York State and wanted to buy boots and shoes to stock his store. Before my brother Eben arrived from Weymouth I had sold him about all he wanted. He settled the bill by paying some $750 cash. This was a red-letter day in the old store, for cash was needed when a note had to be paid.

At that time, when one had a note to pay, he took all the bills to the Suffolk Bank and had them exchanged for their

money. The officers would always throw out all that was in any way doubtful, as for example a note from Rhode Island, or perhaps from some country bank. This always caused much trouble, as one would have to go back to the store to get other bills, and time was short, the banks closing at two o'clock. As I had to do this work, I well remember it.

In this old store I was as lonesome as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and it was a great pleasure to see the folks from Weymouth come in on Saturdays to sell and buy. Among them I remember Atherton Hunt, Charles Hunt, Richard Loud, S. W. Nash, and others from the Landing; Joseph Totman and his brother Eben Totman, Marshall C. Dizer, and Henry Loud, from East Weymouth.

The Congress boot had just come into the market at this time, and was manufactured at East Weymouth.

At the time of which I am writing, my brother Fred came to Boston as a boy, and was employed in Holden & Cutter's fancy goods store on Kilby street. This firm was agent for Sanderson & Lanergan, the noted pyrotechnists of that time. This fact was of great interest to me, as I had always been interested in the art.

Now, the business of store-keeping was so uninteresting, and I was so unsuited to carry it on, that I took up the idea of making fireworks. In the intervals I had in the shoe business (they were many), I built a bench in the basement of the store, got samples of rockets, Roman candles, etc., from my brother Fred, and commenced work. I had the formers turned out and made the cases. I had now been with my brother Eben some two years or more.

In the spring of 1856, I obtained two large packing-cases of Mr. Henry J. Holbrook, packed up all the stuff I had made, and loaded it on the express for Weymouth. Having built a small building to work in, I followed my boxes, never more to handle boots and shoes. This was a great disappointment

to my people and a surprise to all, as it seemed such a foolish venture; but "things are not what they seem." The hard times of 1857 were coming on; my brother was losing money, and I knew his business must be a failure in time.

I sometimes go through Central street, Boston, and when I get to number thirty I always stop, and my mind travels back to the old time when Atherton, Stetson & Co., J. C. Lindsley, A. P. Tapley, Charles and Matthew Cox, George L. Thayer, the Trescotts, and David Hunt were all in business on this street, and my old friend John Esterbrook, the truckman, did all the trucking.

Opposite number thirty was the old stand of A. N. Cook, the famous Roxbury brewer of ale, and here I got my lunch — a doughnut with a glass of ale. Cook's ale was the best at that time, as it is to-day under the name of McCormick, his successor. At Cook's, in those days, you would meet many of the best people of Boston, — all the merchants near by getting lunch there.

Returning to Weymouth, I was ready to go to work at once, having acquired a fair knowledge of the business in my boyhood days. I had been at work but a short time, when, on March 11, 1856, a little boy came along and wanted something to do. This was Edward F. Linton, who at that time was living with his folks in an old house on Commercial street, opposite the Cotton Tufts house, and long since torn down. Linton was a bright boy, and soon was a great help to me. A while after, Charles R. Trott and Manning Davy came to work with me.

In this work I was an enthusiast, losing not a moment, but continually experimenting from morning till night, and with the most dangerous materials, learning their nature as I advanced. Every book that could teach me I hunted up.

In the early days I remember going into a Boston store where the proprietor tossed me out a French catalogue of

scientific books. Looking it over I found one, *Feu d'Artifice*. My French was limited, but I did know that this related to fireworks. It was just what I wanted, for you must know that the making of fireworks was kept a secret among the manufacturers.

Happening to know a French *commissionaire*, a Mr. Scheyrer, I told him of the book, and he secured it for me. It was quite a large work, and from the index was just the book I wanted. Now, the old-fashioned fireworks-maker scorned anything new, and was satisfied with the past, and "Cutbush," an old work published one hundred years ago, was sufficient for his necessities. This *Feu d'Artifice*, by Chertier, a Frenchman, was far in advance, and I have no doubt that my copy was the first sold in this country.

I could not then read French, and impatient to know its contents, I went to the Westons' and met Mrs. Chapman, who, upon my telling her my troubles, read off several chapters. This gave me some knowledge of the value of the book; so having a French-English dictionary, I went to work and translated the whole book, gaining a knowledge of its contents. Though a beginner, the work of Chertier placed me far in advance of the old pyrotechnists who had learned their trade by rule of thumb. The book not only told me what chemicals to use, but how to make each kind, and their nature. In boyhood I had made rockets and Roman candles, and had had many mysterious fires from spontaneous combustion. This book explained all such things and why they occurred, and how to avoid these dangers. It was the pleasure of the makers of fireworks to call me a shoe-manufacturer, and one who had never learned the art; but from the love and study I gave to it, I had the satisfaction of seeing them all go out of the business, while E. S. Hunt & Sons alone remain.

Often in my life I have found that the man who has learned a trade is apt to work in a groove. His ideas seem stunted,

and he does not like to take up with new things that come up. Of this kind were my competitors.

The boy Linton, who travelled along with me in those days, had all the advantages of my experiments and work; and when he went to New York in after years, to continue in the fireworks business, he was far in advance of all his competitors, having learned his business of a "shoe manufacturer."

To find out how my competitors made their goods, I sent Linton to New York, to visit all the factories, as I never had been in a fireworks factory except my own. Having a long surtout coat, I loaned it to Linton. It was light-colored, and came down nearly to his heels; this, with a light, soft hat, gave him quite a literary appearance, something like Horace Greeley. He went to New York and visited all the fireworks factories in the guise of a newspaper reporter. He came back and related his travels, and, much to my satisfaction, told me that all their methods were old and obsolete, and far behind what we were doing at home.

I had been at work but a short time before I was brought to a realization of the dangers of this new business that I had undertaken. One day I was making "green-fire," having mixed together in an iron mortar chlorate of potash, baryta, and sulphur, and was powdering it together, when it ignited, burning me fearfully. I ran out of the shop to a puddle of water just behind the building, into which I thrust my hands. At the end of the building was a one-sash window, out of which the boy Linton crawled. The performance was so comical that notwithstanding the fearful pain from my burns, I gave a loud laugh, and the neighbors seeing the smoke from the fire, but hearing my laughter thought nothing of account had happened.

I went home and at once sent for my friend Mr. Amos S. White, as my wife was away. He came and did all that he could to relieve the pain. I was not only suffering from the burns, but was fearfully sick from inhaling the fumes of the

nitrate of baryta, a poisonous chemical. Mr. White did not help the matter much, as he bathed the burns with Haines's Balsam, a powerful medicine made mostly from spirits of turpentine.

I would no doubt have done better to have sent for a regular physician, but I had great faith in Mr. White, and little in a physician. I had a fearful night, but was much relieved of my pain in the morning by using sweet oil and lime water. This preparation my wife always afterwards kept on hand for an emergency.

At the time of the accident I wore a full beard. This was entirely burned off, as were my eyebrows, so that a Chinaman never looked more like himself than I like him. Soon after, our Band was giving concerts, and one was given in the Town Hall. At that time I was not at all handsome, but my part was wanted, and so, never minding the looks, I went before the public. This fearful experience of mine would have sickened many of this business, but it only made me the more interested, first to find the cause of my accident, and then to avoid the same in future.

At this early stage, as I have said, I was troubled by spontaneous combustion; that is, I would mix up certain chemicals by receipt, and from some cause or other, in a little time they would take fire and burn up. Well do I remember one Sunday morning I was experimenting in a little building that stood apart from my others, — I experimented continually on Sundays as on other days, going home to dress for dinner and to get ready for church in the afternoon, — when I heard an explosion. I did not need to look to see whence it occurred, for I instinctively knew that it was in the little shop where I had been at work just before. Well knowing it would cause no harm, I let it burn up and went to church in the afternoon as though nothing had occurred. These things were happening continually until I obtained the fireworks-book from abroad,

from which I learned the cause of all my troubles, and how to be rid of them.

During my first year I could have done little business. I secured Messrs. A. S. & J. Brown as my agents in Boston, to sell my goods, and in the little account book which I still have, I find I sold only a few hundred dollars' worth. Having the boy Linton, and later Trott and Davy then, my expenses were small, and my household wants were few as compared with to-day.

The Presidential election in the fall of 1856 helped me out greatly, there being many torchlight parades. During the second year of my new business I employed Mr. Francis Cushing. He was a pleasant, easy-going man. I soon afterwards hired another, Mr. Chester Sanderson. He had been one of the firm of Sanderson & Lanergan, now dissolved; they were the leading pyrotechnists for the city of Boston, after the days of James G. Hovey. Mr. Sanderson was, however, an old-fashioned fireworks-maker, having learned his trade of Edge, of New York, and never afterwards putting a new idea into it — "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Mr. Andrew Lanergan, one of the brightest of men, was the inspiration of their business. In his younger days he was a boy aboard the U. S. ship "Ohio"; afterwards he was in the theatrical business, and then was a workman for J. G. Hovey, where Sanderson had also worked for a time. Sanderson with Lanergan formed the company.

Both Hovey and Sanderson & Lanergan were in business when I began, but a little while after, Lanergan, while experimenting on some kind of ship signal, was fatally injured by an explosion, and only lived about two weeks. Lanergan, though a Roman Catholic, was a prominent member of the Masonic Order. On his death-bed he was approached by a Roman Catholic priest, who refused to absolve him unless he abjured his solemn oaths in Masonry. Mr. Lanergan had

many Masonic friends, who were continually around him at this time, and they were on the watch to see that he remained true to the Order. His physician was Dr. Winslow Lewis, then Grand Master of Massachusetts. The Bishop, a friend of Lanergan's, regretted much that his priest should have brought this matter up, as it was unnecessary.

However, this affair was talked over in all the Lodges with great scriousness. In Orphan's Hope Lodge it was the all-absorbing question among the older members, like Alva Raymond and Lovell Bicknell, old Puritans, who regarded an oath in Masonry as sacred as their church, and abhorred anything bordering on Romanism. Lanergan died, however, a good Roman Catholic.

Upon his death, his partner, Sanderson, came with me for a short time, and I learned somewhat of him regarding exhibition pieces. While he was with me I bid for the Seventeenth of June exhibition on Bunker Hill, against Baker & Spinney, successors to J. G. Hovey, and I got the contract.

The fireworks committee, Mr. W. W. Wheildon, of the "Bunker Hill Aurora," and Mr. Whitney, I entertained at my home. My contract was for two hundred dollars. The afterpiece used on the occasion was an equestrian statue of General Washington. My Masonic friend, William D. Stratton, was the designer. This was a large piece, but being my first exhibition of account I wanted to give a good thing, regardless of the cost. The affair was very satisfactory, as by the aid of my French book I was able to show many new designs. After the display on that Saturday night, I went home feeling that I had made a great success. Mr. Granville Thompson, then in the express business, assisted by Mr. Sanderson, carried the fireworks and brought the frames back, staying over night and returning home on Sunday morning.

I well remember the morning when the team arrived with the fireworks frames, and Sanderson and Thompson sitting on

top. I asked how all went off, and Sanderson replied, "All right, but we killed one woman." In surprise I said, "What!" "One woman," said he in answer, as though it was of the least account. But it caused the city of Charlestown much trouble from the suit entered against it for damages. The counsel for the defence, however, showed that the person injured was sick, and that the injury was not wholly the cause of her death. Some months went by before the final settlement was made, when the city paid the husband of the woman injured, some $1,000. Soon after that, he was again married, and the money helped him out greatly. The accident happened from a misdirected flight of rockets.

Chapter IV. In the "Sixties."

WITH the fall campaign of 1860 my business increased greatly. The Democratic Convention met first at Charleston, S. C., April 23, and afterwards adjourned to meet at Baltimore, June 18. Douglas was nominated for President, and Johnson, of Georgia, for Vice-President. On June 28, also at Baltimore, came together the seceders from the Charleston-Baltimore Convention, representing the Southern wing of the Democratic party. They nominated John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, and Joseph Lane, of Oregon. In May the Convention of the Constitutional Union party met also at Baltimore. John Bell, of Tennessee, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, were nominated for President and Vice-President. This party was made up of Republicans, Secessionists, and "Copperheads."

On May 16, the Republican Convention came together at Chicago. The contest lay between Seward and Lincoln. On the third ballot Lincoln was nominated for President, and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President. "Since white men first landed on this continent, the selection of Washington to lead the army of the Revolution is the only event to be compared in good fortune with the nomination of Abraham Lincoln," says Morse in his "Life of Lincoln."

"In strong common sense, in sagacity and sound judgment, and integrity of character, Mr. Hamlin had no superior among public men," said James G. Blaine. Wendell Phillips published an article entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the Slave Hound of Illinois," wherein he said: "We gibbet a northern hound to-day side by side with the infamous Mason of Virginia."

Seward was always a great favorite with the Republicans of Massachusetts, and he was their candidate in the convention; so the nomination of Lincoln, who was a comparatively new man to most voters, was received with little enthusiasm as compared with that of Fremont four years before. Ratification meetings were held, and a great torchlight parade occurred in Boston, where gathered all the "Wide Awake" clubs from towns and cities of New England. Each member wore a short cape, and carried a torch, and each club had a brass band or a drum corps.

After much hard work I secured the contract to furnish the fireworks. The men with whom I contracted insisted on having the fireworks, candles, rockets and red-lights fired from wagons, each carrying a representation of a volcano, and the fire shooting from the tops. This was a difficult thing to do, as the sequel shows.

Five volcanoes were ordered, to be placed in two-horse wagons arranged at intervals in the procession. To make these new designs I sent to the box-man and obtained a load of one-half inch lumber and made it up into cones, say five feet in height, having a base that would fit the wagon-rail, with a hole about a foot in diameter at the top to shoot the fireworks from. After these wooden cones were made, I had to paint them in imitation of volcanoes. This job Linton did not do to my satisfaction, nor to his own. The volcanoes were painted brown, with red and white streaks running down the sides, in imitation of lava. When all were completed, and the fireworks loaded in five teams, we started for Boston amid

much fun from the spectators. In one team were the boy Charles Trott with his father; William Thayer and Frank English in another, and Linton and his companion in still another, etc.

Now our volcanoes were all right on the smooth roads to town, but when the teams struck the pavement it was a rough road to travel, and a difficult job for one to stand on his feet and discharge the fireworks through the hole at the top. At every lurch of the team the man inside of the volcano would knock his head against the narrow walls. In one volcano the fireworks got a-fire, so that those inside had to scramble out, and the spectators helped save what remained. The effect intended was far from satisfactory, as more than one or two Roman candles rarely spouted at once from the mouth of the volcano, and the artistic work of Linton did not show a bit, for all was dark on the outside.

While this that I have told was going on, George Cushing and I were firing shells from a gun located on what is now the Public Garden. As all things have an end, so did this torchlight parade, and everything was satisfactory with the fireworks committee.

Abraham Lincoln was chosen President of the United States, Nov. 6, 1860, and inaugurated March 4, 1861. After his election, the North was for a time completely demoralized. Horace Greeley, who was so thoroughly committed to the anti-slavery cause, became a panic-stricken reformer, wishing to undo his own achievements. He did all he could in "The Tribune" to obstruct the path along which Lincoln must move. As with Greeley, so it was with many others in the North. Business men, alarmed at the prospect of disorder, became solicitous for concession, compromise and surrender. Even at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, a large and respectable meeting was emphatically in favor of compromise. While the North was ready to retreat, the South was aggressive and confident,

predicting that Southern flags would soon float over the National Capitol, and even over Faneuil Hall, should the North be so imprudent as to test Southern valor and Southern resources.

During this time business in our village seemed to come to a standstill. There was no work to be done; some manufacturers had customers in the South, and this trade, as well as the money due from them, was gone. S. W. & E. Nash had a large California trade, and they seemed to be doing all of the shoe business of the village.

My own fireworks business was small, but after the election of Lincoln there were a number of torchlight processions and illuminations, in honor of the victory. This gave a little business.

One Saturday night on looking over the newspaper I saw they were to celebrate in Providence, R. I. At once I went down to White & Burrill's, to have them get me to Braintree on Monday morning, to take the first train to Boston, that I might connect with the first for Providence. A lawyer by the name of Vaughn was the member of the committee that I must meet. I found his office, and when I met him coming out of the door I told him my business. He said he was on his way to Boston to purchase the fireworks. We rode back to Boston, and on the way I sold him the fireworks needed, one hundred fifty dollars' worth.

On my way from Providence I passed my competitor on his way after the job, but as I was the "early bird," I got "the worm." In a a week or so after, I received a check by express in payment.

In the winter of 1860, there being no work, all the folks went a-skating. Every pond in the neighborhood, when in condition, was covered with skaters, young and old, men and women, boys and girls, — none too old, none too young — forenoon, afternoon, evening.

Mr. Amos S. White and others built a dam by the railroad bridge, flowing the White meadow and making a fine pond for skating. Here a crowd gathered night and day until a freshet came and carried the dam away, and with it some of Mr. Warren Stetson's garden wall.

I shall not forget one thing in which I was much interested at that time. This was the game of chess. My competitors were Nathaniel Blanchard, E. Atherton Hunt, and George Minot Hunt. We used to meet, and I played nearly every night with one or the other, and sometimes we spent nearly a whole day on one game.

In 1855, Paul Morphy, a young native of New Orleans, came on the chess field and astonished the world with his wonderful skill, playing six games at a time, blindfolded, and nearly always winning. Morphy went to England and won from all the celebrities.

There was great interest in the game at the time of which I am writing, but the three I have mentioned were the only ones in the village beside myself who learned the game. We thought we played a good game until one night we invited a young man from Braintree, Fred Ingraham, who easily beat us all consulting together. I lost sight of Ingraham for many years, but one day, forty years after playing with him, an old gentleman came to me, shook hands and introduced himself as Fred Ingraham.

On December 26, 1860, on his own responsibility, Major Robert Anderson, in command of the United States forces in Charleston harbor, transferred his garrison from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, and the eyes of the whole country were thereafter fixed and all thoughts were concentrated on this single point of danger.

A little later, January 9, 1861, a futile attempt was made to reinforce Anderson with men and supplies. On April 12 Beauregard opened fire on Fort Sumter, and on the evening

of the 13th the fort capitulated. The attack on Fort Sumter was an assault on the Union.

The capture of Sumter had an instant and tremendous effect. The States which had seceded were thrown into a ferment of triumph; the Northern States arose in fierce wrath, the Middle States balancing between the two parties. Douglas at once called on the President and pledged himself to sustain him. This generous action warded off the peril of a divided North. Douglas's veins were full of fighting blood. He was more ready to go to war for the Union than were a great number of Republicans whose names survive in the strong odor of patriotism. Douglas brought aid to Lincoln which at this time was invaluable. In every town and village there were mass-meetings, speeches and patriotic resolutions. Our village was no exception.

April 15, the President issued his Proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve for three months. The first men to arrive at Washington came from Philadelphia, and almost entirely without arms. In Massachusetts Governor John A. Andrew had been preparing the militia for this crisis, and thoroughly equipping his regiments for the field. For this the aristocracy of Boston merrily ridiculed him. Receiving the call from Washington on April 15, he at once sent forth his summons through the State. At 6 o'clock on April 16, three full regiments were ready to start, the Third, Fourth, and Sixth.

On the 17th the Sixth regiment started for Washington. reaching Baltimore on the 19th, the anniversary of the battle Lexington. Seven companies went through the city without hindrance, but the remaining three had to leave the cars and march, as the tracks of the railroad were being torn up. A mob of "plug-uglies" and secessionists assaulted them with paving stones and pistol shots. The troops fired upon their assailants, with the result that four soldiers and twelve of the

rioters were killed. The troops reached Washington at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the first armed rescuers of the Capital. They were quartered in the Senate Chamber itself.

There are many to-day who will remember the meeting at the Town Hall addressed by John W. Loud and others of the town, urging the young men to enlist, and the marching into the hall of a troop of boys headed by the Lintons, E. F., Augustus and P. Henry, with fife and drum, creating the greatest enthusiasm. The Weymouth Union Guards, Company H, Twelfth Regiment, M. V. M., was organized, with James L. Bates, Captain, Charles W. Hastings and Francis B. Pratt, First and Second Lieutenants. The Lintons and many others enlisted in the Eleventh Regiment, "Fighting Colonel" Blaisdell commanding.

Company H was encamped near the Town Hall, and it was a stirring time when they struck their tents and marched down the turnpike (Washington street) to the depot, preparatory to leaving town, where their relatives and friends gathered to bid them good-by, — many for the last time.

After my display of fireworks at Providence, my fireworks business was gone. Having a family to support I had to find something to do. At that time A. Prescott Nash, one of our bright men in the village, was carrying on a stamping and gilding business, and I thought I would try my hand at this. I bought a small embossing and gilding press, obtained boot tops of C. E. & R. A. Hunt, and went to work. In a short time I got hold of the business and was able to do it as well as the best. The front of the boot was finished out with a colored sheepskin top, which was gilded with many devices, patriotic and otherwise. I would first "size" the place to be gilded over, with the white of an egg, and when it was dry, would brush over sweet oil; then from the book of gold would carefully take up a leaf on a pad and put it on the oiled surface; then with the press properly heated, I would put the

sheepskin top under the die, and complete the job by the hand lever.

This little business kept me occupied until I received an order for fireworks from Mr. Frederick F. Hassam, of Dorchester, who at that time was in the cutlery business in a store next to the Old South Church in Boston. As in Weymouth, they were recruiting men for the war, and in connection had fireworks to get up the proper enthusiasm, I received several orders from Mr. Hassam.

I did all this work alone, for Linton had now enlisted and gone into the army. From this time to the end of the war my business continually increased. I made many small works, and these could be taken out of the shop and finished by the folks about. The soldiers having gone to the front, this gave those at home quite a profitable and pleasant work to do. Of those working for me who enlisted for the war were E. F. and Augustus Linton in the Eleventh Regiment, Francis Cushing and Charles R. Trott in the Forty-second, and Samuel S. Foye in the Thirty-fifth. Trott was at home working for me in the fall of 1863, and the Lintons in June, 1864. During the war George Cushing was with me, and R. R. Walker was my foreman. Mr. Walker came to me from the wharves, where he had been employed by Porter & Loud and afterwards by Isaac Jackson. Off and on, Mr. Walker was with me many years; a hard-working man, he was always looking after my interests. His son, Russell Walker, was also with me a number of years, but at the present time is a successful business man in the West. As the rebellion drew near the end my fireworks business grew in dimensions.

On July 4, 1865, every town and city in the North was celebrating, and I employed many workmen, among them W. G. Thayer, Frank English, Henry Lanergan, and my old Band companion Adoniram J. Bowditch. Messrs. Linton and Walker were my foremen.

In the year 1865 was the high tide in my business. I then manufactured and sold some fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods. At that time I bought the place where I have since lived, and becoming at once interested in improving it, I planted many trees which have grown and given me much pleasure. Here I became interested in grape-raising. I bought the vines by the hundred, trenching the ground and planting after the most approved method. I also bought pear trees in quantity, and had them all growing finely.

In 1868 I became a member of the Weymouth Agricultural and Industrial Society, and at that time was much interested in the growing of fruit, having also a fine Jersey cow, and last but not least, my roan mare "Muff," and my colored man Tom Harris. I remember with what pleasure I gathered my finest pears and grapes, looking them over carefully to be sure I had the largest and best, for I had to meet one who was just as interested as myself, Mr. Marshall C. Dizer, my principal competitor. Others who were interested, I remember, were Mr. Sumner Torrey and Mr. Eri T. Joy. At that time good prizes were offered, and very pleasant it was to see the first prize on my show of fruit.

Now while I was interested in the fruit display, my man Tom was interested in the horse-trots. I had never cared much for horses, and at that time had just bought a "gold brick," which made me tired of horse-flesh in general. Tom Harris and my roan mare Muff were synonymous. Tom was known from his handling Muff, and without Tom, Muff would hardly have been known. On the Fair grounds at that time there were trials of speed between horses owned by members of the Society, among whom were my good friend A. S. White, always a horse-lover, J. H. Clapp, Alexis Torrey, and Charles Dill of Abington.

Now these horse-trots would have been tame indeed if Tom and Muff had been left out. When once ahead with the mare,

Tom could never be passed, for he had the most unearthly yell and a long whip that he would snap like a fire-cracker. This was a sore trial for Mr. Clapp. While Muff would always stick, the other would break, so Tom would win. Tom's slogan was, "Go it, Muff, what do I feed you for? What do I feed you for?"

When Tom brought Muff on the race-track, the rules hampered him, inasmuch as he was sometimes deprived of his whip. His yell he held, despite the judges, and as my old friend Dan Barrows tells, the greatest day on the track was when Tom drove Muff to victory by the aid of his whip. The judges ruled him out, took his whip away, and still he won five dollars with which I bought him a violin. Poor Tom, how much we thought of him. He went to the far West, and I learn he has prospered. Muff? Well, I kept her for years and although as sound as when I bought her, I had her shot, for I wanted no one to have her.

The fairs that I was once much interested in, the pears, the grapes, the apples, are all gone, but the race-track and the firemen's muster still hold. Why should they not continue? They are what the people want to-day. Nothing will bring so many together as a horse-trot and a firemen's muster, — "a chance to bet your dollar."

The most satisfying venture that I went into was my horse-trade, for I was so thoroughly cheated that it cured me of horse-trading since, and I have been laughed at for having been so easy a guy. I owned two horses. My first animal I called "Muffit," the roan mare that Tom used to trot at the "Fairs." She was a little better than three minutes on the track with Tom's driving, but from her sticking qualities she would beat many a faster horse on the road. Tom was all right with Muff on the road, where he could use his lungs and his long whip, but on the track he was handicapped by the rules; so to keep up the necessary pace I must have a faster

horse. My friends now came on the field, and in their hands I became an easy subject. I was told that a lady in Worcester had a fine horse, and just what I desired. "Only eleven years old," I was told, and for that reason he was the more valuable, being well broken and perfectly safe for a child to drive. This horse had been used by the lady's husband, who had been an officer in the war, then just over. Her husband being dead, the lady had no use for the horse but would sell him cheap if going into kind hands. I snapped at the hook, and was caught.

Well do I remember the day when my brother Fred and I went to the stable on Bromfield street to see this horse. He was a beauty; having been clipped, his coat shone like silk. He was a tall, large animal, and seemingly all that was told me by my friends. To make a long story short, I bought the horse; the price was small for so large and valuable an animal, only six hundred dollars. I drew my check and owned Prince. We brought the horse home. On showing him to Mr. Samuel Burrill, of the firm of White & Burrill, he looked him over, and after sucking his teeth awhile said, "I think there is too much daylight under his belly."

Having been told by my good friends that the horse would "go in 2.40," my brother and I were in a great hurry to surprise our Weymouth friends, and tried his pacing with Muff. At our first trial we found she was too much for Prince; our mutual friend seemed much surprised. My brother Fred was always with me in this affair.

To settle the question of speed we took Prince to the Riverside track, and put him into the hands of Jock Bowen, the well known jockey, who drove the famous gelding Captain McGowan twenty miles in one hour in 1865. Bowen put Prince through his paces many times, but could never get him down to three minutes. From this time, finding that I had been twice sold, I cared little for the horse. Thinking he could be used as a

carriage horse, I made the best of a bad bargain, but my friend called often to see Prince.

One day coming into the stable, my friend called attention to the horse, saying he had a quarter crack, and that I should have to be very careful or the horse would be lame. Knowing nothing about a quarter crack I thought little more about the remark until my friend discovered that the horse was blind in one eye. As the horse travelled straight on the street I thought that did no harm, until one day poor old Prince fell down in the stable. My friend said this was "blind staggers." This discovery ended the thing completely. Prince now had all the "horse ails" there were, and nothing more was to be expected.

All I could do was to sell the animal, and "do unto others as others had done unto me." My brother Fred had a customer in the fancy goods business, named Mudge. He had seen and liked the looks of Prince, and offered one hundred dollars in cash and a watch worth one hundred. He got the horse.

Afterwards this trade was all explained to me. I was told how it was done, and how the old horse was doctored up and made to look as good as new. This transaction was brought to my mind lately by a horse-trader, who told me that Kendall, the principal in this transaction, is still a noted horse-trader and one of the sharpest. This was my first, last, and only horse-trade. Muff was bought for me by my brother.

On the first day of January, 1863, the famous Emancipation Proclamation was issued, the President having waited for a Union victory in the field. It came after the battle of Antietam, not a satisfactory victory but the best that could be had at that time.

In the autumn of 1867 I took up an entirely new business, the manufacture of ladies' fans. In this business everything had to be learned, as nearly all the fans were then imported from France, a few coming from Vienna. To do this work I

had to put in a boiler and engine, and saws and moulders. I employed Mr. Washington Merritt and his son William. The elder Merritt was quite an inventor, and the younger a first-class machinist. In a short time I employed Joseph White, who had been recommended to me as a good carpenter by his brother Amos S. White. Linton, Trott and Foye were still with me, as I kept my fireworks business all the time I was in the fan business, working sometimes on fans and sometimes on fireworks. For a little time Linton kept my books, until I employed my brother Ebenezer. For myself I was continually experimenting; in fact the whole thing was an experiment from beginning to end.

I used wood for the fan-sticks, with linen and silk for the tops. The wood principally used was "horn beam," as we called it, called gum-tree in the South. These I used to scour the South Shore for, the trees growing very scattering in our woods. The linen and silk I obtained from abroad. This was a trying time for me, as I was always in the dark, experimenting from morning to night. I had to learn the art of dyeing, what chemicals would die brown, what black, and how to use them, and then I had to learn the art of gilding, polishing, etc. Oftentimes I carried the work home to study. As I was about all this, time went on, and as I have said I continued my fireworks.

Now comes the strange ending. Linton, who had entered into this affair and did much of the work, that night "folded his tent and silently stole away"—where, I could not imagine; but after many days I learned of his whereabouts. He had gone to New York and into the employ of my greatest competitor.

If this had been his only unfaithful work, I could have forgiven him, but he had many brothers who at times worked for me. To these, when out of employ, he gave my fireworks receipts, that these receipts might be an inducement for my com-

petitors to hire them. Some weeks later, Trott, another of my workmen, stole away, and a little time after, Foye made an excuse to go "to see his sister," and departed. Of these, Linton remained in New York, but Trott and Foye, like "bad pennies, returned." They had been hired from my employ by Linton.

"Are these the thanks we owe?
Is this the kind return?"

I remember it troubled me much at the time, to think that these men, who had been boys with me, should have done so mean a thing. I have had the same happen many times since. Joseph White seemed to have the impression that this new business I had taken up was going to be very profitable, and induced his brother to take it up. He was in my pay when he was experimenting and devising ways to avoid certain patents which I had on my methods. When this came to my knowledge I discharged him, and in a little time a new company — the White Brothers, fan manufacturers — began business as my competitors, Linton in New York, being all this time in correspondence, securing them agents. This made bad work for me, as the Whites were continually hiring my best men away by the offer of more pay; the price paid to men of ordinary capacity was advanced from twelve to fifteen and twenty dollars per week. Finally the business settled down, my competitors making the cheaper goods, while I made the best quality for the same buyers.

July 4, 1868, I got the idea that I would rename the square near me, at that time called "Binney's Corner." So I had a sign-board made, and painted on it "Lincoln Square," and nailed it on one of the trees. In the evening we had a number of speakers; one I remember was Judge James Humphrey, who afterwards had lunch with Mr. M. T. Reed near by. With all, we had a display of fireworks. The affair was a success, for Lincoln Square, born that night, still lives.

Chapter V. In the "Seventies."

DURING the French and Prussian war (1870–1) no goods could be shipped from Paris; consequently the prices in this country were at their highest, and my goods were eagerly sought for by the fan-dealers of New York. During the first few years of the business I had no trouble in disposing of all I could make.

The people I dealt with were large Jew importing houses: I had always been prejudiced against the Jews, but I found them fine men, and much superior to the Gentiles that I had dealt with before. Finally I got the business running quite smoothly, from the high prices on account of the foreign war; and the profits were seemingly large, but were continually eaten up by the cost of building new machines. I soon found that a business subject to fashion was not profitable to follow; I would have a machine to make large fans, some twelve to fifteen inches in length, and the fashion would call for short fans, and the machines would have to be all built over. Mr. William Merritt was always busy on this.

Now, in this work I was an enthusiast. It mattered little what the cost, for I was determined to make the best, and succeeded so that I made gold fans which I sold for nine dollars each. In this I was aided by my friend Mr. Henry Stetson,

then a machinist in Brookline, who carried out many of my ideas, and built for me a carving machine (now rusting out in my stable) which did wonderful work, and cost me five hundred dollars. As I have said, my motto was "Never mind the cost, it must be done."

In the height of the business I employed many hands, both men and women; in gilding fan-sticks, girls were employed. It was light, pretty work, putting the tops of linen and silk on the sticks of the folding and feather fans. As I walk about town to-day I once in a while meet one of the then pretty girls that were employed by me, now a grandmother.

When everything seemed to be going prosperously, I was induced in an evil moment, against my best judgment, to take for my selling agents a new firm, just beginning a commission and importing fancy goods business in Boston. This was the omega of my fan business. The firms I had dealt with in New York were large, wealthy houses, and paid me cash on receipt of the goods; the men I now went with might have had money once, but none while I was with them. Everything was now changed. To get money I took their notes for discount, giving one of mine in exchange, and a fearfully mixed-up matter it was to one like myself, who had had little financial experience. How well do I remember the times I went over to see the old bookkeeper and financial man of this firm, Peter Lawson, to devise ways and means to pay the note coming due the following day.

Well, the end came when, having a note to pay, I went after the money; I was offered a note to get discounted by my friends Howe & French. Now Howe & French were my bankers, and having implicit faith in E. S. H., they discounted all the notes brought them of the firm I was now dealing with.

Mr. John C. Howe was the friend of a lifetime, and knowing the situation, or thinking I did, I wanted him to take no more risk on my account. I told Mr. C—— I would take no

more notes for my friends to discount. He said, "We have no money"; then I said that I would let the note go to protest, and it did. This was the end of the fan business as relating to myself.

My name was on notes to a large amount of the firm I had been with, and they were in all the country banks about, on my suspending business. I was blamed by that firm, as it caused their failure, and others connected with them.

The fan business was taken up by my brother Fred and Mr. Frank Allen, and after one year it proved a failure; but Mr. Allen continued in it while he lived.

While what I have been telling was happening, I was still doing my fireworks business, knowing that this was the staff I must later rely on. Soon after I had begun the fan business I employed Charles Linton, who had obtained a little knowledge of the business from his brother Edward F. Linton, who was with me some six months. He came from his brother in New York, and I recollect that Mr. Joseph Doyle, whom I afterwards employed as bookkeeper, came with him. Doyle was a fine fellow, and well educated, and I never could understand how he should be the simple bookkeeper he was. After being with me several years, he went to Providence and engaged in the enamelling business. After six months I was through with Linton. He knew little of the business, and was continually tinkering, being by trade a machinist. After him came Russell Walker, who I remember manufactured perfumery, in company with Mr. Wales, of Braintree, in one of my shops.

My fireworks business seemed to be hung up completely till 1876, when it again became my only regular business, the fan business have gone to trouble my neighbors,—my brother Fred and Frank Allen, who used my buildings.

The year 1876, being the one hundredth anniversary of our independence, was looked ahead to as a time when an immense

amount of fireworks would be used. All the makers filled their storehouses, and in consequence enough were made for 1876 to last several years afterwards. At this time I became acquainted with Banfield & Forristall of Boston, who became my agents.

Returning to my financial troubles in the fan business; when they became generally known in the village, I found at once who were my friends in adversity. I realized the truth of Poor Richard's saying, "When I have a cow and sheep, the neighbors say, 'Good morning.'" I now had no cow, neither had I a sheep, nor neighbors to say, "Good morning." In the village I had no neighbors, — my friends were all out of town.

Mr. John C. Howe, of the firm of Howe & French of Boston, was my strong friend at this time, as always. I recollect he always defended me against the little petty gossip of my extravagance which came from the village. It was owing to Mr. Howe's good advice that I saved my home, for when buying it, he had insisted that I should put it in my wife's name, telling me that every man taking the chances of business should do this. After my troubles I found many of my things were already spoken for by my neighbors. One was going to have my poor old horse Muff, if sold low enough. I would have shot her first!

My friend Mr. Howe came to my help, giving me the money to compromise with my creditors. This relieved me of further trouble. If it had taken away all remembrance of this affair I would have loved my neighbors more to-day; tell me about "loving thy neighbor as thyself," go through my experience, and see if you can.

Having settled up the fan business, I now gave my attention to the fireworks trade, which had become quite small from neglect. This had now lost all its attraction for me, as there seemed little more for me to learn, and unless I was experimenting, it was dull work.

In the autumn of 1877 came my opportunity. One day in the summer two men came to my factory, having a machine designed for throwing a life-line to shipwrecked men. It was on the principle of sticking an apple on a whip-stick and whirling it around, as I remember doing when a boy. The machine was made with a heavy, strong, spiral spring, wound up by a crank, and attached to the spring was a rod. When the machine was ready for use, the rod was drawn back towards the rear and held by a trigger; a tube, loaded at one end with lead, was slipped on to the end of the rod. To this loaded tube was attached the life-line, wound up in a ball, the line drawing from the centre.

The men wanted me to make a rocket that could be attached to the rod, the same as the weighted tube, that would be lighted on pulling the trigger, and, after the force of the spring was expended, would still carry the line by the combustion of the rocket. I made the rocket as they wished, and the line was carried much farther than by the weight alone. The men were much pleased at the distance reached, but had had much trouble to wind the line so that it would not tangle in going out.

I had acquired a knowledge of paraffine from using it for candles in a lantern I had made; this gave me the idea of running the line through hot paraffine. That worked to a charm, and when the men came again I had some coils already made, and, on trial, the line ran out smoothly and without a tangle.

Now, while the men were away, the thought came that I could make a great improvement by using gunpowder instead of a spring; so I obtained small thread, and after paraffining wound it in coils on a spindle. By removing the spindle I could draw the line from the centre. I then took one of my brass tubes used in making fireworks-cases, loaded one end with lead, and then forced the coil of paraffined line into the

shell, having fastened the outside end of the line to the lead in the bottom. This was my first projectile. For a gun I found a tube that would admit the shot or projectile easily, and strengthened it by driving another tube over it.

This tubular gun was what I always used afterwards, as it had great strength for its weight. The gun having been improvised and a coil of line to be held in the hand prepared, I took the affair down into the meadow near by, attaching the two ends of the lines together, the one in the shot and the other for the hand, placing the shot so that the line came from the muzzle of the gun, and all was ready. This gun was mounted on a log, to take up the recoil. On firing the gun the shot went a long way, the line paying out as it went from the coil held in the hand. This first trial was a perfect success, showing that the principle was right. All I had to do was to perfect and adapt the gun for the purpose intended, life-saving.

To return to my friends with the spring gun. On their next visit I told them what I could do with gunpowder as a spring, and taking the little gun out into the field, shot the line some thousand feet, to their surprise. I think they never tried their spring machine again at my place, after I showed what could be done with gunpowder. The inventor of the spring-projectile was Mr. Peck; his associate's name was Tuttle. A little time after they came to Weymouth I learned of their being at the beaches, throwing the line at so much a shot.

Being now thoroughly interested I was not idle a moment, but obtained tubing and made a larger gun, more perfected than the first. I had a long tin projectile made, with four small wings on the end projecting from the gun. With this improved gun and projectile I found I could throw the line from twelve to fifteen hundred feet, and never break the line. Breaking the line was the great trouble with other projectiles in use.

As I had now obtained the gun and projectile so that I could be sure of its action, I must find those interested in such matters. I went to Boston one day, and on inquiring was told that Captain R. B. Forbes was the one I should see. I went to the office of John M. Forbes, his brother, and he told me at once that I did not want to see Captain Forbes, but Captain Edward Faucon, whom I could find at the "China Insurance Office" in State street. I there found Captain Faucon. He was an old sea-captain, who had commanded the ship "Pilgrim" when Richard H. Dana, Jr., was before the mast. At one time Captain Hall was his mate.

The old captain was a character, and I had a good deal to do with him, as he looked after all the apparatus of the Humane Society. Given his own way, he was a pleasant man, telling me many of his sea stories. He was always on the quarter-deck. Telling him my story he became interested at once and directed me to the Trustees of the Humane Society.

Not many days after, I received a word from Mr. B. W. Crowninshield, appointing the day when the Trustees would come to my place to witness my experiments with the new projectile. Mr. Crowninshield was the executive of the Society. This was a red letter day in my life, never to be forgotten. Those who came to Weymouth that day were Mr. Thomas Motley, brother of John Lothrop Motley, the historian of the Netherlands, and Minister to England in the first year of Grant's administration, upon Charles Sumner's recommendation; Mr. B. W. Crowninshield; Mr. Abbott Lawrence, Jr., whose father Abbott Lawrence had been a former Minister to England; Mr. Henry A. Whitney, president of the Providence Railroad; Captain Edward Faucon; with them two boys, one, Robert Bacon, afterwards secretary to J. P. Morgan in New York, and now the Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Arthur E. Sproul, a reporter for the "Boston Herald."

These gentlemen met at my home and had lunch before going to my factory. When they saw the size of the gun and the range laid out, they could hardly realize what I had told them. I shot the gun some five times, and the projectiles fell each time within twenty-five feet of full fifteen hundred feet distant.

The gentlemen were enthusiastic, and ran like boys across the fields and up the hill where the shot landed. After the trial all returned to my house, sat down, talked the thing over, and there voted me five hundred dollars that I might get a good gun, and to enable me to continue my experiments.

"Now, I have a cow and sheep, my neighbors say 'Good Morning.'" At once I ordered the brass tubing, and had a three-inch gun built. This was the calibre I afterwards used. and the line I made of strong linen shoe thread, laid in different sizes. After all was ready I notified Mr. Motley, one of the Trustees of the Society.

The Humane Society always had the use of the steamer "Daisy," of the U. S. Lightship Board, Captain Ames. When they were having trials of my gun they would go down the harbor to some of the islands. On these occasions it was the custom for one member to furnish all the food, while another would find the wines, so there would be no expense charged to the Society.

I remember one gentleman, Mr. James Davis, president of the Revere Copper Co., always found the wine, as he was called the best judge of the article in Boston. Dr. Lothrop, minister of the Brattle Street Church, a member of the Society, was always of these parties. Once we had Judge Horace Gray. On getting aboard I remember his saying, "Is that the little thing?" — referring to my gun. In these trials down the harbor there was everything to make it pleasant, — everything good to eat and drink, and the best of company; and better still, the projectile never failed to carry the line.

In the autumn of 1878 I was induced by the members of the Humane Society to put my life-saving apparatus in the Mechanics' Fair, to show the officers of this Society the workings of the gun and projectile. Mr. Simmons, then the U. S. Collector at the Boston Custom House, loaned the Revenue cutter "Hamlin," taking all down to Hull, and landing at the old steamboat landing. At that point we placed the gun and shot across the water to where now stands the Pemberton Hotel. The trial was a great success, and I remember with pleasure that Mr. Motley told me I was awarded a gold medal.

From the over-production of fireworks in 1876, very little was done in this business the year or two following, and I was put to my wits' end to get money to pay my household expenses.

My first invention was a gelatine lantern, to hang on Christmas trees. That did not amount to much, but brought me in a little money. Then I invented a colored shell to fire from an ordinary shot gun, upon which I obtained a patent, and through my friend, the late John P. Lovell, sold the same to a house in New York for some seven hundred dollars. This was a great help to me.

Going to my agents one day, Mr. Banfield showed me a little firework called a sun-wheel, made in England, saying that I could make as good a thing, he would give an order for all I could produce. As small a thing as it was, it took me several weeks' continual study to make it, but I finally succeeded to Banfield's satisfaction. The experimenting I did on this little sun-wheel led to other work in the same direction, and resulted in my getting up an entirely new firework which I called the dragon-wheel. This was a fine thing. I drew up the specifications myself without the aid of a patent agent, and had it patented. I was doing this work at the same time that I was engaged on the life-saving projectile, and a far more valuable thing it was as a money-getter.

The sun and dragon-wheels I sold all over the country, introducing me to a trade some of which I hold to-day.

Mr. B. W. Crowninshield, the executive of the Massachusetts Humane Society, knowing Mr. Kimball, at that time the Superintendent of the United States Life Saving Department, requested him to send some one to see the experiments that I was making. I have now before me Lieut. Lyle's letter to me saying: "I have been requested by General Superintendent Kimball to visit Weymouth and see your new apparatus for throwing lines. Will you please say when it will be most convenient?"

This letter came in February, 1878, and in a short time afterward he came to my place. For a gun I had only a two-inch brass tube mounted on a log, which was the same I had shown the gentlemen of the Humane Society from Boston. Now, in this matter the gun was of no account, but it was the projectile where the new principle came in.

I recollect at the time of Lieut. Lyle's coming I fired a few shots, and at the last one blew out the breech of the little gun. There was, however, sufficient done to show Lieut. Lyle the principle. He wrote up his report, dwelling mostly upon the imperfection of the gun.

Before going further I will tell who this Lieut. Lyle was. He was First Lieutenant of Ordnance, U. S. A., and had about this time perfected a gun and projectile that the Government was then putting on all their stations. The projectile he invented was a long shot with an iron rod and a loop at the end to fasten the line. The old shot, which this displaced in the service, was simply a round twelve-pounder shot, with a staple cast in to fasten the line, and fired from a short mortar, which often breaking the line would carry it but a short way. I had much to do with Lieut. Lyle, and found him a very pleasant man outside of this immediate business that we were engaged in.

As I have said, the Humane Society voted me $500 to perfect my invention. At once I went to work and had a good gun made at the South Boston foundry, three-inch calibre, that I always held to. This first gun had a cast bronze jacket with a bronze breech-pin, mounted on an expensive mahogany carriage, and was the only one I had made this way. Afterwards I simply used a brass tube, and had another shrunk on at the breech and an iron breech-pin, mounted on a heavy plank with handles at the side for carrying. Lieut. Lyon, one of the Government Ordnance Board, was stationed at the South Boston Iron Works at this time, and helped me somewhat in the construction of the carriage for my gun. Lieut. (now Captain Lyon of the U. S. S. "Olympia") was a fine, handsome young fellow at that time, and became much interested in my invention. Mr. Edwin Reed and his son, John Reed, then living in Braintree, were those that I had most to do with at the foundry. Mr. Edwin Reed came with Lieut. Lyle to Weymouth, to witness the first trial.

Years before, when the Massachusetts Humane Society was first organized in 1791, the Royal Lifeboat Association of England made the former Society a present of a gun and the complete apparatus for throwing lines to shipwrecked vessels. To return the favor, I had made for the Society a fine gun, and a legend engraved on it, to send to the Royal Association in London. After all was ready, the question came up how the Society across the water could be shown the workings of this new method. Telling them I would go to show the thing, they at once accepted my offer. Having a son in London at that time, it gave me just the opportunity desired of seeing him.

The gun and projectiles were packed in a fine mahogany case, with an engraved brass plate on the cover, and with this gun I took the one I had made to experiment with, and a number of projectiles for use. On January 27, 1878, I went

into the "China Office" and met Mr. Motley, who gave me the money I should need, in English currency. My passage cost the Society nothing, as the Cunard Steamship Co. gave me passage out and back, considering the business I was on.

Mr. Motley told me that everyone, servant or otherwise, would expect a fee if they did anything for me, and said, giving me a lot of small change, "Don't give anyone more than threepence, or your money won't hold out. They will be satisfied," and adding, "It is all I give."

We now went over to East Boston to get aboard the steamer "Marathon." She was only three thousand tons burthen, but to my unsophisticated self seemed immense. On getting aboard Mr. Motley introduced me to Mr. Ogden Codman, a Boston gentleman going abroad. I remember him with pleasure, for he did much to make the long voyage pleasant; each night before turning in he would have the steward bring in the Scotch whiskey and jug of hot water, and we would talk of those at home. No doubt Mr. Motley had told him to have an eye to me, and make me as comfortable as he could.

Bidding good-by to my friends, we were tugged down the harbor and started on our long voyage. Aside from myself and Mr. Codman there were but three other passengers, a sea captain and his wife, and a woman who crossed the sea to buy for some millinery establishment. When not eating, this woman was curled up in one corner of the saloon, asleep—she an old traveller.

The sea-captain and his wife were most entertaining people, telling of their sea life, they having gone together each voyage. When her husband was sick, the captain's wife navigated the ship as well as he could. There being so few passengers, the officers sat at the same table with us in the dining saloon. All were true-born Englishmen, dropping their h's as though they were of the least account. I liked these men much, as they were always ready to talk when off duty, and did much

to relieve the tedium of the long passage. I had a slight nausea from the time I went on board the ship till I got off, not wholly from the motion of the ship, but from the smell of hot oil on the engines, and the cooking of the food. Rarely did I sit at the table till the porridge was removed, the sight of which made me sick. Finally I settled down on a steady diet of sardines in oil, Stilton cheese, and hard bread, to the surprise of all at the table.

The ship "Marathon" was an old vessel, and had been used by the Cunard Company, formerly, as a yacht down in the Mediterranean. The saloon and all the staterooms were above deck, unlike our steamships of to-day. It being cold, and the sun seldom shining, the only comfortable place on deck was around the great smoke-stacks, where the few passengers usually gathered to keep warm. There being little sunshine, the rough sea was of a grey hue, cold and cheerless.

The old "Marathon" could not reach over two or three seas, as the great steamers of to-day, but took only one, pitching up and down, and at times taking water over the bows. However, no one was alarmed, as the captain said she was the safest ship that crossed the ocean. In going, we stopped at Queenstown several hours, which was the only sight of Ireland, with one exception, I ever had. As we approached Liverpool, I remember the tug coming to meet us, and the passengers getting ready to leave the ship after their long voyage of fourteen days. I was a lonesome man in a strange country.

Just then I heard a voice, as from heaven, inquiring for Mr. Hunt from Boston. It was a pleasant voice I assure you, and the inquirer was Mr. Sherlock, who had been telegraphed to by my good friend Thomas Motley, telling him that I was on the ship, and asking him to look after me and see to my luggage getting through the customs, etc.

Bidding adieu to the few passengers, I saw none ever afterwards. Arriving in Liverpool on Saturday morning, and hav-

ing been directed by Mr. Motley to the Adelphi Hotel, there I remained over Sunday. This hotel, where Boston people usually stopped on their way to London, was the finest of all in Liverpool. As I walked around the hotel on the first Saturday evening, everything was so new to me and yet all was so old, so quiet, so orderly; no one seemed in a hurry; the waiters appeared like well-bred clergymen, with so much dignity and gravity did they carry themselves, never smiling, but always solemn. One was so like the other that I was constantly mixing up the gentleman with the servant.

In the great reading-room I passed most of my first evening. The little tables were all about the room, each occupied by two or more gentlemen reading, smoking, drinking and talking. I saw at a glance why all was so orderly and quiet, and still, — each having his glass before him, for the Scotch whiskey, the favorite brand, was measured out in a small glass; the bottles were never set out as in our country, but the waiters brought a jug of hot water, a bowl of sugar, and the little glass of whiskey. I saw at once that I was in the land of steady habits. All drank one kind of liquor, and none got intoxicated.

In the basement were the billiard and pool-tables, where all were busy, putting up their money at the beginning of each game, a shilling — nothing more. I had a beautiful, large room, so large it seemed to one who felt so small as myself. The next morning, Sunday, I awoke, a stranger in a strange land, in all expectation of the strange things I was to see. Going into the reading-room after breakfast, and looking out into the square before the hotel, I saw two trumpeters in bright uniforms station themselves before a statue or fountain, and sound a *réveille*. Asking what it meant, I was told the high sheriff was in town, and that the *réveille* was performed whenever he came.

I spent a good part of the day wandering over the docks of which I had heard so much. From the great rise and fall

of the tides, the ships lie in docks, the vessels going in through gates that are shut when the vessel lies quietly within. On the water-side, for the same reason of the tides, were the landing-stages where people from the steamers landed. These stages, built of teakwood from India, were great floating docks, rising and falling with the tides. Always a great lover of vessels, I had much pleasure in seeing many of all nations, though not one flying the United States flag.

In the business centre of Liverpool is the old Church of St. Nicholas, surrounded on all sides by its church-yard, covered with monuments lying flat on the ground, over which the busy crowd have thronged for hundreds of years until the inscriptions are completely obliterated. I could read none of them.

In the afternoon at the hotel I received a letter from Captain Arthur Clark, of London, telling me he would meet me on my arrival in London, Mr. Motley having told him of my arrival in Liverpool. Captain Clark is the brother of Robert F. Clark, lately a member of the Boston Board of Police Commissioners. He was then underwriters' agent in London for the China Insurance Co., of Boston.

On Monday morning, after bidding good-by to the Sherlocks who had met me on my arrival, I began my journey to London, and had my first experience in an English compartment car. I remember little of the trip, but I arrived in London at the Euston station in the evening, and took a carriage to the Langham Hotel, at that time the favorite hotel in London, where our Boston people of consequence put up, and Mr. Motley's hotel while in London.

Just before going to London, I had read Rice and Besant's "Golden Butterfly," telling of an American who had made a fortune in oil, went to London, and stopped at the Langham Hotel. This gave me a little interest in the place. In the morning after breakfast Mr. Clark called for me, and we went to the Viaduct Hotel on High Holborn, which was a fine

place which I have always remembered with pleasure. I had a good room, clean and bright, and the great dining-room, tiled from floor to ceiling, was so quiet and orderly. How well I remember the first morning, looking out on the dome of St. Paul, high in the air! I did not need any one to tell me; I knew it at once, for I had had it in my mind's eye since a boy.

In the forenoon Captain Clark called, and I went to his office and we talked over what I was to do, and how to find those of the Society to whom I was sent. I had a letter to our Ambassador in London, Mr. Phelps, and to him Captain Clark and I went. We found him a pleasant man, who said he would do what he could for me. He gave me a letter to the Secretary of the Royal Society. The gun was to be presented to Mr. Lewis, a barrister. The President of the Royal Society, the Duke of Northumberland, was only a figure-head, as I found. I soon learned that "My Lord" was the ornamental head of everything, but that the Secretary was the man of business. Mr. Lewis loved "My Lord," and he was continually telling me of his President, the noble Duke. It was my misfortune that I was so engaged that I did not see His Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

Secretary Lewis received me pleasantly, as did all, and promised to help me all he could. I remember going to his home with my son, and after dining with him how he took me around his home, "to show me how an English gentleman lived."

This was very amusing to me, but it pleased the old gentleman. He seemed to think the United States was a far-away place, and had little in it comfortable as they had in Old England. It was astonishing to me to see how little the untravelled Englishman knew of our country.

I had been in London but a few days when my son arrived from Italy, and then I had a companion in my travels of sight-seeing, which made it much pleasanter for me, my son making me acquainted with many of his artist friends. One, Captain

Palmer of the Navy, invited me to make his house my home while in London. At that time his wife, an artist, was in the United States. I left the hotel, and till I sailed for home was with Captain Palmer.

My first call, made with my son Aubrey, was to see an old artist friend of his, Mr. Hine, a noted water-colorist. The hospitality of the English gentleman is proverbial, and there was no exception here. On making my acquaintance Mr. Hine had the loaf of bread and the cheese brought in, with a bottle of Burgundy, while I told him about what I was doing in London.

Looking at me in an artist's way, the old gentleman was much pleased, for at that time my hair was long to my shoulders, and I wore a black Kossuth hat with a broad brim, unlike any in the great city of London. I did not see but one Kossuth hat, other than mine, while in London, and that one was worn by a sea captain from Boston. Neither did I see a "Derby" hat, for all wore tall silk hats, from the boy up, to the servant down. I soon found that the one man I had to do business with was Thomas Gray, Secretary of the Board of Trade, whose office was in a part of Whitehall Palace, famous in English history, and of which I shall speak at length later.

My friends of the Humane Society in Boston seemed to know little about the Life-Saving Societies of London, when I was sent to present this gun. I had many letters of introduction, but they were to those who could do little to help me. A number were to the old captains of the Cunard steamers, with whom Mr. Motley had crossed the ocean many times. These captains were employed by the Board of Trade as underlings to Thomas Gray.

Mr. Lewis could do nothing, as all of this business came under the Board of Trade, and Thomas Gray was the only one for me to work with. After telling him who I was, the business I was on, and from whom I came, he said he would do

all he could to help me out of the matter, but that I would have to wait to take my turn, as many were waiting before me.

This was very troublesome to me, as I had left my business and wanted to return as soon as possible; but wait I must, and make the best of it. The delay gave me an opportunity to look about London. Stopping with Captain Palmer my expenses were small, having no one to fee as at a hotel, and my small change held out well. Captain Palmer's house was one of twelve hundred buildings at Bedford Park, London. These houses were all contracted for by one man, and to watch his work going on, and the methods so unlike those at home, filled up many hours that would otherwise have been irksome. Great storehouses held doors and mantle-pieces in Queen Anne style and painted dark green, ready to be put up. These houses were of brick, little wood being used except the door frames, doors, and mantles. Captain Palmer's house, one of the first built, was surrounded by others in all stages of completion. A large flat common was this Bedford Park.

Building a house was begun, not by digging a cellar as we do, but the sod was removed only where the brick wall was to stand, a shallow trench being dug and filled with old rubbish. On this, brick walls were built up to the eaves. The roofs were very sharp, and on the joists furrings or battens were nailed horizontally, upon which were hung the red tiles which cover all roofs. These tiles were about twelve by sixteen, with a clip at one end. Beginning at the eaves they were hung on to the battens by the projecting clip, one covering the other one-half its length, and breaking joints as in our wooden shingles. On the ridge-pole was placed a saddle-tile. All were kept in place by their own weight.

This great village of Bedford Park was built for the use of those in the Civil Service, army and navy, artists, and professional men. No man in any other employment could live here;

no stores were allowed, and only one church — the Church of England. The houses, of the Queen Anne fashion, were of every conceivable form, each having a well-kept, little flower-garden attached, very pretty to look at; but the houses were cold and uncomfortable to live in. There is no such place in this country as Bedford Park, where the air is so rarified that no grocer, baker nor candlestick-maker could live, neither a man doing any business whatever.

Captain Palmer's house was one of the best in the place, having many curios, Turkish rugs, etc., from the East, which he had obtained on his voyages. As I entered the vestibule I always removed my shoes and put on a pair of large, easy slippers, always ready, for his rugs were too precious to be trod on by heavy shoes.

As his wife was away he had turned his home into a bachelor's hall, and we lived mostly in the common, or dining-room. I recollect the little fireplace that would hold a peck of soft coal, and that Mr. Palmer was always building a fire, and the fire as often going out. I never suffered so much from cold as I did in this house. The cold in England is not our clear, freezing cold, but a damp, chilly cold that penetrates the marrow of one's bones.

Mr. Palmer had two servant girls, and as he was alone in the house I was much interested in his household. I saw that everything was bought in small quantities, sufficient for the day. On coming home Mr. Palmer would go through the market and purchase our dinner for the next day; the coal man would bring in his bag of coal on his back, and so on; no ice man came, for no ice is used other than artificial ice in hotels. I went into the kitchen, where was a little cooking range with a brick at each end of the fire-space to save the coal.

The American knows little of economy as compared with the Englishman, but still the Englishman lives well; his dinner at

night is the event of the day, and with no hurry, for the day's work is done. We sat and talked with a bottle of good wine between us.

Of my invention Captain R. B. Forbes told me that if I had invented a machine to destroy lives rather than one to save lives, I could have made much money. This I found out. My friend Captain Palmer's head was full of warlike things, and he was continually devising ways that this device of mine could be changed from life-saving to death-dealing. In this he troubled me much in the long evenings. While stopping at his home I went in town every day. He and I always rode in the second-class cars, as most Englishmen do for economy. It seemed so amusing to see those who went on these cars, which are similar to our electrics only much plainer. All, to a man, wore a tall, plug hat, a glove on one hand, a cane, and were never without an umbrella. The cars run swiftly and often.

As I have elsewhere related, I brought with me from home two guns, one to give to the London Society, and the other to show the use of the same. I was now awaiting the day to be appointed by Thomas Gray, Secretary of the Board of Trade, who continued telling me I would have to take my turn, as many were waiting to see him first, before my matter came up.

The Board of Trade was located in a part of the old Whitehall Palace. Whitehall, as it was called, was the royal Palace from 1530 to 1697, and formerly the town residence of the Archbishop of York. Cardinal Wolsey was the last Archbishop by whom the Palace was inhabited. Upon the fall of Wolsey in 1520, "York Palace" was taken from him by Henry VIII, and the broken-hearted prelate left in his barge the Thames for Esher.

> "You must no more call it York Palace — that's past;
> For since the Cardinal's fall that title's lost;
> 'Tis now the King's, and called White Hall." — *Shakespeare.*

Here Henry and Anne Boleyn were married, in a garret of the Palace, says Lingard; Stow says in a closet. Whitehall was henceforth called the King's Palace of Westminster. Here January 28, 1546, Henry died.

Edward VI held a Parliament at Whitehall. Bishop Latimer preached before the court in the Privy garden, while the King was sitting at one of the Palace windows. Queen Mary went from Whitehall by water to her coronation at Westminster Abbey, Elizabeth bearing the crown before her. From this Palace the Princess Elizabeth was taken a captive to the Tower on Palm Sunday, 1554. On March 24, 1603, the Queen, then deceased, was brought from Richmond by water to Whitehall. Here the Earl of Salisbury learned of the "Gunpowder Plot." Guy Fawkes was examined in the King's bed-chamber, and carried hence to the Tower.

In 1620 Inigo Jones designed a new Palace, but of his work only the Banqueting house was completed. Here, January 30, 1640, in the cabinet room, Charles I made his last prayer. In the "Horn chamber" he was delivered to the officers, and thence led to execution upon a scaffold in front of the Banqueting-house.

To Whitehall, April 25, 1653, Cromwell returned with the keys in his pocket, after dissolving the Long Parliament; here Parliament desired Cromwell to magnify himself with the title of King. Here Milton was Cromwell's Latin Secretary. Here Cromwell died, September 3, 1658. Charles II, at the Restoration, came in great procession from the city to Whitehall; here he had his apartments for his beauties, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin. He died February 6, 1685, and his successor, James II, was immediately proclaimed and resided at Whitehall, being notably a friend of William Penn, the Quaker. On December 18, 1688, James left Whitehall in the state-barge never to return. In 1697 the Palace was nearly destroyed by fire.

In Whitehall yard to-day is the United Service Institution Museum. There my new gun and projectile are deposited, under a glass case, safe for all time. In old Whitehall, so full of memories of the past, I spent hours sitting in the deep bay windows, looking out on the Thames, one of the most interesting of places.

My son being now in London, accompanied me around, visiting Westminster Abbey where we spent a few hours, and the Tower of London where I would like to have spent hours alone, travelling over the past. As these are show places visited by all tourists, I say little of the Abbey and Tower.

I spent many an hour in St. Paul's Cathedral. It seems to have been a half-way place where I would go in to rest. "Old Saint Paul's," by Ainsworth, was a fascinating story of my younger days. Old St. Paul's was destroyed by the great fire of 1666. The St. Paul's Cathedral of to-day was designed and built by Sir Christopher Wren, and the corner-stone was laid in June, 1675, by the "Lodge of Antiquity," of which Wren was the Master. The crypt under the church was an interesting place, for here were the graves of our great painters, Van Dyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, West, and many others. Here are the tombs of Nelson, whose coffin was made from the mainmast of the ship "L'Orient," which blew up at the battle of the Nile, of Admiral Collingwood and the Duke of Wellington.

On looking at St. Paul's I first noticed the effect of the London atmosphere upon the outside of all buildings, the lights and shadows. The air of London is full of dampness; fogs filled with soft-coal soot have given all the buildings the appearance of great age, adding to their artistic look, while the prominent parts, washed by the winds and rains, shade off to nearly black in the intervals.

St. Paul's was finished in thirty-five years under one architect, Sir Christopher Wren. He was paid for his services

£200 per annum. To the Church of St. Paul's Queen Anne came yearly to return thanks for the brilliant successes of Marlborough, who carried the sword of state before Her Majesty, as did Wellington before the Prince Regent, in the day of thanksgiving for peace in 1814. The last procession of this kind was when Queen Caroline went to St. Paul's in thanksgiving for her deliverance from the "Bill of Pains and Penalties," November 20, 1820.

I was interested in Bow Church in Cheapside from its bells of ancient celebrity. All who were born within sound of Bow bells were called Cockneys. This church was one of Wren's finest works. Within, it was very beautiful; its great arches decorated in white and gold, gave it the appearance of a grand opera house rather than a church.

While in London I went to church on Sunday only once, and then to hear Stopford Brooke, the noted Unitarian. The church was much like our old Union Church, only it was much larger, with a great sounding-board over the pulpit. I remember an old woman usher showed us our pew, for which she got threepence.

One day in my strolls I came across a great crowd of people near the Exchange on Cheapside. Asking the occasion, I was told that Weston, the great American pedestrian, was expected to arrive shortly. Before the Exchange is a statue of George Peabody sitting in a chair, of whom my friend Captain Clark said, "He would ride to a certain point towards his home, and then walk a half-mile to save a sixpence." The cost of riding in a London hansom is for the first mile, one shilling; every mile over, a sixpence; the tariff is printed so those who ride can read.

The hansom cab, or two-wheeler, as it is called in London, is the favorite vehicle to get around in; the drivers "drive like Jehu," mounted on their high seat behind. I was told the horses used were old racers from the race track. If one

had much baggage to go with him, he hired the four-wheeler, which was like a small hack; it took longer to go, but the fare was the same. No one of consequence rides in a four-wheeler in London.

In wandering around I came across the monument commemorative of the great fire of 1666, situated on Fish-Hill street, and erected by Wren in 1671. Its height is 202 feet. The column is interesting from the legend engraved upon the base at the time it was built, which is as follows: —

"This Pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord, 1666, in order to carry on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty and the introducing of Popery and slavery."

This legend was obliterated in the reign of James II, but recut in the reign of William III, and excited Pope's indignant couplet:

"Where London's Column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts his head and lies."

This inscription is now changed.

Temple Bar, on the Strand, — one of its arches I used to pass through, — divides the city of London from the liberty of Westminster. It was named from a bar originally placed across the street in vicinity to the Temple. Temple Bar that I saw, but since removed, was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. It had a large arch in the centre for the carriage-way, and smaller arches on each side for foot-passengers. Above the centre pediment, upon iron spikes, were placed the heads and limbs of persons executed for treason. After the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the heads of some of the victims were placed upon the bar. One head remained here for thirty years till blown down in a gale. Walpole wrote: "I have been this

morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look."

Newgate Prison I passed many times. Here, in 1672, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was confined six months for street preaching. Defoe was committed to Newgate, and here he wrote an "Ode to the Pillory." Here the Rev. William Dodd, D. D., preached his own funeral sermon, from Acts xxv: 23, before he was hanged for forgery. Jack Sheppard was confined here; in Newgate Sir James Thornhill painted Sheppard's portrait, and here also was confined Jonathan Wild, the noted thief-taker, of whom Fielding wrote.

The chapel had galleries for male and female prisoners. Below, and in the centre of the floor, is placed a chair for the condemned culprit. On Sundays, before executions, the criminal's coffin was placed at his feet during the service. Formerly, sixty persons have been seen on one Sunday in the "condemned pew."

An interesting place I visited with Mr. Palmer was the Sailors' Home in Whitechapel. This was for sailors who came into port with no home of their own. It was a large building. I recollect one room or hall in the centre, extending from the floor to the roof, around which were galleries one above the other, with iron stairs leading to each. The galleries and stairs had no hand rails, but iron stanchions through which were woven hand ropes, as sailor-like as possible. Around these galleries were numbers of little rooms or lockers, each provided with a hammock. Here was where the sailor slept as on ship-board. Adjoining this was another hall with many tables for cards, chess, checkers, etc. Out of this hall was the room where the sailor could get his beer or "bitter" as called; here the casks were horsed, and attendants were found to draw the beer. Besides what I have related, there was a dining-room and hall for lectures.

On this night Captain Palmer came to give a lecture to the British "tar," and I was greatly amused. Palmer was no orator, and told his story in a most uninteresting way, halting and hesitating, but, knowing his audience, he would bring in "our good Queen Victoria," when the sailors would shout and cheer. This livened things up, and friend Palmer introduced "our good Queen" on every occasion. As I have said, the true-born Englishman loves a lord, and adores his Queen. After the lecture we had a lunch, to show what food the sailors received.

With Capt. Palmer I attended another lecture on the "Manufacture of Ordnance." Several of the speakers were noted men in this work. I could not get interested in their subject, for it was impossible to understand their dialect, which was so different from the English I use. The men whom I had thus far met used the same English we do at home, and they were educated men.

In England each County has a dialect of its own, and difficult to understand. So the best part of this lecture was the end — a good lunch. I soon found that all things in London ended in something to eat and drink.

One day I was invited by Capt. Clark to go to Greenwich and have a whitebait dinner at the Ship Hotel, for which the place was famous. At Charing Cross we took the steamer, which was a black and uninviting side-wheeler, and nothing like our white, clean, fine harbor boats. It had tall smoke-stacks, and was of much interest to me to see it go under the bridges. Running at great speed, just before reaching a bridge, down would drop the stack on deck, it being hung on a hinge, and as soon as we passed through, up it would go again. In going down the river I had a good view of the Tower, and of numberless craft of all descriptions and from all countries, besides many barges with great lug sails, colored brown and red.

On arriving at Greenwich (pronounced Grenich), we went to the famous "Ship" for our dinner. I was so much interested in the surroundings that I cared little for the dinner. The dining-room was a stately hall, where the members of Parliament celebrated the close of the session with a white-bait dinner. The waiters looked like remnants of better days in their apparel and sober mien. I think Capt. Clark as well as myself was somewhat impressed, the silence was so profound. This grand dining-room looked out on the Thames, and was a pleasant place, with pleasant company.

Greenwich was the royal residence from the time of Henry IV to the time of Charles II. Here Henry VIII was born in 1491; here he married Catharine of Aragon in 1510, and here he held his great tournaments. Queen Mary was born at Greenwich in 1515, and Cardinal Wolsey was her godfather. Here Edward VI died, and here Queen Elizabeth was born, Sept. 7, 1533.

The following from an old writer gives us a view of Elizabeth at sixty-five: "She was very majestic, her face oblong, fair but wrinkled, her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow and her teeth black — a defect the English seem subject to — she had in her ears two pearls. She wore false hair and that red; on her head was a small crown of gold. Her bosom was uncovered, as all English have it, till they marry; her hands were small, and her fingers long. She was neither tall nor low; her air was stately. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand; wherever she turned her face as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees."

In 1694 the Palace was converted into a hospital for the Royal Navy. The Royal Observatory, established in the reign of Charles II, is where calculations of latitude and longitude are made, and astronomical and meteorological observations are regulated by "Greenwich time" all over the world.

One day I dined with Captain Palmer in the famous Fishmonger's Hall in Billingsgate, near the end of London Bridge. As at Greenwich, this dinner was a fish dinner. In passing, I will say that London is famous for its fine fish, whitebait, sole, and eels.

Billingsgate is the celebrated fish-market of London, and the fish woman of Billingsgate, a historical character is thus described by Addison: "She wore a strong stuff gown, tucked up and showing a large, quilted petticoat; her hair, cap, and bonnet flattened into a mass by carrying a basket on her head; her coarse, cracked cry, and brawny limbs, and red, bloated face, completed a portrait of the 'fish fag' of other days." Any foul-mouthed language is called Billingsgate, a by-word for low abuse.

Another day, with Captains Palmer and Clark, my son Aubrey and I dined at Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate street. Crosby Hall, full of historic lore, is one of the noted places in London. It was once in possession of the Duke of Gloucester, Richard III. Here he determined on the deposition and death of the young King Edward V, and plotted his own elevation to the throne. About 1514 this place was owned by Sir Thomas More, who here wrote his "History of Richard III," and where he probably received King Henry VIII, as at that time he was in high favor with the King. Crosby Hall had many changes in its many years, from a royal residence down to a music hall, and finally to a dining hall. Its roof is one of the finest specimens of timber work in existence. So full of history, it was a grand dining hall, and here I took my last dinner in London with all my friends.

One day Mr. Gray invited me to go to Faversham, in Kent, where was the Government gun cotton factory, telling me it would interest me and be of future advantage. Faversham is on the south side of the mouth of the Thames, and close by is the island of Thanet, famous in English history as the spot

where landed the first Englishmen in the year 449. In the year 597 Pope Gregory sent a Roman Abbot, Augustine, at the head of a band of monks, to preach the gospel to the English people. The missionaries landed on the very spot where the Englishmen had landed more than a century before.

My companion, a Government official, showed me around, explaining everything as we went. The place was of interest to me, as years before I had experimented in the same direction. Here were great tanks of water in which were set numberless stone jars filled with nitric and sulphuric acid; in this mixture was put the cotton, which after remaining the proper time, was taken out and washed thoroughly so that there was no trace of the acid; while still wet, it was ground in a mill with nitrate of baryta, which, I suppose, was to give substance or weight to the product. The gun cotton was now formed into cartridges of the size wanted, with a hole in one end in which to fix the detonator. It was then rolled up in brown paper and dipped in paraffine, when the process was complete. The opportunity in my life to manufacture cartridges I missed, for had I afterwards interested others with me, a large business could have been done in Weymouth. Some years ago (in 1897) our Government appointed a commission to go to Faversham to study the process, preparatory to manufacturing cartridges in this country.

The gentleman with me brought along with him a hamper containing a good lunch and the usual bottle of Burgundy. So far as I recollect, no one drank water while I was in England. The trip to Faversham was made from London wholly through the County of Kent. Here is where the hops are grown for the Englishman's "bitter." I enjoyed the trip much, the country was so beautiful; as I was always on the lookout for old sites, once in a while I got sight of some old ruined castle.

Another interesting journey I made was to the north of England to North Shields, at Mr. Gray's suggestion, that I

might see one of the best equipped life-saving stations. It was a long ride; I had one compartment of the car all to myself, and remember, just before the train started, the door was swung open and a flat tank of hot water was shoved in on the bottom of the car for me to put my feet on, so as to keep warm. This was the only way of heating the cars, which were lighted in an equally crude way: in the roof of the car were holes, with a cage below into which a man, running along upon the roof, would drop a common oil lantern. All these things, so new to me, I noted.

Going through the County of York, I recollect getting a view of the famous York Minster. Passing through Newcastle and from thence to North Shields, I was now in the coal region. The houses, all of stone, looked dark and grimy; the people poor and squalid, unlike anything I had seen. In North Shields I put up at the "Northumberland Arms," a quaint old place looking out on the harbor. The building must have been hundreds of years old. I was given the best room — the parlor — and before a great coal fire in the antique fireplace, my table was set for supper, and, as I remember, a good one. In my bed-chamber, a large room, in one corner stood the bedstead, so high-posted that I almost needed a ladder to get on to the bed. Never before having slept in so large a room nor on so large a bed, I mention this.

Mr. Gray gave me a letter to Mr. Spense, a Quaker, who was to show me the life-saving station and its apparatus. Mr. Spense was a man of importance in the town. The next morning I found him, gave him Mr. Gray's letter, and he took charge of me, showing me around. The life-saving station buildings were in a fort built in the time of the Spanish Armada by Queen Elizabeth. This was a volunteer station, and everything was made attractive for the men. There was a building other than that used for the apparatus, for the men to gather in, evenings, — like our club-rooms, — where they

had all kinds of games and sports. Looking across the bay from this station, on a high point were seen the ruins of Tynemouth Abbey, whose pictures, reproduced from the great artist Turner's painting, we are all acquainted with.

In the afternoon of the first day Mr. Spense got his men together so that they could show me the working of their apparatus, how they used a rocket instead of a gun and projectile, and the "Boxer Rocket." This rocket was made by putting together two large rockets, one on top of the other; the first being lighted and burning out, lit the other, continuing the flight, while the fire from the last rocket played through the one already burned out. I was much interested to see this rocket service work, as I had heard much about it. Several rockets were fired and seemed to go all right, carrying a good-sized line a long way, As I watched the operation, I saw that after the first rocket had burned out before the top one was well lighted, the rocket sometimes lost its direction. Aside from its cost, which was far more than my projectile, this was the one bad thing about the rocket. The exhibition was carried on with great precision, everything being done by rule.

I stopped only one night at the "Northumberland Arms," having found a more modern hotel in Tynemouth, nearer the life-saving station. There, after supper in the evening, I heard the heavy report of a cannon from the direction of the station where I had spent the afternoon. I had seen two guns mounted in the old fort, and was told that when a vessel came ashore on one side of the harbor one gun was fired, when on the other side, two. On hearing this report of one gun, all rushed out of the house to the side of the harbor designated. It was a dark, windy night, and a large steam collier had come ashore. When I got to the ground the rocket brigade was already at work, and everything was in the greatest confusion, seeming to have neither head nor tail. At once I was reminded of our old "Amazon," when on parade or at a fire.

Several rockets were fired, but none went aboard the ship; and as I have said, they seemed to lose direction after the first rocket had lost its force. In the meantime the life-boat had been manned and the crew brought ashore. It seemed strange that I should cross the ocean to the North of England to see a shipwreck, the first one and the last, giving me the opportunity to see the working of the English Boxer rocket of which I had heard so much. In looking the next morning I saw nothing of the wrecked steamer but her smoke stack and masts above the water.

The next day after the wreck of the steamer I went over to see the ruins of the old Abbey. Only a part of the walls were standing, and scattered around were a number of stone coffins used by the monks. Inside the walls was a modern burying-place, some of the stones dating back one hundred years. I asked one whom I met there if he could tell me anything about the ruins. He said, "No, the Rector is the only one who can give us history." I did not see the Rector, neither have I been able to find any account of the Abbey in all my books; so I am still ignorant of its past.

On my return to the hotel I found Mr. Spense awaiting me. Wishing to pay me some attention, he wanted me to lunch with him at his home. It was a disappointment to me, but I could do no other than go. He lived in a fine old stone house. I did not see a wooden house in old England, all were built of stone or brick. Back of Mr. Spense's house was a fine garden that one looked out on from the dining-room. Mr. Spense's family consisted of himself, his wife and two elderly daughters, and this lunch I shall never forget.

At the head of the table sat Mr. Spense, on the foot I, at my right Mrs. Spense, and at my left the two daughters. Mrs. Spense, a partyist, had much trouble in talking; the daughters sat nothing but sat quietly, and Mr. Spense and I talked about my gun and projectile. Now to come to the food; the

English people are great for tarts — there are no pies in England except meat pies — all are tarts. So it was bread and butter, tarts and cake, nothing more aside from tea; this was our lunch. I have never wanted to lunch with a Quaker family since.

At the hotel I met a commercial traveller who told me I must buy some gloves in London to take home, as they cost half what they did in the United States. It seemed to me as I looked into the windows and saw the goods on sale, that they were much lower in price than at home. Near Westminster were the Civil Service stores, which were like the large stores we now have in this country, where one could buy everything needed in the household. There I used to go sometimes with Captain Palmer. I remember it as a very large building, with a vestibule in front where the "lackeys" sat waiting while their mistresses were bargaining inside.

The women of the household do the buying. There were a dozen fine turn-outs by the sidewalk, with the drivers sitting upright on the box in their fine liveries. There you could buy anything, from fresh pork to a diamond ring. In the food department the old dowagers were going around, fingering, smelling, and buying their dinners. Here I bought a diamond ring. In the upper story was a large dining-hall for the patrons of the place. This great department store was on the same plan as our old Union store we had years ago, it being owned by shareholders.

I will now go back to my life-saving business. My patience was nearly exhausted in waiting for my gun trial, and Captain Palmer was continually telling me I could do nothing until Mr. Gray was ready. But now the time had come when I must return home to look after my business; so one morning I went to see Mr. Gray and told him if I could not have this trial at once I would go home, as I could wait no longer. When he found I was in earnest he gave me a letter to some high official

in the War department, where I went and at once made arrangements for the trial at Shoeburyness, a Government station on the north side of the Thames, near its mouth.

Now the law is such, I could bring no gunpowder into England, and so had to find some in London. Strange to say, no explosive was on sale in the great city, and I had to get an order on the Ordnance Department for what I wished,—a coarse-grained cannon powder unlike what I used in my gun. After all the formalities were through — they were many — I arrived at Shoeburyness with my friends, Clark and Palmer, gun and projectile. The trial was very unlike what I had looked forward to. A "firing squad" was ordered out, consisting of half a dozen soldiers, in red coats and little caps stuck on one side of their heads and held by a strap under the chin. The whole affair was taken out of my hands, aside from the few directions I gave. It was very amusing, for they went through the same performance with this little toy gun as if it were a large piece of ordnance. "Make ready, load, aim, fire!" As the powder was too coarse, the first shot did not carry far. By doubling the charge we got a very good range, but not so long as I wished. It mattered little, however, — my trials were through, as were the gun's.

We were now invited to the officers' quarters and entertained finely. I remember a very pleasant drink, and asking what it was, it amused these men much to think I did not know brandy and soda. One of the officers, I recollect well, was a handsome man with a good nose, which was so thin it seemed transparent. He stood back to the fire-place and imitated all the English dialects. This was a happy time, for now my "trials" had ended, and I could go home.

Before leaving London I will mention some of the strange customs. Going to get a glass of beer, the bar-maid helped you, not a man as here. On Sunday nights, in walking about the streets, one would come across a brightly lighted place

with men and women going in and out; this was the "Gin Palace" we have read about. On Sunday morning you will see the women and children with pitcher and pail getting their beer, or "bitter," for their men at home. This beer seemed to stupefy, and those who drank it took a long time to recover from its effects. The workman in England does little work on Monday from the result of his Sunday beer-drinking. Whiskey, unlike beer, gets in its work quickly, and is as quickly over. When the church opens on Sunday, the custom in London is for the bars to close; when the church closes, the bar opens.

Now all being done that I could do, I bade good-by to my friends and boarded the train at Euston station for Liverpool, where I got aboard the old "Marathon" again, to return. I would like to have returned in some other ship but it was not to be so. The captain of this ship was a coarse, vulgar man, far inferior to the officers under him, with whom I had got acquainted and liked them much. The passengers were very unlike those I went over with; I had nothing to do with them; as soon as they were aboard ship they began complaining and grumbling until we had crossed the ocean.

When I came up Boston harbor it was the first of April, 1880, and in a snow-storm, the first snow I had seen for two months. At once I reported to Mr. Motley, telling him of my voyage, though I never told him of the trouble they made me by sending over a gun to a Society that did not exist.

When I got home I immediately began work with my fireworks business, sadly neglected, and my finances at never so low an ebb. However, I did a fair business and secured the exhibition on Boston Common on July 4, and from that time my affairs began to mend. The Humane Society gave me orders to fit out all their stations on the Massachusetts coast with my gun, projectiles and reels. This gave me something to do besides my fireworks business.

Soon after my return from England, Captain R. B. Forbes wanted me to come to see him at Milton, wishing to know about my trip abroad. I remember going out from Boston in the train, and meeting him at the station at East Milton. Captain Forbes was mounted on his horse and I walked by his side to his home, some half a mile from the station, talking as we went along. I remember feeling quite indignant at my reception, and sometime afterwards told my friend Captain Faucon, who must have mentioned the matter to Captain Forbes, for soon after I was invited to dine with him, meeting Mrs. Hunt, wife of William M. Hunt, the noted artist, Captain Faucon and others.

Captain Forbes had sailed many ships across the ocean, one of them the U. S. ship "Jamestown," loaded with food for famine-stricken Ireland, and as was Captain Faucon, so Captain Forbes was always on the quarter-deck. At times he had invented and made improvements on the rigging of his ships. On sitting down to the dining table, he had coiled in his hand a rubber tube which he tossed across the length of the table to his wife, saying, "Here, old lady, talk through this so that I may hear." It was one of the old gentleman's last inventions. This was a very pleasant occasion. I rode to the station with Mrs. William M. Hunt, and had quite a talk with her. She was the daughter of Thomas Handasyde Perkins, who founded the Blind Asylum in South Boston.

Captain Forbes came to Weymouth several times, but never when Mr. Motley came, as they did not like each other. He had been an officer in the Humane Society many years, and was an authority in life-saving matters.

Chapter VI. In the "Eighties."

AS my guns and projectiles were finished, they were sent to the stations. The work of setting them up was done by Captain Faucon, I sometimes going with him. One trip was down on Cape Cod, where we stopped with Captain Snow who had charge of the station at Nauset. Captain Snow was an old sea captain, like Captain Faucon, but not of so high rank, for Captain Faucon was an officer in our navy during the Civil War. We had our supper with the Snows, and well do I remember Captain Faucon's lecture to Mrs. Snow, a pleasant old lady who could not do enough for us. The tea-table was loaded with all good things in the house, and the old lady was hovering around to see that we had enough; but pretending that nothing suited him, the old captain began to lecture on the extravagance of people who lived on the Cape, in piling the table with food. Now this would have been very embarrassing, had Captain Snow and his wife never seen Captain Faucon before; but they knew him well, and it amused rather than provoked them. We stopped here over night, and in the morning had our breakfast, when Captain Faucon renewed his lecture of the night before, for the good woman of

the house had much of the supper on the breakfast table, after the ways of "ye olden times."

The station at Nauset was quite a long way from Captain Snow's, and we had to go some of the way a-foot and some of the way in a row-boat. I had much fun to myself in watching the old captain as he trudged along before me. He wore a large ulster with a pointed cap and a tassel on the point; putting this over his head, it gave him the look of a "brownie." The old gentleman would resent the least familiarity, but dearly loved to tell his sea stories, sailor-like, and then he would like to relate the family histories of gentlemen connected with the Humane Society, — the Motleys, the Lawrences, the Lothrops, — and all were interesting. Arriving at the station, we got out the apparatus, explained the way to use it, fired the gun, and all went well.

Following is a letter from Captain Snow to me: —

"On the morning of March 15, 1887, at nine o'clock, the schooner J. H. Ells came ashore at low water at Nauset, near the U. S. Life Saving station. The station-men got out their gun (Lyle's) and fired until it was of no use, — their lines parting, and after firing six times could not reach the wreck. I told them I had a gun in the Humane house that would throw a shot over the vessel. We sent and got it. It was now high water and a long distance. The shot fell short with three oz. powder, I then put in a six oz. cartridge when the shot went fifty yards over the wreck. The vessel was much broken up, and only two men in the foretop, but they could not haul the line the current was so strong. After a while it parted. We then shot another which they could not haul in, but made it fast. It parted during the night. In the morning one man was dead in the foretop, and the captain washed off the bowsprit and was drowned. If we had had the Hunt gun in the first place I think we could have saved all the men, for there was little current running and the men could have hauled the line in. B. C. Sparrow, Supt. of the U. S. L. S. station, and the captain of the station were there all the time, and know the Lyle gun is of no use

for a long distance. I can get the testimony of one hundred men in Eastham and Orleans to say the Hunt gun is all that is required, while the Lyle gun is useless for a long range.

Yours respectfully,

JONATHAN SNOW,
Underwriters' Agent."

We continued our trip in the afternoon to Provincetown, where we stopped over night, and in the morning we went out to the Humane Society's station on the end of the Cape among the sand dunes. Here, as at Nauset, we showed the men how to use the gun, firing it once, after which we took the cars for home.

Before the wreck at Nauset, on Jan. 9, 1887, the three-masted schooner "Isaac Carlton" came ashore at Fourth Cliff, Scituate. After beating about the bay all night she struck on the beach. About eight o'clock the men took to the rigging, as the sea broke completely over her. The United States Life Saving crew at once commenced work to rescue the crew. Four times they shot their line, and as often did it fall short or break.

My gun, in charge of Mr. Walsh of Station No. 10, Massachusetts Humane Society, was brought from about a mile away through the deep snow-drifts, and on the first attempt threw a line aboard, and soon the captain and seven men were safe ashore. About this time I went to Nantucket, to take one of my guns and show the way to use it. I had no sooner arrived there than the harbor froze up, and I was a prisoner for a week.

By some misunderstanding I was sent to the United States Life Saving station at Surfside. I got the crew out, loaded the gun, and when all was ready, told them I would aim at a range of small fish-houses some four hundred yards away. One of the buildings was painted black. This I said would

be my mark. Strange to say, I put the shot fairly in this building to the surprise of the men looking on, as well as myself. I left the gun here and it was afterwards taken down to the harbor, where the Massachusetts Humane Society's house was stationed.

In this long, cold week I put up at the Springfield House, at that time a first-class house. The days, I spent at the "Captains' Room" in the old Custom House. In the centre of the room was an immense stove; around it was an iron rail to rest one's feet on, while tilting back in the great arm-chairs. Here gathered all the sea-captains of the town, weaving their sea yarns, being the most interesting lot of men I ever met. They were men who had been the seas over, and were now laid up in a snug harbor as were the old whalers in the docks below. I told these old captains all about my projectile, the method of carrying the line, and paying it out as it went through the air. The value of the invention struck them at once. After being tied up at Nantucket for near a week a thaw came and I left for home.

In the summer of 1881 M. Sato, the original importer of Japanese fireworks, had a display at Nantasket Beach. At that time I had thought I had learned all there was to learn in the fireworks business, but on seeing these Japanese displays, I was made to realize I had still much to learn. The long, wooden guns standing on end, so tall that one could hardly reach the top, from which the shells or bombs were projected to an immense height in the air, were indeed fine, in the day showing colored smoke with all kinds of figures, men, women, animals, fish, etc., and in the evening displaying chains of fire and most wonderful showers of golden rain, all different and so unlike the fireworks I had been making. I was completely captivated, and went to experimenting; finally I succeeded in imitating nearly all that the Japanese had done, calling my new fireworks "Anglo-Japanese."

While I was experimenting on these I was called into town by my agents, Banfield & Forristall, to tell me that there was to be a competitive trial at the Mechanics' Fair, by the fireworks makers, for the best display. The one showing the best work would have a gold medal, the second best, a silver, and the third best, one in bronze. I remember my agents were quite afraid of my going into this trial, for fear that I might not win.

My experience with the Japs now helped me out. I had succeeded in making many of the wonderful things the Japanese had shown at Nantasket. Just before the trial Masten & Wells had a fire in their factory, so they were out of the contest. Wedger & Hyde were my competitors, and I easily won the gold medal. Mr. Masten, an old pyrotechnist, claimed for three years that if he had been in this contest the result would have been different. When the three years had gone, and the Mechanics' Fair had another trial for a gold medal, no one came up as a competitor with me but Masten & Wells. As before, I easily won the medal, the third from that Society.

After my first display I invited the directors of the Nantasket Hotel, Messrs. Whiting, Ebed Ripley, Henry Ripley and Waters Burr, to my house, where I gave a display of the "Anglo-Japanese" fireworks. They awarded me the contract to furnish their displays for the season of 1882.

This season was a very enjoyable one, for I gave an afternoon show and one in the evening; and once a week, a day and night exhibition of aerial shells at the beach, showing everything I could devise. After the display was over for the evening, I was well entertained by Messrs. Russell & Sturgis, often meeting many interesting people. One night I met Mr. Crane, the actor, and Harvey Young, the noted Boston portrait painter. This, you might say, was a jolly time, but it was a little too fast for me. As with all things the season

ended, and the next year witnessed the coming of the great London pyrotechnist, James Pain.

He gave wonderfully fine displays; there was nothing new, but all was on a grand scale. Nothing of the like had been seen in this country. At the end of the season I was invited to give a display in competition with Pain, for which I was given $300. When I got to the beach in the afternoon Pain had covered a great part with an enormous display of pieces of gigantic size. His mortars were as big as nail-casks, and in fact he must have been frightened, from what he had heard of my former season's success. I never had seen so large a display as he gave, and he must have felt vexed to think he had spent so much powder for so small a game. The whole thing was a great advertising scheme of the hotel company, and it brought an immense crowd.

In this time there was nothing of interest to relate regarding my life-saving projectile. I was at work making and fitting out the different stations on the Massachusetts coast. In the autumn of 1884 I secured the contract for fireworks at the World's Fair in New Orleans, through the services of a Mr. Witte. With the help of Robert Bruce, an old English fireworker, who had come with me at this time, he superintended and fired the displays. Things not going as they should, I went to New Orleans, which was my first and only experience in the South. I was there several days, most of the time on the Fair grounds. On these grounds General B. F. Butler had his camp during his occupation of New Orleans; close by was the great Mississippi river, but on account of the high levees on its banks it was not in sight from the Fair grounds. Of more interest to me than all else in the grounds were the magnificent live-oaks, with the long moss hanging from their branches.

In going to New Orleans I took the steamer to Norfolk, Va., and on my arrival I saw that I was in a new world, the major-

ity of the population being negroes. Here I stopped one night, called on one or two customers that bought my fireworks, and saw the market, under open sheds, carried on by negroes, there being not a white man other than the customers to be seen.

On the following morning I took the cars for Petersburg, where I saw the ruins of the embankments thrown up during the Civil War. The country was new to me, and full of reminiscences of the Rebellion, and all the names of towns seemed familiar.

After leaving Petersburg I crossed the James river at Appomattox, the scene of Lee's surrender and a place never to be forgotten. My way through the Alleghany mountains was the most picturesque imaginable, and I would have enjoyed things much more had I not drank some of the water on my way, which made me very sick. Passing through Chattanooga, I went on to Atlanta. This place seemed more like a Northern city than any other in the South. Nearly destroyed by Sherman in his "march to the sea," when I saw it Atlanta was a new city of modern buildings. Strange to say, in the hotel where I stopped, I could buy neither beer, wine nor whiskey, other than by getting into some back-room and taking it on the sly. How different from our good old Boston, that this town was said to resemble so much!

On my way from Atlanta I went through the city of Montgomery, the "erstwhile" seat of the Confederate Government. From here we passed through the pine barrens of Alabama, crossing the muddy Tombigbee through the cane-brakes, where I was always looking for an alligator. We next arrived at Mobile,— as I saw it, a city of muddy streets and plank sidewalks, though I saw little of the town, and that by the railroad station and river. From Mobile my way through Mississippi was all on the borders of the Gulf of Mexico. It was a fine country to ride through, with its great fields and beautiful trees,

and many horses grazing about. As I neared New Orleans the road was through immense cane-brakes and forest trees with the long gray moss hanging from their limbs. On arriving in the city I went to the store of Morris McGraw, a customer of mine. Telling him of my trouble from the water I drank, he obtained for me a bottle of claret, which helped me, and until I reached home I drank nothing else.

In my journey South I was always wondering where the Confederate soldiers came from who fought against the North, as the whole country seemed so barren.

Previous to the shipwrecks at Scituate and Nauset in 1887, I went to Washington at the request of my friends of the Massachusetts Humane Society. They wished me to exhibit and show the value of my gun and projectile to those in authority,— Mr. Kimball, the Superintendent, and others of the Life Saving Board. I had letters to Mr. Kimball and others, including one to Captain Schley of the U. S. Navy (now Admiral Schley), who was a near friend of Mr. Crowninshield. As in England, so now, from the fact of my having such men back of me, I was always received pleasantly, all saying they would do their best to help me; but in place of Thomas Gray of London, I now had Superintendent Kimball, of the U. S. Life Saving Service. To him I was always referred. Mr. Kimball and Lieutenant Lyle had just perfected the so-called Lyle gun, and it was not pleasant to have a rival in this business, and he simply a fireworks-maker; but, as I have said, the men behind me could not be ignored, and they must perforce give me this trial. One who helped me much was Mr. William Allen, brother of the late Frank Allen. He was with Collector Simmons, at the Custom House in Boston, when I first invented my projectile. He knew Mr. Kimball well, and was a great aid to me. To make the matter short, I had the trial, which was witnessed by Superintendent Kimball and others interested, and as usual it was a success.

In these trials the gun never failed, for from much practice I learned just the amount of powder that was required to throw the projectile the necessary distance without breaking the line, and I never exceeded that amount except on one occasion of which I will tell later.

In 1881 I had one order from the Life Saving Board at Washington for twenty projectiles to use in the Lyle two-and-one-half inch gun. Lyle used these projectiles and made a long report that was very unsatisfactory, and the matter rested with the Life Saving Board until 1887 and 1888. In these years there were many hard storms and wrecks on our Massachusetts coast, and my projectile was shown to be much better than Lieutenant Lyle's. Where his was a failure, mine was a success.

My friends, Mr. Motley and Mr. Crowninshield, now insisted on the Government's giving my gun and projectile a final trial, and on July 15, 1887, I met Superintendent Kimball in Boston, and made arrangements for a trial at Nantucket; the time, the following October, and there were to be nine series. The whole week was occupied in these trials. The Government ordered of me seventy-five projectiles and lines, also paying all my expenses.

Some year or more previous to this, my old friend John P. Lovell had become interested in this affair of mine, wanting to form a stock company, and saying to me that there were men in Weymouth who would take all the stock, and that it would put ten thousand dollars in my pocket. This was tempting, but I said "No," for I knew better than he did, that there was no money in the thing, and I wanted no disappointment. I told him as he had the money and the business opportunity, we would share alike. I manufacture and he sell, and I assigned him one-half of the patent.

At that time I was losing interest in the matter, for it was taking my attention from my fireworks business, which was

then growing rapidly. It was a relief to have the Lovells take it off my hands.

When the trial at Nantucket was to come off, Mr. Lovell was very nervous, fearing I would not be successful and that it would injure the sale of the guns in which he was now interested. With myself it was otherwise. I had waited seven long years for this trial, and I went into it without a doubt of my success. Mr. Lovell had no courage, and showed lack of faith in my invention when it came to a trial of the Lyle gun backed by all the Government officials. Knowing the situation I told Mr. Lovell I would take the thing into my own hands and he need have nothing to do with it, and so it was arranged.

I got my projectiles and lines ready, with the gun, and Oct. 12, 1887, went to Nantucket with my son Russell for the grand trial. There I met Captain Lyle, Captain Baby, Lieutenant Ross, Superintendent Kimball and B. C. Sparrow, Superintendent of this Life Saving District. These were heavy weights to contend with, every one a Government official; but I had the courage born of conviction and was not afraid. After shaking hands and getting acquainted, we went to a room in the station and sat around a table to talk over what we were to do. Captain Lyle was not particularly pleasant, saying that the Massachusetts Humane Society should have sent one of its members to witness the trial and, as I honestly think, my defeat. I told him Mr. Crowninshield could not come to this trial, and that he said to me that the gun would speak for itself. Captain Lyle was evidently irritated from having this trial forced upon him by the Humane Society. However, we began to work for the six days' trial. With my gun I used a reel to wind the shore line. I had two, one to wind up while the other was in use. The Government used a faking box some two by four feet, having a false bottom in which were a number of wooden pins about which the line was carefully laid. When all was in, the box was turned over and

the false bottom was removed, and it was ready to use. Every day each gun was to fire ten shots, and it took a hay cart to carry these ten faking boxes with line and gun to the place of firing, while my apparatus could be carried in a wheelbarrow.

After firing, the Government lines were gathered up and taken to the station to be refaked; but as it took quite a time for each, this work was done each night. As stated, we were to fire ten times each day, and the charges of powder and kinds were stated for each day's use. I remember being a little nervous on the first day, but after a few shots I saw I had nothing to fear. My shots always carried the line further.

We were all stopping at the Springfield House, and after each day's trial returned there for our dinner. Now this hotel had no open bar, but down in the basement, in an out-of-the-way place, we all gathered and had a social drink. Forgetting the day's trials, all were good friends. The verdict of these men from Washington was this: that never had they found so good a table as at this hotel. It was past the season of the summer visitors, and we had all the good things to ourselves.

In the program laid out, the charge of gunpowder was indicated for each day's trial; but finding the Lyle gun was much handicapped by the small charges, I said to Lyle that he could use what charge he chose. This was done at the expense of a crack in one gun which disabled it, and spoiling a fine gun-carriage. It must be borne in mind that I had but one gun, while the Government had many.

The last day's trial was the most satisfactory, as we shot against a strong wind blowing twenty miles an hour; but my projectile reached on an average one hundred feet further than the Lyle gun. This puzzled Superintendent Kimball much; he could not see through the thing at all, why the five ounces of powder that I used in this trial should carry the line further than the nine ounces used in the Lyle gun.

During these trials the guns were fired simultaneously, so that each gun would have the same conditions. As the trials went on each day, the superiority of my gun was seen. Before each gun-fire the Government men would gather around their little gun and consult. Captain Baby (pronounced Bawbee) would say to me (he seeming much more friendly than the others at this trial), "Mr. Hunt, that Lyle gun needs a deal of coddling." But coddling did not help matters. Under the same conditions the Lyle gun was whipped every time.

After we had completed our day's work and had our dinner, we spent a pleasant evening. Lyle and Baby had seen much of the world, and were pleasant companions. I think Superintendent Kimball was more disappointed at the failure of the Lyle gun than the others. He seemed never to have comprehended my invention of carrying the line in the projectile.

It was my misfortune that Captain Baby died soon after the Nantucket trials, and had no voice in making up the report. From first to last he was interested in my invention, and his death delayed the report of the trial nearly a year. As there were no newspaper reporters on the ground, nothing went out to the public, and nothing was known of the trial outside of the immediate party. I had much encouragement from the folks in Nantucket, who were all on my side. After all was through, my gun and shot were weighed and notes taken for Superintendent Kimball's report.

None of the Lovells came to this trial, strange to say, nor any one of the Humane Society, Mr. Crowninshield being fixed so he could not get there. My son Russell and myself carried on the trials alone, with no encouragement or help from others save Captain Baby.

The report approved the methods, and recommended the apparatus for stations where a long range was needed. In a short time I received a Government order to fit out ten

stations. This was a sop to keep my friends and myself quiet.

The cost of this trial at Nantucket was paid by the Government. My expenses were fourteen hundred dollars. Superintendent Kimball sent me the money, and I remember well what I wrote him in return: "Mr. Kimball, I have received your check, and to think it should have cost the Government this amount to find out what all New England knew!" It was not business, but an expression of my mind.

This was the last I had to do with the Life-saving business, as the Lovells continued to carry it on, and gave me a royalty on the guns sold. When their financial troubles came on, it ended the thing completely, so far as I was interested.

In ending, I will say of this gun and projectile that I invented: I never expected to reap any benefit in the way of money, knowing that our Government had spent large sums in perfecting the Lyle gun, which seemingly answered all requirements. The invention was an idea that came into my head, and I simply carried it out to completion. When it was perfected and there was no more experimenting on it, I was tired of the whole thing and glad to have some one take it off my hands. My pleasure came in the many good friends I made in the Humane Society, and in my trial at Nantucket, where I completely defeated the Government officials with their apparatus.

Some eight years ago (1898) I was invited by William Caleb Loring (later Judge Loring) to dine with him after witnessing a gun trial — the Hunt gun and projectile — at his home at Pride's Crossing, at Beverly on the North shore. That was a pleasant time, but all there were new faces. All my old friends were dead.

In April, 1891, I received the following letter from my old friend Mr. Crowninshield:

"My dear Mr. Hunt: — The Trustees at their meeting yesterday voted you the gold medal for your eminent services in life saving in inventing the Hunt gun and projectile. In due course of time you will get it, and I will in a letter say how many people we have rescued by the gun, and how many shots we fired to do it. I want to add for myself that I am almost as much pleased to write this as you can be to receive it.

Believe me always, very truly yours,

B. W. CROWNINSHIELD."

Shortly after receiving this letter, I called at his office in Boston to thank him, and he told me he was just going across the water for a few months. I bade him good-by, and never saw him again, as he died in Florence. Mr. Crowninshield seemed nearer to me than any other member of the Massachusetts Humane Society. He was a fine musician, and always interested in yachting.

Chapter VII. Miscellaneous Events.

IN 1854 there were but two religious societies in the village, the Union Congregational Society and the Universalist. The latter was organized June 11, 1836, and their meetings were held in the Asa B. Wales Hall. Later the Society built a church which was dedicated Sept. 13, 1839. Rev. John Stetson Barry, author of the "History of Massachusetts" (1857), was the first Universalist minister of the village in 1839; then came the Rev. John M. Spear, who preached from 1840 to 1844. I well remember him, for in his time came the great temperance revival in which all the village were so much interested. In the last of his pastorate Mr. Spear developed into a strong spiritualist, and in fact advocated free love. Then came Rev. E. W. Coffin, who supplied for a short time in 1845, and in 1846 Rev. John S. Dennis; then in 1847 Rev. John S. Barry again became pastor, and remained until 1850. He was succeeded by Rev. J. Hemphill, who in turn was here in 1851, and was succeeded by Rev. William G. Cambridge, whom I remember from his book, "The Web and Woof of Life."

In 1852 Rev. Daniel P. Livermore, husband of the late Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, so noted in recent years, was the pastor. He remained until 1854, when he was followed by

Rev. John E. Davenport, quite a young man, who afterwards preached in Hingham. He was succeeded by Rev. Charles W. Mellen in 1855. It was my good fortune to know Mr. Mellen well, as I attended his church.

In 1860 Rev. D. F. Goddard, an eccentric man, became pastor. He preached one Sunday from Emerson, the next from Carlyle, and in the end became a spiritualist. With his pastorate ended my church going. In 1854 this church seemed to be in the height of its prosperity, most of our people then attending.

About 1836 came much trouble in the Union Church. Rev. Jonas Perkins was an anti-slavery man, but not an Abolitionist, for they did not believe in the church but wanted to pull the church down. Mr. Perkins would not read notices of their meetings from his pulpit, and this began the trouble which ended in the excommunication of many who had been prominent in the Union Church for years. It seems strange that Calvinists could go into a Universalist church, but so they did, and became in the end most attached to that faith.

There were a few, however, of ultra-abolitionists who held themselves aloof and went by themselves. These were denominated "Come-outers," and at times held meetings in Liberty Hall; but when the abolition movement subsided, these people all came into the Universalist Church. Fifty years ago this church had no communion service, nor a scholar's gown. Then the desire was to be primitive.

Fifty years ago, where stands the great church of the Sacred Heart, was Mr. Wales's pear orchard, and near by was M. F. Reed's store; the fine parsonage was Wales's hotel. Then there was not one Roman Catholic church in town; to-day there are four, and all filled on Sundays to their utmost capacity; while in our village are four Protestant churches not filled. One may well consider Macaulay's prophecy of the traveler from New Zealand.

Some one hundred and fifty years ago the Old North Church was burned, and about 1752 another meeting-house was erected. That building stood for eighty years, and many were the good men who officiated there, the two most noted and most favorably remembered being Rev. William Smith and Rev. Jacob Norton.

In 1832 the old church was sold and removed. It was purchased by Whitcomb Porter, who erected it again on the corner of Broad and Washington streets, on the site now occupied by the Baptist Church. Here it was used as a bake-house, and I remember the great brick ovens in the rear. Thus the old church, that for eighty years had fed men's souls spiritually, was now used to feed men's bodies physically. The old timbers and boards that for eighty years had echoed the eloquence of noted divines rebelled, and the bake-house was a failure. In 1836 it was changed to a dwelling-house, and occupied by my cousin, Atherton N. Hunt.

In 1865, when the Baptist Church was built, the house and stable were moved back on Broad street, where they now stand, — the larger house, the old bake-shop; the smaller, the stable. The columns of the portico lately removed were those that were under the gallery of the old church.

Eighty years ago in the respectful families of the town, the Sabbath, so called in "ye olden times," began on the going down of the sun on the Saturday preceding. In the family of my grandfather Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, all unnecessary work was then put aside and the Sabbath began. At the setting of the sun next day the Sabbath ended.

This is impressed on my mind from the story which my father told me of his courting days. His love lived in Dr. Storrs's parish in Braintree, and as my father had a long walk across lots he wanted an early start. So, from his impatience, he would sometimes leave home before the Sabbath sun had set. His father, the deacon, if seeing him, would call out:

"Elias, come back; the sun has not set," and my father always obeyed. "My eyes make pictures when they are shut."

I quote from the School Report for 1844:—

"The attention of the town is called by the committee to one thing which, however, may by some be considered of little importance; it is the subject of weekly vacations. Long established usage through most, if not all the towns of New England, has allowed the school dismission for the week at noon of Saturdays. This practice rests on very substantial reasons. It furnishes the children with a weekly half-holiday, and gives the parents an opportunity to employ them in certain preparations for the Sabbath, which are found necessary in most families, without taking them from regular school hours; or it may furnish the children an opportunity to prepare for their Sabbath-school lessons, etc.

"Per School Committee,
"Rev. STEPHEN LOVELL,
"Dr. APPLETON HOWE,
"Rev. JOSHUA EMERY."

My cousin, Richard A. Hunt, told me that when he got his violin, his mother was much opposed to his playing it, as at that time the violin was called the "devil's instrument." Then the so-called "round dances" were not tolerated, but the stately cotillion and the old-fashioned country dance were permitted.

Now, on Saturday nights, our folks "trip the light fantastic toe" in round dances to the sweet sounds of the wicked fiddle of old, and the young enjoy themselves while their parents look on. Why not? Our churches are now filled with the melodies and gayeties of the day. In truth, it is a happy time for those who have but lately tasted a good thing. Still, yesterday is the best day we have known.

If one desires to know of the past, how his ancestors lived in the olden times, let him get an old account-book of the days

when money was scarce, and every item bought was charged in the day-book. Such a book has come into my possession through the kindness of a friend. This old book was loaned with the promise that I would not mention any of the names found on its pages. There was no name in the book telling to whom it originally belonged, but by good luck, I found among some old papers the names of the voters in the North Precinct of the town in 1826. With the aid of this list I checked off most of the names in this account-book, and so located the old store in the middle of the town.

In 1826 Weymouth was small in population and poor in purse, the folks living upon what they could raise on the land, and by making a few shoes they earned enough to pay small grocery bills at the store. What they needed from the store were spices, molasses, tobacco, loaf-sugar, a little tea, and flour in seven and fourteen pound lots. Coffee is never mentioned in the book. Every country store then sold New England rum, brandy, cherry rum and cider. Almost every one who came to this store bought among other things a glass of New England or cherry rum, or sometimes brandy or cider. In looking over the old books I thought I had found one who did not indulge, but afterwards I discovered that that one bought by the gallon and so had no drinks charged.

The old store was a village inn where all gathered to learn the news and gossip. In one day twenty-four bought rum, cider or brandy, out of thirty-one who were charged up for the day. One glass of rum cost two cents; two "short-six" cigars one cent; a cake of gingerbread one cent; this sale was frequently made to a customer in a day. The sales of a day frequently amounted to $3.50. Rum was forty-eight cents a gallon, and molasses was the same price.

These people were not intemperate. They were the ancestors of some of the best families in the village. This store was typical of all the stores of those times. When a small

boy, I remember seeing my father's store just as this one I tell of; everything a customer bought, be it molasses or rum, was charged on a book. No man paid cash, and some even borrowed a dollar or two, which was charged on the books.

The dwellings of those who traded at the old store are, with few exceptions, standing to-day. They were all of one pattern — of one story, two front rooms, a long kitchen with the big fire-place and crane to hang the kettle on, and at one side an oven. At one end of the room was the bedroom; at the other the buttery, where was kept the home-made cheese, the great loaves of rye bread, baked on the bottom of the brick oven. They stood on edge around the buttery.

These houses were comfortable in the summer but fearfully cold in the winter. Then no one was troubled, as now, about the high price of coal, for none had come to town then. Wood was plenty, for the cutting. The great fire-place with its roaring fire, the high-backed settle on which sat the old people, the children playing around, or popping corn in the ashes, — all made the old kitchen pleasant.

Our old histories tell of kings and queens, lords and ladies; but our later histories make much of the ways of the common people. Little was ever said about the boys and girls. Then they had no base ball, but played "skip" and "barn-tick" against the barn. Foot ball came once a year, when the hog was killed in the fall. The bladder was blown up with a pipe-stem, and the "snozzle" tied tight, — a crude thing, the Harvard and Yale boys would have thought, but the fun of the thing was as great as to-day.

In those days the girls must have had a dull time; the one pleasant thing was the singing-school held in every village, and usually in the vestry of the church, on Saturday night. Here the young folks came together, learned to sing, got acquainted, fell in love, and did their courting. The vestry in

the Old North Church was a long way from the old store, but what road was ever too long for two lovers?

In 1826 there was no Broad street, and to get to the Landing, then the largest village in town, folks had to go by way of North Weymouth, around by the Old North Church and over Joe Loud's hill. Then the tavern, so long kept by Mr. Wales, was carried on by Col. Abraham Thayer, and no doubt the folk living around the old store went to the Landing, when there was a dance in the hall of the hotel. On Sunday all the people attended church, going to the Old North, where the Rev. Josiah Bent, Jr., preached. This was the day that brought all together. Many who came from a distance brought their lunches, staying at noon. Here the men talked over the prospects of the crops in the summer, the number of bushels of corn or potatoes, or the weight of the hog in the fall; while the women folks told of the children sick with the measles or mumps, or of those lately born or about to be.

These clubless days were the days of large families, and the mothers had all they could attend to at home. As a boy I remember my mother attending on Thursdays the Mothers' meeting, which was the only break in the week other than Sunday.

If one walks through an old burying ground, he will find on the headstones the names of those who married at seventeen and died at twenty-four or thereabouts, leaving three or four children. Then there were no scandals of divorce, but the poor, tired woman was divorced from this world by the hard, toilsome life she led. In looking back, it seems to me that men had by far an easier lot than women. They worked in the little shop beside the house, in which they were free to do as they wished, so unlike our factory people of to-day.

The old store was their mecca, where when hungry or thirsty, they found a place of companionship and good cheer, like Sam Johnson's inn. Seldom do I find in the old book the charge

of whale oil, and when it was charged it was at the high price of one dollar a gallon, showing that the people used mostly tallow dips or candles. A candle mould was a necessary article in the family, and we often find one now in the old houses. There is no mention of cloth of any kind for clothing, indicating that homespun was still in use. Dry goods were very dear; common calico was forty-eight cents a yard, cotton cloth twenty cents, while tobacco was sold at only twenty-five cents a pound.

To return to the homes of the best families of the village. In winter we see the family gathered close around the great blazing fire in the open fireplace; the tea-kettle is singing on the crane; the uncertain light is throwing shadows on the wall; by the faint light of a tallow candle one is trying to read — what, I cannot think, unless the Bible or Fox's Book of Martyrs, as they seem to have been in every home.

Other than the books mentioned, there were no books, magazines or newspapers, excepting the almanac. The family went to bed at an early hour, from the little comfort of sitting up; yes, and little comfort in bed, smothered under heavy bed-quilts. Before retiring, the head of the family read a chapter of the Bible, mixed the "hot toddy," and went to bed in a little bedroom at the end of the kitchen, with the younger members in the trundle bed beneath. Who can wonder that folks came together in the old store around the great stove, where rum was two cents a glass and good cigars at two for a cent?

Sunday was the great holiday. All went to church,— some perhaps from the principle of getting their money's worth, for go or not, all were taxed to pay the preacher. There was no escape, — your property would be taken for those taxes. In fact, many went no doubt to hear the hot Calvinistic doctrine, it being the only warm thing in the week aside from their

As I have told, the men seem to have had pleasanter times than their wives, for did they not have the May training? Then all who could bear arms were required to turn out with muskets, flints and cartridges. This was a great day; fun ruled the hours when the State militia was paraded for inspection. My father used to tell me of one of those times when Colonel Humphrey the inspector, passing one man in the line, saw his gun without a lock. Examining the gun, he said, "This gun is *non compos mentis*." As this was Latin, it was strange to all.

In those days there was a Horse Company in town, and my grandfather was the commander. In course of time he gave up his commission and retired, and the Company met at the old Deacon's house, where he entertained the officers in his kitchen and the privates in his barn. This my father described to me. As usual, there could be no good time without rum, and they had all they wanted, in the end getting pretty well "fuddled." The Company carried horse-pistols, which they fired up the chimney in the old kitchen, and, as was remarked, had a "divvil of a time." Deacon Hunt was one of the founders of the old Union Church, and this affair did not discredit him in the least.

In the autumn came the Division muster, when those who did not train in the ranks had booths on the muster-field and sold cider, rum and other intoxicants, besides gingerbread and clam chowder, turning many a penny. After the crops had been gathered in, came the husking parties; these were jolly times; after the corn was husked there was a good supper.

Fast day was kept as strictly as Sunday; no work or play was done, all went to church. Of our Independence day I find no mention other than this of John Adams:—

"The great anniversary ought to be solemnized with pomp, and parade, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

We will now leave the old account book and get into the Landing, and see how things were going there. Major Caleb Stetson, Asa Webb and Tufts & Whittemore kept the country stores, — all located in Washington square. These, with the hotel, had open bars, and sold rum by the gallon and glass. In 1830 the population of Weymouth was 2,839.

Charles Francis Adams in his "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," well tells the story of the country store and tavern in the town of Quincy. In those days it seems as though every one was saturated with New England rum. In reading of the coming of the Mayflower, one finds that in their dire troubles, the spirits brought over in the hold of that vessel was the help that carried them through the winter. In converting the heathen to Christianity, the ship's hold was stored with New England rum while above was the missionary. In reading the life of Washington, it appears that rum was what he used to tempt the Indians from their French alliance. Rum was the great factor in all dealings with the Indians. It enticed them to their destruction, and our good ancestors never converted them first as good father Robinson across the water wanted them to do. No, to quote a familiar saying: "They first fell on their knees, and then on the aborigines."

It is common for old men to tell of the good times of long ago, but "distance lends enchantment to the view;" there never was a better than to-day — so ends this bit of folk lore.

As the town has appropriated (1903) the munificent sum of two hundred dollars for an Old Home Week celebration, I have been contriving how it can use this money so as to get the best results. At first I thought the old Town Hall would be the place to celebrate in, but after arranging everything to my mind it occurred to me as an afterthought that it had been used as a small pox hospital, and this upset all my calculations. So after thinking the whole matter over, I concluded that it would be better to divide the two hundred dollars into four

parts, giving the North, East, South and Landing villages fifty dollars each; or in other words to fine the matter down, each voter would have one shilling (sixteen and two-thirds cents) for a week's celebration. This is liberal, though I think the town will not have to borrow.

Now, to make the matter short, I would, supposing the money appropriated by the town was divided, and the Landing received fifty dollars, take the old Sam Arnold tavern on the corner near the Square. This house is undoubtedly the oldest and most noted we have in our village. Tradition says that General Washington, when on his visit to Weymouth, was the guest of Landlord Arnold, and that there is a button in one of our families which came from Washington's coat, and which was supposed to have been slyly confiscated. No doubt our neighbors who celebrate in other parts of the town will feel a little envious of our traditions, but they can have Washington pie. Why not? — notwithstanding what Dr. Holmes said, that he liked all kinds of pie with the exception of "Father of his Country" pie. That was all right for Dr. Holmes to say, but his father might have thought otherwise, as those who live in Weymouth.

Having settled on the old hotel as a fit place to celebrate in, we will now lay out the order of arrangements. Beginning with the parlor, or front room, I would hang the walls with some old portraits of our ancestors (there must be quite a number of Stuarts and Copleys about in the village, which would be cheerfully loaned by the owners); nothing would do so much to give an aristocratic air. Then a thousand-legged table; they are easily found, for did not several hundred come over in the Mayflower? Then the tall clock standing in the corner, chairs with straw bottoms, the sofa in hair-cloth — all were in fashion in the old home, years ago, in the best families; a Chippendale table standing under the quaint looking-glass, and upon it the family Bible and Book of Martyrs.

The floor we will have carpeted with braided rugs, made from old trousers and coats of men and boys, such that if given to a tramp to-day would be thrown on to the first fence or wood pile. So much for the front room.

In those old-home times, the kitchen was the living room of the family. In this house I fear the great fireplace is a thing of the past, but we will "shut our eyes and make pictures." To-day, to have a highboy in the family gives a certain claim to the past that many want. We will next have the cradle, once found in every household, but now in the best regulated families rarely, if ever, found. Then we will have the wooden table in the centre of the room, — the dining table, surrounded with wooden-bottom chairs. In the old-home days this table was simply covered with an oil cloth. This saved much work where servants were wanting, for simply a sweep of the dish cloth prepared the table for another meal. This table of ours must be covered with oil cloth, — no napkins, for napkins were unknown. Then there must be the great wooden settle before the fireplace. This completes the kitchen.

Now, nothing can be done in having a good time without feasting, for does not our New England Thanksgiving depend upon the dinner, and did not the good Deacon Newcomb say, "Feed your pastor well and make your path easy to heaven"? Are not our church parlor suppers the fashion of the day? Well, to get back to my theme, — we must provide something good to eat for our visitors, and it's our old home dinners we must have.

We will suppose our week begins on Monday. This day we will have corned beef, pork and cabbage, and potatoes. This shall be our first dinner, from its having the old house and old-time flavor.

> "You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Thus it is with cabbage. For dessert we will have a pandowdy. We shall have to get an old cook to make this dish. Each day our dinner must be of the old-home flavor. We must be sure to get our beans in soak on Friday night, so that we can bake them on Saturday for Sunday dinner, for on Sunday no cooking will be allowed in the old home.

Singing "ye old-time songs," and dancing the country dance, and telling tales of the past, will fill up the week, though I fear the old folks will find it an awful dry time.

Now our appropriation has not been expended — the fifty dollars. It is supposed the dinners at twenty-five cents a plate will be reasonable: that, all will pay, aside from our "town fathers,"— they never pay, being invited guests. The twenty-five cents will pay the cost of getting up the dinners.

Now, we still have the money; what will we do with it? I remember years ago the town woke up to the need of a fire department, and bought a lot of old engines. A great procession was formed, led off by our Selectmen in carriages; then came the steamers with the same performance; and on Decoration day the same. Nothing can be well done without these "town fathers" having their free ride, of course. To think of my coming near forgetting them! Well, now we will see what we can do. Say we have the fathers meet in Washington Square on Wednesday of the week, give them a dinner of clam chowder and fixings, and have carriages to take them to North Weymouth on Thursday and get their dinner, and do the same at East and South Weymouth.

Now there is nothing mean or small in this arrangement — all the riding and eating for nothing. If carried out, this will use up all the money allotted to this village. It would be well to have the visiting "town fathers," on arriving in the village, greeted with a welcome, opened by our Selectmen, aided by our member of the School Board. Now as this is arranged, Monday and Tuesday will be preparatory to Wednesday, when

there will begin a merry-go-round, or, in fact, a continual performance until Saturday evening. On Sunday morning we will eat our baked beans, and go to church to hear the parson tell of the beauties of "Old Home Week."

No one can tell until he has tried it, how many ways two hundred dollars can be used in making a good "Old Home Week." Since we have the old Tavern, it is too good a thing to disturb. Having this, we will tell another way to celebrate Wednesday and the days following. It now occurs to me that we should appropriate this money to repair and fit the Town Hall for future use. If this is done at once, we have a place for our gatherings in this "Old Home Week." In this new program I propose that the town fathers pay as they go. As this is our first attempt in old-home work it is only fair that they should forego the free rides and dinners usually given on public days. This will release that two hundred dollars that the town has so generously appropriated. Now if the Town Hall is put in condition, we will be all right to carry out our program. A friend has mentioned that it was thought a good way to have meetings called in the different villages to awaken the proper enthusiasm.

I have a better way, and this it is. On Wednesday we will have a gathering of the firemen at Weymouth Centre. As this is a rather sleepy place, I will warrant the people will get waked up to the proper enthusiasm. Here they will have a "play-off," and for the prizes each company must "chip in." Fifty dollars can be given for a brass band out of the money appropriated, and fifty for a collation to be served at the end of the route. Thus I have used one-half of the money; but these firemen are to march through each village, which, as a "starter," will wake up the enthusiasm of the whole town. In the evening following, a Firemen's Ball will be held at the Town Hall. This will be a small affair unless our friend from Hingham is there to head the grand march. In this case it must be

plainly understood that "those who dance must pay the fiddlers," for there is no more money except what is wanted for coming events, which we will now relate.

Now Weymouth, if rich in nothing else, is rich in its many social organizations, and a day must be set apart for them, say Thursday. I am all the time running against this lack of money, for though the sum appropriated was a large amount for Weymouth, it is now with the greatest economy half expended; but we will get on and not borrow trouble. I would have all the secret organizations get together wherever they may choose, — Masons, Blue Lodges, Templars, Odd Fellows, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Pythias, and others there may be that I know nothing about. A fine show it will be to see so many good men in uniform. They want to bear in mind that they will be called on to parade. Supposing the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of London should pay a visit to our town. Why not? Washington was of more consequence than the whole lot, and tradition says he was entertained here one hundred and twenty-odd years ago.

These Orders will be expected to cover the whole town, so that there may be no ill-feeling from a part neglected. I have put aside no money for this parade, knowing well that the pleasure of wearing a uniform is ample compensation to the majority of men. The special arrangements of this day may be left to the different organizations.

As I have arranged, Friday will be the day of oratory. Now, notwithstanding we have had a High school in town for fifty years, we are strangely short of men who can stand on their feet and talk in public. It was my good luck several years ago to attend a town meeting where three young men made things quite lively, assisted by the fourth. I have thought these young men, properly developed, would do very well on the platform. They have the confidence and forgetfulness of self so necessary in a public speaker. With the

assistance of these young men, our town will have little need of calling on outside parties.

The last day, Saturday, will be given up to the boys and girls of our town schools. For this day I leave the program, with the remainder of the appropriation, in the hands of the clergymen, assisted by the women of the "Monday" and other clubs.

"Old-Home Week," as told me by those who attended the various observances, and read in our local papers: the evidence being all in, the writer will try and sum it up in as serious and sober way as possible.

The first observance, Sunday. — The Old North Church, from the fact of its being the first Church, was filled with many associations, for it was the Church where all our people worshiped until 1811, when the Union Church was organized. This meeting was a success, and I will say nothing further, only this: there was no church in Weymouth in 1623, the date given by some of the speakers. On the evening following, Rev. Mr. Cressey held a large meeting in his church,— a success in every way aside from the few little mistakes to be expected when young people talk of old times. There was music, vocal and instrumental, and many papers read, telling of the olden times.

On Monday, East Weymouth celebrated; they chose the two best things to interest the folks — a good Military Band and a Fireman's Muster (I think the committee must have taken a hint from my "Old-Home Week"), with games and all. The Band concert in the evening (only lacking a band-stand) was a great time. My regret is that I was not there; for it is a satisfaction to meet Mr. Cushing, the old fireman, and I would like to have met my old friends Easton, Baker, Lewis and Lincoln, all live men. East Weymouth did itself credit; no one was talked to death.

On Tuesday the occasion came to North Weymouth, and no doubt they had a good time, as it was of their own choosing. It was here in the grove at Ferry Point, so called years ago, that the tiresome orations began that afflicted the town in this town celebration. However, no one died from the effects. This pic-nic, as it was unfortunately called, was no doubt located at the Point from its proximity to the great shipbuilding plant, whose management had kindly opened its gates for the Old-Home Week, and many availed themselves of the privilege, the company furnishing guides. There were games and music for the young, while the old told tales of the past. From what the witness told me, the occasion was a success.

Now comes the $200 day — the town celebrating under the auspices of our Historical Society. This society I had thought in "innocuous desuetude," so long since we had heard of its doings, but it got in its work with a vengeance in the three days following; everything being dominated by this society, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

The official observance of Old-Home Week happened on Wednesday afternoon, on the broad plateau in front of the High school building. I will tell of what two old men who went to this affair, that cost the town the sum of two hundred dollars, told me, and the folks can see how it was expended (their money).

"Mr. Hunt," one of these old men said to me, "you can't write anything bad enough about this affair." He told me of sitting down on a seat he found, and of his being obliged to give it up to the school children who were to sing; how he stood around on the hard gravel, until footsore and weary, he wended his way home and told me his tale of how an old man over eighty years of age was treated by those who had the Old-Home Week in charge. In the meantime the school building was open to a few privileged ones, who sat at ease

and enjoyed themselves, while the old man was standing outside.

I was told that, aside from Booker Washington, the whole talk was dry and uninteresting, having little reference to the day. Dr. Washington said that it was embarrassing for him, a stranger, to talk to the folks on this occasion, so little did he know of our town. It was the same with Congressman Powers, though he was not at all embarrassed. The two hundred dollars is now spent and accounted for. Now we pay as we go.

Now comes Old-Home Week in the Landing. As the folks had expected little, no one was disappointed. Now the old place years ago was called much in advance of the other parts of the town, for here we had all the "isms" of the day, abolitionists, total abstainers, non-resistants, come-outers, — in fact we entertained all the cranks there were at the time, all the able men of the time, Garrison, Phillips, Parker, and others of the like; the Hunts, Westons, Richardses, Cowings, all so interested in the event of the day. How different to-day. On the Thursday afternoon given us for time in the Old-Home Week, were gathered, I may say, a convention of clergymen, sojourners at some time in Weymouth, some of them; some never. They told what little they knew about our village,— tiresome talk to those who had always lived here in the Landing; and so the afternoon passed away.

The Historical Society, forgetting the young girls and boys, nothing provided for their entertainment, made the afternoon a dull time indeed,— so different, so different from that old time in the same grove sixty-three years ago. A banquet, so my paper stated (a banquet, by the way, in the Landing, is anything from Washington pie to ice-cream), was given to the visiting guests in Lincoln Hall. This affair, as one who was there told me, was to him as a family party of the Historical Society. Well, there is an end to everything, agreeable or disagreeable.

In the evening, at the Grove, was a Band concert, and fireworks given by the writer; I mention this, as no one else has. As I sat on my friend Cressey's piazza and saw the first rocket ascend, I thought to myself that the rocket created more enthusiasm than all the oratory of the afternoon. As it was, a great crowd witnessed and enjoyed the fireworks and Band concert, ending the day pleasantly. All is well that ends well.

Under the auspices of the Historical Society, Friday evening was to be the happiest time of all, and so the writer thought as he saw the pretty girls in their best attire going to East Weymouth for the evening (but things are not always what they seem). It was my good fortune to entertain a young man from Boston, one of the orchestra, at my home that night. Surprised at the boys' early return, I asked them why. As we sat in my dining-room, Mr. Thomas told me with much fun the strange things that happened, saying: "We got our music out, tuned our instruments, began our first piece, got about half through — were interrupted by some one telling us to cut it short, as there were many waiting to talk." This ended the performance of the orchestra.

As Mr. Thomas said, "To think of it! they got us to play for the evening, and then wanted only half a tune! Then again," he said, "one person singing sweetly of 'Love's young dream' was quietly admonished to cut it short, as there so many who wanted to talk!" Now this was no fiction, as you will see in the sequel, for a pedagogue can talk if nothing else; this was demonstrated on this occasion. As my friend Thomas told, no one seemed interested, only those immediately concerned, and the audience got fearfully tired, many asleep, some nodding, and they were "all nodding, nid, nid, nodding, they were all nodding, and going off to sleep."

Now where were all those pretty girls who expected a good time as in former years? The Historical Society seems to have entirely forgotten that there were others than the peda-

gogues, and neglected the young folks whose time it was supposed to be.

In the morning, meeting my friend Hunt, a member of the High School Association, he told me that the last speaker, Bradford Hawes, as he was talking interestingly, was required to stop awhile that some one might tell there was a shortage in cash and a contribution would be taken; while this was being done Mr. Hawes ended his address: thus ended the reunion. My friend Hunt said in his dry way, that it was the worst time he had known, and he a member for forty-five years.

Saturday was the day allotted to South Weymouth. From their having nothing to do with the Historical Society, they were without handicap, and a good time I was told it was,—a success from beginning to end; an occasion fitting their beautiful village, so fortunate in having a gentleman open his fine grounds for the games of the boys, and the folks of the village; so interested in the great procession of the trades of the place. How unlike the celebration in our own Weymouth Landing, where all was sober, sad and weary—I pray never to occur again.

WEYMOUTH, August 12, 1903.

Mr. Editor:—If the article on Old Home Week (as observed here) in the People's Column of last week's *Gazette* was read only by Weymouth people, who know the writer, I should not intrude upon your columns at this time; but as it is read from Maine to California and Florida, it is right that a communication so misleading should be corrected, that our non-resident friends should know the truth. It is certainly in bad taste and poor judgment to write on a subject of which one is profoundly ignorant. As I understand Mr. Hunt, he did not attend the celebrations; it is evident he did not the one in his own village, and I should judge from his report that his informant was deficient in average intelligence, as there is but one verdict of the intelligent multitude present, that it was an

immense success, socially, intellectually and musically. Our young Weymouth Band did itself much credit; the speeches were brief and happy, some of the speakers coming hundreds of miles to meet and greet old friends in that lovely grove, Weston's Park. The collation, furnished free to all invited guests, was creditable to the caterers, both in quality and abundance. In the evening the Band discoursed good music.

Mr. Hunt claims to have given the fireworks. I learn from the committee that he gave the colored fire and a few of the fireworks, and the remainder, twenty dollars' worth, was paid from the money collected to defray the expenses of the occasion, which was not under the direction of the Historical Society, but of a committee chosen to serve, with whom Mr. Hunt declined to act. Does Mr. Hunt enjoy misrepresenting to its discredit his native village? Does not the patriotism of one's country depend on that of the State, the town, the village, and the individual? Can one be false to these and true to the nation's highest good? I think not.

One phase of our town celebration cannot be too highly appreciated. I refer to the exhibition, at the Tufts Library, of the works of the artists of Weymouth, which certainly gave evidence of much native ability, and was the happy thought of our efficient Librarian, its success being at the price of much labor on her part and that of her assistants. TRUTH.

TO TRUTH.

Mr. Editor: — I am heartily sick of the Old Home Week, but however tired, I must answer the anonymous letter in your last week's paper: — a letter written in exceedingly bad taste, for, if one does not sign his or her name, to whom can we answer? Truth is neither he nor she, but it. But as the writer signs himself "Truth," so we will call it.

"Truth" says the people of Weymouth know Mr. Hunt. Pray, why should they not, he being about town for the past seventy-six years? He would be a small "fry" if they did not. Continuing, "Truth" says the people of Maine, California and Florida do not know him. I could almost say I am known "from Greenland's icy mountains to

India's coral strand," from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf.

"Truth" says Mr. Hunt is profoundly ignorant of the subject of which he writes. I will answer "Truth" that I wrote as told me by those who attended the different observances. I confined my article closely to this information, and told the story as told me. If my informants were wrong, of that I cannot tell; but they were of our best folks, and I have no reason to think they told an untruth. I simply recorded what they told me, nothing more, other than a few frills of humor to make it readable.

Of the fireworks I will say that from some misunderstanding some fireworks were obtained in town (Boston), which was unnecessary, as I told the committee I would give what was wanted,— red fire, rockets and batteries sufficient for the occasion, — and this I did.

"Truth," now in the peroration on patriotism, reminds me of the days long gone, when I heard the same from the back forms of the old school on Front street. Again I am reminded of the days of peril, the rockets' bright glare, the bursting bomb, the fire that colored red, and the Town Hall filled with oratory, so full as to flow from the doors down the streets through the town. However, he who went to the front was the true patriot, the one who saved his country in its time of peril.

It is a very good plan when one is reading his paper, on coming across something interesting, to cut it out and save it. Always being interested in the game of football (?) I have been saving the little items which have come out in the newspaper, and putting them together it makes queer reading. I say I am always interested in this game, perhaps from the danger there is in it,— the same way as my fireworks business that I have been engaged in so long; for an item that I read is this, that ten boys have been killed and many more wounded in football games. Of the wounded no account could be given, but there were as many killed and wounded as in some of our

battles with Spain. W. James, Jr., in the *Harvard Bulletin*, says: "Not long ago a coach gathered his squad in the Locker building on Soldiers' Field, for his final harangue before sending it out on to the field against Yale. In silence he glared his men successively in the eye, and then delivered himself in three hoarse words: 'Now, fellows — *Hell!*' and with that ringing in their ears, his men went out and beat Yale very badly."

In his comments Mr. James says: "If we have reached the pass where the athlete figures as the damned soul, it is time to inquire into the cause," and so on. The above refers to Harvard, you know. Another slip I take up, — how different, so good! Dr. A. E. Garland, Physical Director of the Young Men's Christian Association, who played on the famous Springfield Training-school team under Stagg of Yale, told how the team prayed before going into a game. "Sometimes," said he, "every player prayed earnestly before going on the field. This takes away the fluttering of the heart and the sickness at the pit of the stomach. Amherst came down to show the Christian kids a trick, but the score was 20 to 0 in our favor. We had a secret. We depended on a Power higher than our own." Now, putting these clippings together, puts me in mind of a story a long time ago, in the old "Amazon" days, nigh sixty years ago.

The "Amazon" company comprised the best of our village. True, there were a few that sometimes could not keep up on the march, but they only emphasized the goodness of those who could. Among the "Amazon's" company I remember my old Sunday school teacher, lawyer White, and from his being my Sunday school teacher, I always associated him with the song we used to sing in the Sunday school: —

> "Where do children love to go,
> When the wintry wind doth blow?
> It is the Sabbath School, it is the Sabbath School."

I have no doubt there were others, the like of lawyer White, just as good. Now the whole was just as good as a part. As I write this of so many years ago

> "I feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed."

From the "Amazon" being a Thayer tub, and all the others of the Hunneman class, the "Amazon" was continually challenged. Now the "Tigers" of Quincy, as their name implied, were a terror to our good people of the "Amazon;" for when Ensign Fellows, foreman of the "Tigers," got upon his engine, there was lively work. How well I can see him with one hand on the brake, the other spread out as though giving his men a benediction, talking so softly and quietly until the hose was full; then a moment's rest until the gun-fire, — so gentle and quiet as a summer day. The gun is fired; what a change! from the gentle lamb he was now changed to a tiger. Webster and Worcester were exhausted, and he drew on himself. He begged, he damned, he pleaded; he called his men all the good things as well as all the bad; he sent them to hell and then to heaven. What was the result? — always the same. The "Amazons" were eaten up by the "Tigers," and went home to tell why and how they had been beaten.

Now in summing up the above, the coach who said, "Now fellows — Hell!" was just the one to have for a coach in a football game, a man after my own heart. What Dr. A. E. Garland says is what so much discredits the religion of to-day with the people who think. To think of men having a fluttering of the heart and a sickness at the pit of the stomach, when going into a football game! So ridiculous! Suffering from indigestion, no doubt. Prayers will avail little when the stomach is out of order. In a case of this kind, where I were not sure

it was a case of cowardice, I would prescribe a light diet of old whiskey. All that Garland says is simply too foolish to be noticed further.

All that I read of the past shows plainly that Weymouth Landing, from the time of the first settlers, was the business part of the town, having all the natural advantages that East Weymouth did not possess. The first settlers came up the Fore river to Phillips creek, landing at Burying Island; of these, some stopped in North Weymouth, built their church on Burying hill, and there buried their dead. In an account book kept from 1680 to 1690, there are accounts with Col. Ephraim Hunt, Zachariah Bicknell and others: the commodities exchanged were corn, barley, malt, wool, lumber and shingles.

As the head waters of a river afforded the most desirable places for settlement, so it was with the Fore river, the shore that these people landed on. They naturally followed the stream to its head, one branching to the Smelt brook, the other to what is called the Iron Works in East Braintree, and the interests of the two towns united at this point.

One of the first industries established in the Colonies was the manufacture of iron in 1644. This business came into the hands of the Vinton family in 1720, and was continued by them until the destruction of the dam in 1736, by order of the town, that herring might pass. This seems a Braintree affair, but our Weymouth folks were much interested.

Of the noted men of business in early times was Captain Samuel White, who was a merchant on the Fore river, on the spot where Cotton Tufts lived, in 1801. He was eminent for his enterprise, energy and wealth. He supplied many warlike stores for the Colony, and represented the town in the General Court in 1679 and 1680. His interests were both in Weymouth and in Braintree. In his will, among other things, he left four negro slaves.

At that time Col. Ephraim Hunt (1650–1713) was a busy man, serving in Phipps's expedition in 1690, in the Groton expedition in 1706, and as Governor's Assistant from 1703 to 1713.

In 1749 Mr. John Hunt and Mr. Hayward contracted to furnish stone to build King's Chapel, Boston, and there was much doubt if stone enough could be found in Braintree to build the same. This stone was no doubt freighted down the Monatiquot to Boston.

About 1750 my great-grandfather, Edmund Soper, came from Bridgewater and settled in the Ironworks district in East Braintree. He was a wealthy man, and did a large business, his store being located in Mill Lane. He built vessels on the Monatiquot, and also the fine mansion occupied by Mrs. Albert Stetson, who is a direct descendant.

Mr. Samuel Arnold, said to have been one of the ablest of business men, was a shipbuilder in company with John Cook, and a man of much note in his time. He died in 1803. His son Samuel built the house in Washington Square now occupied by the Cowing family, and also the old hotel.

I will now tell what the late Mr. Samuel Webb told me a few years before he died, about the trouble the east part of the town had in getting to Fore river village in the early days. Mr. Webb said to me, "Those folks took the old road over King Oak hill by the dwellings of Henry Nash and James Jones, to what we now call Joseph Loud's hill. Half down this hill on the left, the road turned and extended through the pastures, through the land I now own called the "old Hassel lot," through to the Holbrook farm, now Torrey's, through Torrey's lane to the Deacon Ebenezer Hunt house on the corner of Front and Stetson streets." Mr. Webb told me that this was the only way that the people of the east part of the town could get to the Landing or to Boston other than across Ferry Point, where there was no bridge in those days.

As for ship-building on Back river, if a scow is a ship, why, ships have been built there. In "ye olden times" I have heard that there was a sloop, carrying iron, sunk off Grape Island. Until the Bradley works came to North Weymouth, I am inclined to think there was little shipping on Back river. Once our people heard of the race between the Hingham packet and the Weymouth packet, but never, no, never, was a Back river packet in the race.

A few days ago I went to the Town Clerk's office to look over the old records. For many pages I found nothing other than the division of the land among the few inhabitants then in North Weymouth. Their lots mostly bordered on the seashore on the north and west; Burying Island, Phillips creek, Mill cove where the old Robbins grist mill stood years ago, were the places often mentioned in the early records.

In the olden times, folks built their church and located the burying ground close about. It was thus with our folks. Their church on Burying hill, standing where the street now goes, was where all the people of the North Precinct worshiped till 1810 for those in the Landing, and 1822 for those in East Weymouth.

North Weymouth has been called the "garden" of Weymouth, and it seems to have been an ideal place for those first settlers. North of King Oak hill and bordering on the Fore river, carpenters, cordwainers, blacksmiths and husbandmen, all had to till the ground, grow Indian corn and potatoes for their food, and live off both the fruits of the land and the sea. The settlers that landed at Burying Island and at Phillips creek were in the same condition as those at Plymouth, about whom all have read so much. Located around Burying hill were the Lovells, the Bicknells, the Humphreys, the Torreys, the Hunts, the Richardses, the Pratts, the Holbrooks and others. For many years all were farmers.

The river and bay close by were filled with fish; there was no law against smelts or short lobsters then; clams could be had for the digging; the river was always ready when the doors were open at low tide. Not till one hundred years after their landing did the folks have tea and coffee, nor white potatoes. Root beer was used on the table instead of tea and coffee; after the apple trees began to bear fruit, cider became the common drink. Beef and mutton were seldom seen on the table.

The colonial house of that time was built of squared logs and slabs, and split logs covered with meadow grass. For years wooden and pewter ware were used, as no earthen or china wares were known. Table forks were unknown other than a large one to take the meat from the kettle. Probably not one of the first settlers ever saw a fork used at the table. At funerals there was no service for nearly one hundred years. At the burial the bell was tolled, the neighbors gathered around with the pastor, and conducted the body to the grave, standing till the earth was filled in. Many of our ancestors believed in witchcraft. Civil marriages were the custom; the first marriage celebrated with Prayer-book and ring occurred in Boston in 1686.

Now I wonder what pleasure the old Puritans and Pilgrims had, who were located here between the Massachusetts Bay and the Plymouth Colonies? It is hard to tell. Thanksgiving day had just come, but not the turkey. Taking his old flintlock and getting up early, a wild goose was easily taken by the Weymouth settlers, as the river and seashore were full of wild fowl. Then the old folks had the pleasure of going to church and damning those who stayed away. Then, again, there must have been a pleasure in building stone walls; else how could the settlers have done so much of it? In travelling over the pastures you say, "Stone walls, stone walls, how could our people have done it?" They killed two birds with many

stones, — clearing their land and marking the boundaries. The pleasure of card-playing was denied those ancient sires, a fine of fifty shillings being the penalty.

Mr. Gilbert Nash, in his Historical Sketch of the Town of Weymouth, says that Weymouth for two hundred years was a farming town. No doubt this was the principal occupation. As there is little good farming-land south of King Oak hill, and as land is so fertile by the banks of the Fore river, it is natural to suppose that the North Weymouth settlers, as their families enlarged, turned their steps up this river, occupying the lands on each side to the head of the stream. It was nearly one hundred years after the first (1622) settlement that a division line was laid out between Weymouth and Braintree. The village of the Fore river and the Iron Works village seemed identical. The Hunts, the Whites, and the Holbrooks, and other Weymouth names, were as common in the Iron Works district as in the Landing village.

I have said nothing about the nineteenth century, only that the elder Samuel Arnold died one hundred years ago. I have all the papers regarding the settlement of his estate by Gideon Thayer of Braintree; Mr. Arnold did all his work, building vessels and keeping hotel, in the eighteenth century.

Of the eighteenth century ship-building I will say that Major Edmund Soper built vessels on the Monatiquot one hundred and fifty years ago. He died in 1776.

Col. Ephraim Hunt, according to his account book, built several vessels at the mouth of the Smelt brook between 1690 and 1700, among them one for Captain Lyle in 1694. Thomas Kingman, Junior, agreed Dec. 15, 1694, "to cart lumber from Joseph Green's saw-mill to the water side at Smelt Brook for Col. Hunt," and Cornelius Holbrook agreed, Jan. 16, 1693/4, "to deliver lumber at the ship's side at Smelt Brook in Weymouth before the first day of March next, for Ephraim Hunt." "An account of the men w^{o} work^{t} upon the ship to

get her up: viz. John Vinson, Jo: Waters, Wm: Manley, John Clothes, Nich: Phillips, Elias Monk, Thomas Coats, at 10*s.* p. man; James Ludden, 9*s.*; Edward Darby, 10*s.*; Edmund Jackson, 6*s.*; Henry Adams, 10*s.*; Hez: Turner, 10*s.*; George Thomas, 8*s.*; Francis Ball, 8*s.*; Sam. Gurney, 3*s.*; John Hodgdon, 15*s.*; James Smith, 9*s.*; John Taylor, 4*s.*; Lieut. Nash, 1*s.*" Ship-building was an industry of importance at the Landing until 1848, when Mr. Atherton W. Tilden built the last.

Many years ago when a little boy, I remember seeing my mother getting ready to go out on Thursday afternoon to the Mothers' meeting. This was a prayer meeting in the interest of the children, and was the first woman's club in our village. Then came the Glee club, which I remember with much pleasure, meeting around in the homes of the musical people. Of that Glee club I know of only one member who is alive to-day, my old friend Francis H. Tilden, and he loves to tell of the many pleasant times he had in the old club. After the Glee club came all the political clubs. Pinned upon my wall is a Fremont and Dayton club badge, a reminder of 1856. In 1870 there was a Young Men's Christian Association located on Commercial street, corner of Broad street and Jackson square, East Weymouth; and ten years after, there was one at North Weymouth, near Bridge street. In 1879 there was the South Weymouth Reform club.

In the present time numberless clubs seem to have sprung up like a crop of mushrooms, and it would be a blessing were their lives as short. I am told that many are in a fair way to emulate Mrs. Jellaby in Dickens.

Not long ago Bishop Lawrence was in our village, putting one in mind of his grandfather, Amos Lawrence, the noted merchant and philanthropist. In 1848 the Whigs put in nomination Zachary Taylor, and the Vice-presidency lay between Fillmore and Abbott Lawrence, a brother of Amos. When asked to contribute money to help his brother's cause, Amos

Lawrence replied, "I have no money to spare, and if my vote would elect my brother I would withhold it." Abbott Lawrence missed being Vice-president by one vote, and if he had been chosen would have been President of the United States, as was Fillmore because of the death of President Taylor. Amos Lawrence said he wanted his brother Abbott to have nothing to do with politics. Still, Abbott Lawrence was our Minister to England for the four years succeeding President Taylor's election.

Fifty years, a short time to look back over, a long time to look ahead to!—then our High school began: not that those in town particularly wanted one, but that the Commonwealth passed a law making it obligatory. During the first few years, the town appropriated $1,000 to carry on this school; in 1903, between $7,000 and $8,000, and in the past fifty years upwards of $250,000. I do not make comparisons, for it is always unfair to compare the son with the father, conditions have so changed. Everything has so changed in the last fifty years that one now lives in an entirely different world from that in which his father lived.

Now to hark back fifty years; at that time (1853) the writer being twenty-six years of age, remembers well and knew personally many of the men who walked our streets. Who were they? In Washington Square I see Mr. Elias Richards, John W. Loud, Nathaniel Blanchard, Asa B. Wales, Amos White, Gilman Thompson and John O. Foye; on Front street, Major Elias Hunt, Atherton N. Hunt, Charles E. Hunt, Richard A. Hunt and Elbridge G. Hunt; on Summer street, the Nashes:—all active men in their prime.

Fifty years ago was our first meeting in the Town Hall, then just completed. Noah Vining was chairman of the Board of Selectmen, with Atherton N. Hunt and Samuel French, 2d; Oran White was our Town Clerk, who served for many years, being a good man whom all liked to meet. Cotton Bates

was our pleasant Collector of taxes. He was a character. Well do I remember him; coming into the shoe shop and finding a seat empty, he would put his hand on it and say, "The nest is warm, the bird is not far away," and then quietly sit down to wait for the delinquent, who was short of money to pay his taxes. For all his being a tax collector, every one greeted him pleasantly.

The School Board in 1853 was Reverends Joshua Emery, Jr., Edmund S. Potter, James S. Terry and William M. Harding. They may have been somewhat narrow in their views, but they were at least all educated men, suited for their position.

The men from the north part of the town that I remember at town meeting in the new Town Hall in 1853 were Elias Beals, the Torreys, the Cleverlys, and not the least, the old Selectman, Squire James Humphrey. From the east were the Bicknells, the Canterburys, Henry Loud, and my old friend John P. Lovell. From Lovell's corner came Abner Holbrook, a large man for so small a corner. I remember him as our Representative, with Daniel Dyer, in the Know-nothing times, and also as a pleasant companion in Orphan's Hope Lodge. From the south part came the Whites, the Torreys, the Vinings and the Thomases. Of all that I have mentioned only one man, Mr. Henry Loud, is alive to-day (Nov. 2, 1906). Keeping a country store, he used to come into my brother's store on Central street, Boston, and buy women's gaiters and slippers of the writer.

Of the men who had charge of our town affairs in those years few got other than a district school education except the School Committee, the clergymen aforementioned.

Gymnastics was a word unknown when these men went to school. Of "sprinting" they had enough, chasing the old brindle cow home from pastures far away. Then what better exercise for preparing the boys' arms for their future work as

carpenters, blacksmiths or shoemakers, than by cutting and sawing the winter's wood, and what better riding-school than astride the old kicking mare, plowing the field for corn? Then the rod held its sway; whoever disobeyed got a thrashing. The school-master ruled supreme with his rod. How different to-day, when the boy is so coddled!

It is my habit, when I meet one of the High school boys, to inquire about the books he has under his arm. He shows them to me, and I find a Latin Grammar, Livy or other classic. I ask the boy what he intends to do in after-life, and he tells me he does not know. "Well," I say, "why spend your time on this stuff?" He says it is the course prescribed for the High school; and so it is, and the boy is taught superficially for four years. And, further, the knowledge he has gained in the Grammar school is mostly obliterated, — his arithmetic, his grammar, and his spelling, — the foundations of a business life. And a business life is what every boy should learn, if he wants success.

By success I mean the art of getting money in an honorable way; for notwithstanding what the Bible says, without money we are as nothing in this world. In continuing, I will say the better the boy is grounded in his Grammar-school studies, and the less frills he has from our High school, the more assured is he of wealth, the lodestone of the world. The young man will find, when he enters the business world, that he will be rated in Dunn or Bradstreet, not by the virtues he has, but by the dollars he has in the bank.

The High school has undoubtedly been the means of taking our young men from our village. The boy who understands the classics from his four years' study cannot but feel superior, and want a better occupation than his father has. Instead of following in his father's footsteps, he spreads his wings and flies to town, to get the benefit of his great attainments in some dry-goods store, ribbon store, banker's, lawyer's or

broker's office, as a clerk to work behind the desk or counter, or run errands.

Walking the streets last summer, I met a friend who is a great enthusiast on the High school. He told me that he would not hire a boy for his ribbon store were he not a graduate of a High school. This I felt was encouraging. To-day in our village the greater part of the business is in the hands of the older folk, who graduated from our district schools many years ago. The beautiful Library and Opera House in South Weymouth did not originate from a classical education, but from pluck and energy, and a knowledge of the sort which a common Grammar school gives.

Our village has much natural beauty with the great Weston's Park in its center. This Park is not half appreciated; no town about has anything to compare with it. Now, surrounded with a fine iron fence and cleaned up of brushwood, it is a picture to admire, and the Westons should be thanked in that they put up no tight board fence to shut out the pleasant view. We have no great shoe factories in our midst, consequently no labor troubles. We were fortunate to have the great ship-building plant go to Quincy. If all the great manufacturing plants can be kept on the Braintree and Quincy side of the Monatiquot, so much the better for Weymouth, for the time will assuredly come when Quincy will be annexed to Boston; then Weymouth, a suburb of Greater Boston, will be a most beautiful residential section. "Everything comes to him who waits." We will hope.

My son being a book collector, receives many catalogues from the auction sales, where libraries are always being sold. Books can be found at these sales which can be obtained nowhere else, — such as town histories, genealogies, etc. Of these we always buy if possible, and by so doing have quite a number of town histories, such as the histories of Plymouth, Duxbury, Bridgewater, Scituate, Braintree. We lately came

into possession of the History of the Town of Hingham, in four large volumes. Having failed to get this work in Hingham, my son obtained it at an auction sale in New York. In this History of Hingham two volumes are devoted to the genealogies of the families of the town, and two to the general history. The people of Hingham are fortunate in having men who could do this work so satisfactorily.

Now Weymouth has no written history excepting Gilbert Nash's Historical Sketch of Weymouth, though the town is the second settlement in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. It is true we have it in scraps, like what I read in my paper last week: "A writer on capital punishment mentioned Weymouth as the first place in Massachusetts where a man was hanged for murder." Think of it! Samuel Butler's "Hudibras" is the authority. A good, able man, a shoemaker, kills an Indian. The Indians, in reprisal, require that a white man should be hanged. The only mender of shoes could not be spared, but the settlers having a sick, bedridden man, of no manner of use in the Colony, took him from his bed and hanged him, and the redskins and colonists were both satisfied.

The history of Weymouth, well written, would be one of the most fascinating of books. There hangs so much of mystery and uncertainty around the pioneer settlement that a good writer can make a mighty interesting book concerning the old town in the far away days, full of traditions of the Weston Colony. On one side were the staid Pilgrim Fathers, liberal withal; while just across the Monatiquot was Morton's Merry Mount, an Episcopal company, no doubt doing as they had done in the May days of Old England; then towards Boston and Salem were the bigoted Puritans. It would be a hard task to begin, but I imagine as one goes on it would become a great and greater pleasure.

The conclusion of Charles Francis Adams's Address before the Weymouth Historical Society in October, 1904, is far

more interesting than its beginning. What Mr. Adams tells us of the past one hundred years and more, is like thrashing out old straw and finding little grain. Mr. Adams's book, "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," telling of our colonial life, may be found in our Tufts Library. This book is a most interesting work, which all should read, as it tells of the lives of our grandfathers back to the first settlement of Weymouth and Braintree. What Mr. Adams tells of our wars, our "unpreparedness," and the loss of life from such conditions, how true! Do we not all know this? So many remember our Civil War, and so many more the great scare in our last Spanish affair, when some moved from Boston to the country, and torpedoes were planted in Boston harbor.

Charles Francis Adams is interesting when talking of the past,—the past of Weymouth, but not of the past sixty years. Sometimes a thing is taken for granted from the one telling it. I fear it is thus with many of our people who listened to Mr. Adams. He tells us that Weymouth was like other towns,—say, for instance, Quincy, the town in which Mr. Adams was born,—and he seems to judge and compare Weymouth with Quincy. Now, there could be nothing so unlike as Weymouth and Quincy. In Quincy the folks were mostly of those who worked in the quarries, and those who ran the stone sloops,—outside of the Quincys, the Millers and the Adamses, who always held themselves aloof from their towns-people. In Weymouth the men were shoemakers, who in their workshops talked over the events of the times, and in politics were educated. In the olden times the shoemaker was the educated man of the village. In Quincy the men were strong but uneducated.

Following, Mr. Adams tells of the gross intemperance within his remembrance. Mr. Adams knows of the intemperance there was in Quincy. The writer, some ten or fifteen years older than Mr. Adams, remembers little of intemperance in

our Weymouth village in his boyhood, — nothing as compared with that of Quincy, where Mr. Adams tells of the number of drunken men who sat about the postoffice there. It may have been true of Quincy, but it is not true of Weymouth. I remember when Mr. Wales, the hotel-keeper, on being appointed postmaster, had to erect a building for the postoffice, as our folks objected to having the postoffice in the hotel. No; Quincy, by which Mr. Adams seems to judge all of our towns, was very unlike our clean New England village of Weymouth Landing.

As I write, there comes to mind a grand party held at George French's, in Quincy, fifty-odd years ago. At that time the Town Hall had just been built, with a bridge across to the hotel. The dance was in the Town Hall, but the supper was in the hotel. I remember well those who were there,— the Whites, the Hardwicks, the Williamses, the Curtises, and the Faxons. That was what one would call "a gay old time." It was the only time I cared to get into so gay a company. In this company there were no Quincys, no Millers, no Adamses; no, not one, — they were strangers in their own town.

Then, again, from what Mr. Adams says, Quincy must have been strangely illiterate. Of Weymouth he says that he fancies the first daily papers came here about 1850. Nothing shows better how little Mr. Adams knows of our village. If one will turn to page 65 in Mr. Adams's life of his father, "American Statesmen Series," he will read of the number of newspapers more than sixty years ago. The Advertiser, 1813; the Courier, 1824; the Transcript, 1830; the Post, 1831; the Atlas, 1832; the Journal, 1833; and the Traveller, 1845,— all daily papers. All of these papers came into the Landing. Why should Mr. Adams make this foolish statement that no daily papers came into Weymouth until nigh twenty years after they were published? Mr. Adams judges all towns by Quincy, that he lived in, or by what people have told him.

In the 'forties and the 'fifties Weymouth was far in advance of the neighboring towns. It was the headquarters of the Abolitionists, who did so much to educate our people, bringing in men like Garrison, Parker, Phillips, Pillsbury, and others. It was in our Weymouth shoe shops that the battle was fought between the Abolitionists and the anti-slavery men. I believe that in 1850 the folks of the village took daily papers, and were better read in politics than they are to-day.

Mr. Adams tells us of the great epoch, so far-reaching, which came at the opening of the South Shore Railroad in 1849. He describes this as a revolution in life, occupation, education, religion, and thought. This date marks the dividing line between the Weymouth of the provincial period and the Weymouth of to-day. In his common-place and common-sense way, the writer regards Mr. Adams's remarks upon this as simply a flight of oratory that a public speaker sometimes assumes to impress his hearers.

Mr. Adams has the same hallucination that others have had about the once commercial Weymouth. Weymouth never had extensive commerce, other than the packets going to and coming from Boston. It was an agricultural town. The "Iron works" that one is continually told of, in colonial times, was a crude affair, ore being taken from some of the meadows and in "Old Ark" pasture, but never enough to make it a paying business. It was enough for folks to tell of, and no doubt, as in much history, the fiction will be taken for fact.

Finally, Mr. Adams tells us of the bad habits of our ancestors. In speaking of the past an old gentleman once said, "If one saw a drunken man lying by the street, it would not be safe to kick him, for he might be your grandfather." If the old gentleman had been a person I had respected less, I would have replied, "He may have been your grandfather, but not mine." And still out of this past have come our greatest

statesmen, our greatest writers, our greatest divines. I sometimes think it is the rough and tumble of life that gives us the best results.

"What can an old man do but die?"

Many things. Years ago my sister used to sing this sad refrain. I was a boy then; now I am an old, old man in years but not in heart. An old man wants three things; having them, he can live happily, with as much enjoyment, and perhaps more, than in the long years before, for his cares and troubles are mostly behind him.

The first to have is an old wife, — one who has lived with him fifty years or more. She knows him thoroughly, and keeps him clean in heart as well as in person. There is nothing like an old wife — the bride of his youth.

Next, the old man wants a dog. Senator Vest has told of the love of a dog for his master that endureth through life. I sometimes think of the friends that have proven false — an old man has many — but never his dog. He is always true and loving, in poverty and in riches, in hovel or in palace.

Then the old man wants a little money in the bank, for, notwithstanding the Bible saying that the love of money is the root of all evil, one is poor indeed who has none. For as Poor Richard said: "Now I have a cow and sheep, my neighbors say 'Good morning.'" True, it is said that money hath wings and will fly away; but when the promoter and stock-broker come and sing their siren songs, chop off the wings!

Now, when the old man has these three things — the old wife, the old dog, and a little money in the bank — he can, if managed right, live long and happily.

Then to keep young, one wants to be interested in growing things, trees, shrubs and plants. The more difficult the kind to grow, the better, for one's interest then becomes keen. There is nothing so hard to grow as roses, and nothing so

beautiful. When one gets interested in rhododendrons, they require as much care as a young baby, for, like the baby, they must be coddled from spring to fall, and from fall to spring. Then the chances are that you will lose a part; but when they are in bloom they repay you for all the trouble.

Next to have is what few seldom have, that our fathers always had,—a good garden to grow all the vegetables. One who has not planted peas, beans, corn, tomatoes and potatoes, and other garden vegetables, can never know the pleasure of watching the seed sprout and grow to maturity, and then the pleasure of gathering the fruit of one's toil; and, again, the pleasure of having enough to give to one's good neighbors who have no land for a garden.

An old man can enjoy all of this, and more; for when it gets cold out of doors, he wants a snug room, with his desk and easy-chair, surrounded by his books, the very best of companions, in the warm and comfortable house. Here he can travel the world over in the best of company. Now he goes with Captain Cook around the world, or again with Lewis and Clarke across the continent to the Pacific, and so on. When the man is old, nothing can quite take the place of a good library close by his hand. Then he wants a few friends to come in of a night, and enjoy his books with him. Few care anything about good books.

Last, and by no means least, the old man wants to prepare his last resting-place, his headstone ready with name upon it, for we see every day around us how soon one is forgotten after death. This I realize on my visits to the village Cemetery, where, walking about, I find so many unmarked graves of those I once knew. A glowing obituary costs little and passes away with the newspaper in which it is printed; much better is a plain slate headstone which will last for years. Yes, this is one of the things that an old man should see to, and not put it off.

Now I have not told one-half that an old man may do other than die, but enough to show that there is much happiness in life for the old. There is another side not so pleasant. When the old man goes over the past, his memory taking him back, the sad, sad thing is how few friends, of those he has helped most and those he has trusted in most, have proved true. He can well say, "Save me from my friends, for from them all trouble comes." His enemies he knows; his friends, never.

I will now tell what a young man can do to live. The young man is an unknown quantity; the old man we know, for his life is all in the past. What I write is from my own experience; of course others may see differently. As I see the boys passing through the streets coming from school, they put me in mind of so many pollywogs in my pond. They go hither and thither, without aim or thought; they run here and there, throw a stone at this and that, and I have no peace of mind until they are out of sight. This is the boy yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Now, the young man of to-day is so different from the young man of my boyhood, — seemingly having everything that he desires. As I see him, he wears his little pancake cap, and if one of the older boys, why he wears a swagger coat. How unlike the days of my boyhood, when the boys wore the trousers of their fathers, turned about and turned up, with their Bonaparte hats of sealskin! How happy the boy of to-day, and how happy the boy of other days!

Now, it is the boy of to-day, with all his superior advantages, that I am to tell what to do. He is now in the Grammar school, and his studies are arithmetic, reading, spelling and grammar, and in time, if of ordinary ability, he will know these studies well. History and geography are of no account, for history he can read at any time, and geography changes every day. Yesterday the Philippines were Spanish, and so was Cuba. You can study geography out of our daily papers.

A good knowledge of arithmetic, reading, spelling and grammar is the foundation upon which the boy must build.

In the meantime the young man must determine what he will do in the future; will he have a profession, will he have a business life? He cannot make up his mind too early in this matter. Gov. Boutwell says that he studied law when in the Grammar school, "before he had even seen a lawyer." He succeeded because he loved what he undertook, and this is the main thing in choosing a profession. An old friend said to me in late years: "Edmund, you never did any work." "What," said I, "never did any work? Who worked harder?" "No," said he, "you always loved what you had to do."

The young man beginning life and desiring a political career, say from the little town School-board to a Representative to Congress, had better study law; for never mind what Poor Richard says,—"God works wonders now and then," and "Behold! a lawyer and an honest man;" "Law is an easy road to an easy berth;" — to the young man who has the ambition to be a successful lawyer, I would say, study the autobiography of Gov. Boutwell.

Then, again, the young man may choose the medical profession. In this profession there is a great opportunity for a studious man, for there are many degrees,—allopathy, homoeopathy, Christian Science, and so on *ad infinitum*.

At a meeting of Christian Scientists one member told this: "When the doctor came full of trouble, bilious, and despondent, the patient died; on the other hand, when the doctor came with a cheery smile and a happy 'Good morning,' the patient lived, despite of his pills." So of all things the doctor must be equipped with a pleasant countenance, that cheers and does not depress, and have an abundance of good stories that will get the sick one out of himself.

To encourage the young man, I will say one of the most notable and able men raised in Weymouth was Dr. William C.

B. Fifield, son of old Dr. Noah Fifield, whom I knew so well. In times past, if one boy in the family was not particularly healthy,— say, in a bilious state,— this one was given a better education and prepared for the ministry. This has been unfortunate for the ministry, for if any profession needs a strong man it is that in which the man has to bear and forbear.

Years ago our clergyman was settled for life. He owned his house, planted trees about, and had his garden. He knew there he was to live and there he was to die. It was so with Dr. Storrs of Braintree. He seemed, and was, the greatest man in the village. So it was with Rev. Jonas Perkins, our good minister.

> "Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
> And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismayed,
> The reverend champion stood; at his control,
> Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
> Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
> And his last faltering accents whispered praise."

This was the old pastor who christened, married, and comforted in their last moments all in the village.

After the young man has his education as a lawyer, doctor or clergyman, he must locate out of town. For one is not without honor save in his own country. This is brought to my mind from knowing that all of our lawyers, doctors and clergymen came from out of town.

No, young man, unless you want to live a life of self-denial, do not become a minister. It has been the writer's good fortune to have the acquaintance of many clergymen, and they have been among my best friends for many years.

Of the young preacher Poor Richard says:

> "Our youthful teacher see, intent on fame,
> Warmth to gain souls? No, 'tis to gain a name.
> Behold his hands displayed, his body raised,
> With what a zeal he labors — to be praised:
> Touched with the weakness which he doth arraign."

Now I have told of the professions, either of which the young man may choose. But who supports these professions — the lawyer, doctor, clergyman — for they are all non-producers? They are like the lilies of the field.

This is what the young man can do, better than to choose a profession. On leaving the Grammar school he can go to some manufactory as a workman, study up all that one can get hold of relating to the business, and work for no one longer than he can help. Drive a push-cart rather than work for another. I am tired when I see men content all their days to work for an employer, and be an underling, subject to the whims of an employer — to-day work, to-morrow none.

Having told what a young man can do after leaving school, I will now tell what he should not do, if he wants success in business. I am now talking to the young man.

First, I would advise him to eschew secret societies, not from anything bad, but that they will take his mind from things of more importance. A lodge-room is a pleasant place, to be avoided by a young man. Then the club-room and the card-room; never mind if your mother plays, do not play yourself. Billiards is a fascinating game that has led many a young man into trouble from bad associations. In fact a young man should love his business or profession as he loves his sweetheart before marriage. Given this love, and he will succeed. "A good wife and good health is man's good wealth."

In my readings I came across the doings in the quaint town of Utopia, but not Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." As they are so different from the ways and doings in our town, I will tell of them. In Utopia there were no Democrats nor Republicans recognized, but all came together to work for the best interests of the town. Each candidate chosen at the caucus for town office was required to have his portrait printed in the town paper, and a short sketch of his life, showing that he was native-born or otherwise. In each ward-room was a large

frame, in compartments, to hold pictures or photographs of the candidates to be voted for. This frame was a permanent fixture of the ward-room. Printed on each compartment was simply "Town Clerk," "Treasurer," and so on. I saw that this was a good scheme, for not long ago I mixed up the Assessor of the east with the Selectman of the south part of the town, although both were strangers to me. The ways of Utopia, if used in our town, would obviate all this trouble. In Utopia no one can be a Selectman unless over fifty years of age and without business, for I learn from what I read that a man will look after his own business first. The story of Utopia tells that if one depends on his towns-people for trade, or for a living, he cannot be independent; for it is human for him to protect himself, and he must cross no one.

There were but three Selectmen in this town of Utopia, and each was paid a yearly salary sufficient for his needs, so that his whole time could be devoted to the service of the town. It was the rule in Utopia that no Assessor should be eligible unless he were a man of property, holding real estate in the town. To the writer this seemed to be as it should be. The School Board, to be eligible, were required to pass an examination in the various studies of the schools. This seemed proper to the writer; otherwise, when the boy recites Latin, it will be Greek to the School Board.

In reading over the doings of this quaint town, there are many things that come in as a reminder, and it seems as though they had passed through many things that have come across us in our own town. There no man is eligible to the office of Selectman if he owns a gravel-pit, or even a horse and cart. This the writer thinks is going too far, but so it was in Utopia. They had passed through the loam and gravel age, and are now in the stone age, having now stone-crushers and plenty of stone to crush. Their roads are good in Utopia. I hope to see this in our town soon.

In reading over what I have written of Utopia, I find I have omitted one of the requisites for Selectman. It is that in contradistinction from the Assessor, he shall hold no real estate. To the writer this seemed very strange; but on hearing the reasons for this requirement, he was satisfied it was a just one. The writer was told that years ago the Selectman who owned land by a road was in favor of having the road wider, so that he could sell a lot of worthless land for a good price to the town.

The High school had been abolished in Utopia; this also I could not understand until it was explained to me. These were the reasons given. It had been found, after forty years' experience, that this High school was a failure. The writer was told that the scholar who had gone through the Grammar school, and secured a good knowledge of reading, spelling, arithmetic and grammar, suitable for his wants as a business man in after-life, was then sent to the High school for four years, to take a classical course of Latin, Greek and French, and more of the like. This was found to obliterate all the scholar had learned in the Grammar school, and the very learning he was to use through life. This was emphasized in a neighboring town where High school scholars could not pass examinations as letter carriers. After doing away with the High school, the Grammar school was given more thought and raised to a higher grade, so that the scholar obtained all the knowledge required for a business education.

I have sometimes thought what the world would be, had the mothers their wishes, and all the boys graduated with high degrees as professors, ministers, doctors, lawyers, and judges. Who is to care for these non-producers? The town of Utopia thought the business men must, and so had done away with its useless High school. Now this may look very strange that a town should abolish the High school, but in Utopia they said they had good reason for this action.

In that town there are but two churches, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant, and both are large, beautiful stone churches. The Protestants have all united, throwing aside their little differences and are now gathered in one church. Where they once had a half dozen, poor struggling parishes, now they have one grand assembly. To the writer this was the best thing in Utopia, for he could never think of Heaven as divided up into small parishes to suit the different denominations. What they have done in this town of Utopia has a great attraction to the writer.

In the town that I am telling of, there is a beautiful library building given to the town by one of its wealthy business men. Having done away with the High school, this library had on its shelves all of the old classic authors from Chaucer to Shakespeare, and all of the translations from Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Spanish, Italian, German, etc.

Here the boy came after his graduation from the Grammar school and finished his education, if so inclined. In this library were all the histories from Hume to Lingard, and from Macaulay to Green. In the writer's opinion Lingard's "History of England from the Roman Catholic View" is equal if not superior to Hume, and is much referred to by Green, Knight and others. In Utopia there was always a full edition of the author's works on the shelves. This is as it should be. The boy reads De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe." How many know that he wrote a dozen books besides, all "lies," except his "True-born Englishman"? The same is true of Cooper, Irving, Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, although perhaps forgotten as soon as read, but they served their purpose in passing off many a dull hour. This Utopian library, to the writer, seemed to be a model library, and many of its ways might well be followed to the advantage of other libraries.

Last Sunday I was walking down Front street admiring the elms beside the road and the beautiful arch they form, so like

a grand cathedral. That man is to be pitied who has no love for the beautiful, who has never planted a tree, nor watched its growth from a puny sapling to the sturdy elm or oak. On my place are two great elms which I planted thirty-eight years ago, and both are magnificent specimens. Their ever increasing, spreading branches would allow one hundred to sit in their shade.

No village can show finer elms than ours. A wonderfully fine old elm stands on Front street on the lot belonging to the heirs of the late Mr. John E. Hunt. Another stands by the Richards house in Washington Square. It is said that this tree was planted by the Rev. Mr. Clark, the minister of the old Union Church, who did one good deed in planting this grand tree. A tablet should be placed against it showing that the first minister of the village planted it.

Of all the elms, the grandest is the one standing by the old Cotton Tufts place on Commercial street, near the shore and railroad. I often wonder if it was there when Phineas Pratt traveled through the wilderness to Plymouth to tell the Pilgrims of the danger; was it here when Miles Standish came to the shore of the Monatiquot, — when the Indians dug the clams and ate them seated under the branches of a great tree? I have no doubt that this is the identical tree.

Our trees should be preserved. They are the beauty of our village. Without them we should be ugly indeed. Some of our finest elms by the roadside have been sacrificed by our Selectmen, who upon the application of some person without a thought for the beautiful, ordered the tree cut down, and so it goes, yesterday, to-day, but I pray not forever.

This love of the beautiful may be thought of small account by many, but the memory of Frederick Law Olmstead and Andrew Jackson Downing will live because of the beautiful work they did, while a Rockefeller or a Morgan will soon be forgotten.

Something over forty years ago (1863) an old friend of mine, Mr. David Austin, invited me to go to the grand opera then being performed at the Boston Theatre. As I had never before been to an opera, nor had I been inside of the Boston Theatre, it was an invitation I could not forego. It was an afternoon performance, and I recollect well how, on getting our tickets (costing fifty cents each), we climbed to the third gallery — years ago, in the old Federal-street Theatre, it was called "nigger row."

My old friend, being of the musical "cranks," claimed that the place in this high-up gallery was the best seat in the whole house in which to hear the grand music of the opera. To reach this seat we had to be there early, for there was a great crush, the line often extending from the ticket office to the street.

On this afternoon we listened to "Lucia di Lammermoor," one of the most musical of Donizetti's works, whose airs played about the streets by the Italians, were so familiar. The prima donnas were Medora and Louise Kellogg. This was Miss Kellogg's first season, and she was young and beautiful, and a wonderfully fine singer. Brignoli was the tenor, and Hermans the basso.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" was taken from Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," an "ower true tale." Miss Lucy Ashton, the daughter of Sir William Ashton, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents, to Lord Ravenswood, who was not acceptable to them on account of his political opinions or lack of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner. It was said that the young lady imprecated dreadful evils upon herself should she break her plighted faith.

Shortly after, a suitor who was favored by Sir William and still more by his Lady, paid his addresses to Miss Ashton. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on

the subject confessed her secret engagement. Lady Ashton, a woman accustomed to universal submission, treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, Hayston of Bucklaw.

The first lover, Ravenswood, a man of high spirit, interfered by letter and insisted on the right he had by his plighted troth to the young lady. As the story goes, Ravenswood demanded an interview with Miss Ashton. Lady Ashton did not refuse this, but took care to be present in person and argued the point with the disappointed lover, and in the end commanded her daughter to return to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold, the emblem of her troth. At this Ravenswood burst forth with a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and left the apartment. As he went, turning to his weak if not fickle mistress, he said, "You, madam, will be a world's wonder,"—a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is implied.

The marriage plans betwixt Lucy Ashton and Bucklaw now went on, the bride being absolutely passive in everything her mother advised. As was then usual, the wedding day was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relatives, but she was the same — sad, silent and resigned as it seemed, to her destiny. The bridal feast was followed by dancing. The bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber.

To prevent any coarse pleasantries it was the custom in those times that the key to the nuptial chamber should be entrusted to the bridesman. He was called upon, but refused to give up the key till the shrieks became so hideous, that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause.

Upon opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, wounded and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for. She was found in the corner of

the large chimney, having but little covering and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, moping and mowing, as we are told; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, "Take up your bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene a little more than a fortnight, dying on the twelfth of September, 1669.

After the tragedy Ravenswood met Colonel Ashton, the son of Sir William Ashton. The two had words, and arranged to meet at the hour of sunrise on the links to the west of Wolf's Hope. Swords were their weapons. Colonel Ashton reached the field early and awaited Ravenswood. The sun had now risen so that he could easily discern a horseman riding towards him. At once the figure became invisible as if it had melted into air. He rubbed his eyes as if he had seen an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Ravenswood's servant, who came from the opposite direction. No trace of horse or rider could be found. The unfortunate horseman had sunk in the quicksand, and the only vestige of his fate was a large, sable feather detached from his hat, wafted to the shore by the rising tide. Ravenswood's old servant, who had followed him, took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick has a delightful essay on Lockhart's "Life of Scott." He says, "One sometimes wonders if a change might not, without hurt, be made in the studies of boys; whether Greek composition, or even solid geometry, — studies rolled upward like a stone, to roll down again at the year's end with a glorious splash in the pool of oblivion — might not be discontinued, and a course of biography put in its stead. Boys should read and read again the biographies of good men. The first two should be Cervantes' "Don Quixote," and Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

In the last of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century the following works were written and pub-

lished, as I find them, in small editions: "Alonzo and Melissa," "Rinaldo-Rinaldina," "Three Spaniards," "Sandford and Merton," "Paul and Virginia," "Castle of Otranto," "Children of the Abbey," "Alonzo the Brave," and "The Monk." These are now rare books and only desired as curiosities, being hard to find except at auction sales. Seventy-five or a hundred years ago these were the books our ancestors read, and elderly folks will easily recall them.

Our first American novelist was Charles Brockden Brown (1771–1810). A beautiful limited edition of his works has recently been published, which I have in my library, but I care little for the weird, mysterious novels of a hundred years ago.

James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851) was our greatest American novelist. Scott, of whom I have already told, was a true romancer, while Cooper was the story teller. Some forty years ago (1865), when looking through the house I afterwards bought, I found a bookcase containing a fine edition of thirty-two volumes of Cooper's novels. These I bought with my house, and it was the beginning of my library which is a good one. For every dollar that it has cost it is worth four. There is money in books, if bought right, as well as good reading.

Cooper, in his younger days, served several years in the United States Navy. The knowledge then acquired was of great help to him in his sea tales. His first novel, "Precaution" gave little satisfaction to the author or pleasure to the reader. Three years later "The Spy" was published. This was perhaps his greatest novel, and it had immediate success.

The scene of "The Spy" was laid about New York city and the surrounding country, during the Revolutionary War. The Royalists were in the majority, and the war was like a civil war. The peddler, Harvey Birch, was the hero — there were few heroines in Cooper. Harvey Birch posed as a Royalist and was many times captured by the Patriots, and many times came near death from hanging, but always at the last

moment he was reprieved by some mysterious power, supposed to be General Washington, by whom he was employed.

"The Spy" was received with doubt by our people, who were then young and must wait for word from across the water in England. There it was received with a popularity equaling Scott's, who was then at the zenith of his success; it ran through many editions in both countries, and spread to the continent. All over Europe it was honored with a greater number of translations and attracted wider admiration than any similar work ever written in English.

With Cooper one could travel the seas over; in "The Pilot" we sail in the "Ariel" with "Long Tom Coffin" through the English Channel, — the pilot John Paul Jones; then we go from Garner's Bay, Long Island, a-hunting for sea-lions in the Antarctic regions; again, we visit the Florida reefs with Jack Tier; now we pass through the Bravo to Venice; now we sail up the Mediterranean in "Le Feu Follet," and over the seas with Miles Wallingford. Best of all, I thought, the "Crater," when we sailed from Philadelphia to the Pacific, and were wrecked on a volcanic island, and Robinson Crusoe-like lived so pleasantly for a short time, until all was changed by a vessel coming in search of us from Philadelphia. With the searching party were a Baptist, a Methodist and a Presbyterian minister, and a lawyer. Before this time there was only an Episcopal minister.

Cooper, a strong Church of England man, could never tolerate any other creed, and not long after the arrival of this importation its consequences became visible. The sectarians began with a thousand professions of brotherly love and a great parade of Christian charity. Indeed, they pretended that they emigrated in order to enjoy a greater degree of religious liberty than there was then to be found in America, where men were divided into sects and thought more of their distinguishing tenets than of the Being they professed to serve.

These men set to work immediately to collect followers and believers of their own peculiar notions.

Parson Hornblower, the Episcopalian, who had hitherto had the ground to himself, now buckled on his armor and took the field in earnest. In order that the sheep of one flock should not be mistaken for the sheep of another, great care was taken to mark each and all with the brand of the sect. One clipped the ears, another smeared the wool, or drew it over the eyes, and so on. In a word, on those remote and sweet islands, which, basking in the sun and cooled by the trades, seemed designed by Providence to sing hymns daily and hourly to their Maker's praise, the subtleties of sectarian faith smothered that humble submission to the divine law, trusting solely to the mediation, and substituting immaterial observances and theories which were more strenuously urged than clearly understood. The devil, in a form of a professor, again entered Eden, and the peak, with so much to raise the soul above the grosser strife of men, was soon ringing with discussions on "free grace," "immersion," "spiritual baptisms," and "the apostolic succession."

The birds sang sweetly as ever, and their morning and evening songs hymned the praise of their Creator as of old; but not so was it with the morning and evening devotions of man. They were all praying at each other. Shortly after the lawyer made his appearance men began to discover they were wronged by their neighbors in a hundred ways which they had never before discovered. Law, which had hitherto been used for the purposes of justice, and for justice only, now began to be used for purposes of speculation and revenge. A virtue was found in it that had never before been suspected of existing in the colony; it was discovered that men could not only make very comfortable livings, but in some cases get rich by the law, — not by its practice but by its practices.

Now came an entirely new class of philanthropists,—men who were ever ready to lend their money to such of the needy as possessed property, taking judgment bonds, mortgages and other innocent securities, which were received because the lenders acted on a principle of not lending without them, or had taken a vow, or made promises to their wives: the end being transfer of title, by which the friend and assistant commonly relieved his dupe of the future care of his property; coming out of the lawyer's hands as the ear of corn from the sheller, nothing but cob.

Unhappily, among those who came was a printer. The press took up the cause of human rights and endeavored to transfer the power of state from the public departments to its own printing office. The people were soon convinced that they had hitherto been living under an unheard-of tyranny, and were weekly invoked to arise in their might and be true to themselves and their posterity. At this point in the narrative the "Crater Truth Teller" could utter its lies as a privileged publication, and the colony having no doctors was remarkably healthy.

Some idea of Cooper can be gathered from this that I have written. Captain Woolston, the hero of this tale, in time sailed for home, and after two or three years, getting tired of the land and curious to know how the folks left on the Crater were getting along, he fitted up a vessel with an assorted cargo, and sailed for the Pacific ocean,—from its latitude and longitude knowing just where to find the Crater. Arriving on the spot he found no island, but a cone rising out of the water, like the summit of a mountain, with one tree upon its top. This bit of land the captain recognized as a part of the Crater, and on taking soundings brought up the skeleton of a goat. The whole island had sunk into the sea, from which it had been thrown ages before by volcanic action. Many years ago I read this story by Cooper, and I still think it one of his best.

My health not being up to its usual standard, gives a mortuary tendency to my thought.

Before the Union Church was organized, the folks in the village buried their dead in the Old North Burying ground. After this church was established, the question came where they could have a Burying ground nearer than the Old North. Deacon Ebenezer Hunt said, "You may have my gravel hill," and so it was used as the Burying ground of the Society until the village Cemetery was laid out.

It is a pleasure to the writer to go through the old Burying ground (Ashwood Cemetery), deserted, unkempt, where the trees and bushes grow as they list, and find here and there some old slate stone in memory of one long forgotten, and decipher the quaint words inscribed. This Hunt Burying-ground is always interesting to me, for here I find what I wish was not, — a lot of old tombs, once filled with many of my ancestors. Had they been buried under the green sward, with good slate headstones, like those standing on the hill above, I could go about and read the names, instead of having to look them up in some genealogy of the family.

A tomb is an uncanny thing; it makes death far more terrible, and it is good that they are going out of fashion. I say fashion, because there is just as much fashion in our new cemeteries as out of them, and the fashion is improving in many ways. The old iron fences and stone curbs have gone out of fashion. I remember wooden fences enclosing the grave of a child in the Hunt Burying ground. Long ago these decayed, and the iron fence is fast following, never to be renewed, I trust.

I wish to emphasize the slate headstones, as those are all we find in the old cemeteries. Slate endures forever, while marble decays and in time crumbles away. In the Hunt Burying ground the slate stones are as good as they were the day they were placed there, but the marble ones have fallen to the

ground. The grave of Nathan W. Dickerman was once marked by a marble headstone bearing a quaint inscription. This stone is broken in many pieces, and not long ago I got down on my knees and, clearing the litter away, read: "Nathan W., son of Nathan and Rebecca Dickerman, born March 26, 1822; died Jan. 2, 1830." In an old book I found the following relating to him: —

This lovely little boy whose memoir, written by Rev. Gorham D. Abbott in one of the issues of the American Tract Society, began to attend the Sabbath school in Hawkins street, Boston, in March, 1827, when he was five years old. The religious instruction he now began to receive deeply affected his mind. To obtain a new heart in order to please God, and enjoy His favor now and forever, became, even at that tender age, the object of his chief desire. It was not, however, till after the lapse of more than two years that his mind settled in a comfortable hope of acceptance in God. In the meantime he was taken with a severe illness, resulting in death.

His religious character was so developed, that it was evident he was taught of God. He was visited Oct. 22, 1829, by the Examining Committee of Dr. Jenks's Church and approved a suitable candidate for admission to that body. On the afternoon of the Sabbath, Nov. 1, 1829, Rev. Dr. Jenks and several members of his church visited Nathan's sick room, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to him. Seldom has such a scene been witnessed on earth; he seemed cheerful and happy.

He declined more and more in health, but continued to give increasing evidence of a gracious state of heart till Jan. 2, 1830, when he died. Dr. Jenks said, "Since I entered the pulpit, now thirty-three years, I have never seen so bright and sweet an exhibition of early and efficient piety."

The broken headstone that I dug out of the dirt and rubbish was to the memory of this boy, whose grave was visited by many from a distance. His memoir can, no doubt, be found to-day in many Sunday School libraries.

The ground in the Hunt burying place seems to be completely filled with graves. Few headstones were used except common wall stones in the early days, so that all record of those buried is lost. The grounds on the hill are now in a sadly dilapidated state, and the bushes and trees, instead of being mowed off each year, should be allowed to grow so as to cover over the ground.

I have lately finished reading the reminiscences of Governor Boutwell and of Senator Hoar. First, I read Boutwell, and his boyhood days of which he tells are very interesting, as they are much like the days I remember seventy years ago. Boutwell was born in the town of Brookline, Jan. 28, 1818. His father was a farmer, and in 1820 removed to Lunenburg, Worcester County, where he became the best farmer in the county.

Young Boutwell went to the district school when five years of age, working on the farm between school hours until his seventeenth birthday, when he left school for good. In 1830 he found employment in the country store in the village, getting his board and clothes and the privilege of attending school in the winter months.

In November, 1834, he accepted the position of a teacher in a district school, his pay being sixteen dollars a month and board. Many of his pupils were advanced in years, and several were older than the schoolmaster. It was thus in the private schools of our village. This was Boutwell's only school teaching.

In February, 1835, he went to Groton to accept a clerkship in a store; that ended in September with the failure of the proprietor. All this time he was studying hard the best writers. At that time the town of Groton was a place of much importance, and the home of men of more than local fame. Timothy Fuller, the father of Margaret Fuller and a lawyer of considerable importance, lived there. His daughter

was a teacher in the Sunday school there, and was accustomed to set forth her opinions with great frankness, and in a style which assumed that they were not open to debate.

Mr. Boutwell says: "In personal appearance Margaret Fuller was less attractive than one might imagine from portraits and engravings now seen. Her ability was recognized, but the celebrity that she finally attained was not anticipated probably by any of her town acquaintances."

Mr. Boutwell began the study of law with Bradford Russell, his office being over the store where he had been a clerk, and here he gave much attention to professional studies. After leaving the Dix store he had been in the employ of Mr. Woods, but in the autumn of 1837 he informed the latter gentleman that he proposed going to Exeter Academy, and either enter college or study law.

Mr. Wood made the proposition to furnish the capital, give one-fourth of the receipts and pay his board. Mr. Boutwell accepted the proposition. He was at this time twenty years of age. Thus was the foundation laid upon which he built so splendidly.

In the "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by George F. Hoar, it seems that the author's lines always fell in pleasant places. It is a most interesting book and could have been written by none other than a happy man full of humor. Senator Hoar tells much of his ancestry and he may well be proud of it, for it was of the best old stock of the country.

The Senator says: "I have never got over being a boy. It does not seem likely I ever shall." This is his greatest charm in all he writes. He was born in the town of Concord — the Concord of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott, and the very center of intellectual life.

On his sixteenth birthday, in 1842, Senator Hoar entered Harvard. Of his life at Harvard and of the noted people he knew there he wrote many chapters. To my son, a graduate

of Harvard, this is far more interesting than to his father who graduated from the district school on Front street.

His autobiography is always interesting, but particularly so when telling of the many notable men he has met, all so pleasantly, save one, Benjamin F. Butler. To this celebrity he gives a long chapter. He tells of him from the beginning to the end, and to the writer this long chapter about Butler is fine reading and true as gospel. From what Senator Hoar tells, Butler was the man who did the most to put him into the Senate. This is as I read it. From some reason Butler had enough influence with President Grant to secure the patronage of the Government offices in Massachusetts, turning out Collector Russell and putting in his henchman, William A. Simmons, much to the disgust of the Republicans of Boston.

At this time Governor Boutwell was our Senator, filling out the unexpired term of Henry Wilson, who had been chosen Vice-president with Grant. Boutwell was put in nomination again, but from his having Butler and Simmons as managers of his campaign, the bitter feeling against them defeated him, and Senator Hoar was chosen to the office he held until his death, Sept. 30, 1904. To the student these autobiographies are invaluable. Governor Boutwell tells the plain facts in a cold way, while Senator Hoar makes all he touches interesting.

Governor Boutwell tells of the Constitutional Convention of 1853,—a gathering of the most notable men that ever came together in Massachusetts. On reading of these times one is convinced that "there were giants in those days."

In the decade of the 'fifties our best books were being written and published. There are no novelists to-day that can compare with the writers of fifty years ago. We have had historians like John Fiske who compare with the best of any period.

Of the novels written, published and read in the 'fifties, I will mention a part of those that I can say with some degree

of pride I have read. Our only Southern poet and novelist of that time that I knew was Wm. Gilmore Simms. His tales are of the Revolution,—"Border Beagles" and "Marion and his Men." Herman Melville's "Typee," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Prescott's "Philip the Second," Motley's "Dutch Republic," Holmes's "Breakfast Table," Parkman's "Oregon Trail." Then from across the water came Sue's "Wandering Jew," Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's," Reynolds's "Life in London," George Sand's "Consuelo," Dickens's "David Copperfield," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," Kingsley's "Ravenshoe," Dumas' "Three Guardsmen," Hugo's "Les Miserables," and many others. When a book is first published it is read, and these I have mentioned came out in the 'fifties.

I sometimes have a young man say to me that the chances for a business life were better years ago than to-day. Now we will see: the business in Weymouth was mostly the shoe business, which was done in a very small way compared with to-day. No one then made any money over living expenses, which were exceedingly small. Wages then paid a good man in the shop were one dollar and twenty-five cents per day,—what I now pay a boy in my factory. One can imagine how hard it was for a man with a large family to get along on seven dollars a week, but this was the average pay.

As I look from my window early in the morning and see young girls hurrying to the train, I think of the years long ago, when all the girl had to do was the housework, helping her mother in the household, and waiting for the young man who would make or mar her life. To-day our factories are filled with women who earn as much as the men. As I look back to the olden times with so few occupations, it seems to have been a hard time indeed: a man with ten or twenty thousand dollars was wealthy. A millionaire was a *rara avis;* few were to be found in New England, where now there are

many; but still, life with all its discomforts seemed better and higher than to-day.

Now, the chances in business are many for the young man with push and ambition. Franklin, with all his knowledge, little knew of the power he had invoked when he coaxed the electric spark from the clouds with his kite, line and key.

Twenty-seven years ago when in Liverpool, I saw for the first time an electric light high up in the air, and I wondered what it was. To-day electricity is the coming power. It sends messages across the ocean; it enables us to talk through the telephone; it drives our cars; it manufactures our chemicals; it makes the mines of Lake Superior a source of great wealth from the copper required for the construction of our electric roads; and it lights our houses, factories and streets. To those who lived fifty years ago, what a wonderful thing!

There are thousands and tens of thousands of men in the factories manufacturing electrical appliances, building roads and employed on the cars. In this work is the grand chance for the young man, — electrical engineering, — for it is the power that will move the earth in time. Where there was one chance for the young man fifty years ago there are fifty now, and yesterday was the best day we have ever seen.

About 1880 the first fire-cracker was made in this country. Previous to this time they were all made in China. These fire-crackers were charged with a crude kind of gunpowder, of which the Chinese were the first manufacturers.

Some years ago the missionaries in this country had a great and increasing demand for Bibles, which was very satisfactory, the missionaries thinking that the conversion of the Chinese was at hand; but it was not so, for these heathen Chinese were converting these Bibles into fire-crackers. They then sent the crackers back to this country to plague the good people who want a quiet Fourth of July.

Some five years later, the writer began the manufacture of fire-crackers, but not before he made a thorough diagnosis, and this was what he arrived at: that so long as boys and girls are born into the world, and there is a Fourth of July in the North, and a Christmas in the South, fire-crackers will be in demand. There are some exceptions to this, but they only prove the rule.

After this diagnosis, the writer concluded to make the manufacture of fire crackers his business, and he made no mistake. I quote from Edmund Burke, who hits the case exactly: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

Some seventy years ago Weymouth, more particularly Weymouth Landing, was noted for its fine musical talent. There were several families prominent, among whom were the Nashes and Frenches of the eastern part of the town, and the Hunts and Cushings of the Landing. Others were Thomas Webb and John Wildes, both of the best in music. We have had none since, equalling those of whom I write.

My father had two brothers, Ebenezer and William, both good musicians; one the President and the other the Vice-president of the famous old choir of the Union Church. William left a family, and not one of them of any musical ability, while Ebenezer Hunt's family were of exceptional musical talent. The Cushings were a branch of the Hunt family, and inherited their love of music from the Hunts.

Now with the generations following, all the musical genius went out; it is hard to find a Hunt who can sing to-day, and

there are very few musicians among them. This shows the decadence of music in our village. In the old days every family party was a musical gathering; now it is — what? A club; and the question is not, "What is the key?" but "What's trumps?"

I think there has always been a musical organization in this village until some twenty years ago, usually connected with the Union Church, but of this I can say but little. Sometime about 1876, perhaps a little later, a Choral Society was organized, with Elias Richards as President, and we met in the office connected with his house. Captain Andrews Lane was sent out to get the minds of the people of the village, and from the start the organization was a success. The meetings were held in Clapp's Hall on Sunday nights. Nothing ever came into our village which gave the pleasure of these rehearsals, and nothing certainly could have been more elevating. Our singers and orchestra came from all the neighboring villages and towns. It was true, however, that a few good singers would not join us, as they had scruples about its being right to praise God in song on Sunday nights.

Our great good fortune in this undertaking was in having a thorough musician, Charles Henry Webb, for our director. Mr. Webb was the son of Asa Webb, one of our best people, who lived in the old Arnold house, now the home of the Cowings. I might say Mr. Webb was a conductor; his whole life was devoted to music, and he was always at his best when talking of his favorite theme. When a part faltered in our rehearsals, he instantly took it up and sang it, thus showing how it should be done. He was the soul and inspiration of these rehearsals. Mr. Webb now sleeps with his fathers in the Old North Cemetery.

Our first violin was Mr. George Lincoln, a good musician; we were fortunate in having his services, for he had studied under the best masters and was at home in the music which we used.

A young man, a mere boy, Louis E. Tilden, presided at the piano, and was very efficient. His part was never missing. In after-years he became one of our best musicians, and a fine organist, but to-day he is numbered with the choir above.

Leander Curtis, from Abington, played the double bass viol, and his coming was awaited with pleasure. He was one of the few skilled players in our orchestra, and a companion of mine in the old Weymouth Band twenty-five years before. Mr. Curtis had made a study of his instrument, and no one about here excelled him. He was a born gentleman, a man whom it was a favor as well as a pleasure to know. On his way here from Abington he picked up Mr. Lorin Stetson, another old Band associate, whom I had known for many years. Mr. Stetson played the cornet, having had a large experience with that instrument.

Mr. Curtis brought with him at times Mr. Derby, of South Weymouth, a fine clarinet player; Henry Kelley, who played the second violin, and Dr. Saville, a good 'cello player.

From East Weymouth we awaited the team that brought William Raymond, David Lincoln, Samuel Denton, and sometimes our finest baritone singer, Frank Porter; and last, but by no means least, Augustus Tirrell.

Mr. Raymond played the oboe in our orchestra. I had known him many years before. He and his brother Robert were among the first members of the old Band. In his quiet, pleasant ways, Mr. Raymond resembled Mr. Curtis. He is still living (1906) at his home in East Weymouth.

David Lincoln played the second violin. He was a true lover of music, and it was his pleasure to be at every rehearsal, and ours to greet him each week.

Samuel Denton played the trombone. I had known him some years before. When going to New York on the Sound steamers, I would meet him playing in Jim Fiske's fine Band. Mr. Denton was an expert on his instrument, few excelling

him. Frank Porter was one of our solo singers, and who ever sang better than he?

To the writer, I think Augustus Tirrell was the most interesting member of this orchestra. He played the viola. In truth, I was always afraid of him; it seemed as if his eye was always upon me, watching for a discordant sound. As I remember him, he seemed the most enthusiastic and the most interested of any one in the orchestra. He not only played his own part, but appeared to keep his eye on every other.

From Hingham sometimes came Mr. George Lincoln's father, who played the flute, and Mr. Morris Whiton, who was a fine singer and was always welcome.

Another, whose coming from Hingham gave all much pleasure, was Mrs. Chauncey Cushing, formerly Miss Sarah Loud, of East Weymouth. I can see the smile with which our conductor always greeted Mrs. Cushing, for they were kindred spirits in music.

From South Weymouth came, sometimes, Miss Annie Dean. Whoever heard her sing "He was despised and rejected of men," will never forget it.

From Quincy came Mr. Barker and Mr. Webb, a nephew of our conductor. Mr. Barker played the 'cello, and in after-years I met him in many yacht races of the "Opeeche *vs.* Posy."

From Braintree came Nathaniel Hunt, whose father played the double bass in the old choir seventy years ago. With him came Abijah Allen and his two sons. My good friend and relative, Mr. Hunt, attempted the French horn in our orchestra, but its difficulties he never overcame. Sixty years ago I played with Mr. Allen in our Weymouth Band. He sometimes attempted the oboe, and once played that instrument in the "Seasons," where the grasshopper comes in, and his solo brought down the house.

The President of our society, Elias Richards, was at this time quite an old man. He was a talented musician in his

younger days, and was an early member of the old Weymouth Band. He also taught a singing school for years. His wife, formerly Elizabeth Hunt, was the finest soprano we have ever had in our village.

In the early autumn Mr. Richards called together a committee to arrange the work for the winter. They were Richard A. Hunt, Francis H. Tilden, Dana Smith, George Lincoln, Captain Andrews Lane, my brother N. F. T. Hunt, my son Russell, and myself. We all seemed like boys compared with Mr. Richards, who was always cool, quiet and self-possessed.

There were as many minds concerning the music to be used as there were people in the old office. One thought nothing so good as "Elijah;" another thought there was no music like the "Creation" or "Moses in Egypt," and so on. Finally everything would be harmonized, Mr. Richards saying but little, yet he evidently held the helm and guided the craft.

Richard A. Hunt was, long before this time, a fine musician and led the choir in the Union Church. Francis H. Tilden was another of the good singers in this choir, and had a large experience as a singer and teacher. Although more than eighty years of age, he is still interested in music, and is one of the few living who can talk with me about the affairs of the olden times. Darius Smith came from musical stock. He and I were boys together, but I saw little of him until we were old men.

The next one of whom I wish to speak is Captain Andrews Lane, who did more to hold the Choral Society together than either of the others whom I have mentioned, and was interested in finding new members.

My brother, N. F. T. Hunt, was a musical enthusiast, his favorite instrument being the bassoon, on which he became very proficient. He played in a Boston orchestra as well as in Weymouth. My sons, Russell and James, were amateur

players on the 'cello and violin. Last in this orchestra was myself, playing the French horn.

Among our good chorus singers were the late Theodore P. Willey, William Blanchard, George E. Porter, Mrs. Auburn Sterling, Miss Susan Richards, and Mrs. Eleanor Holmes.

THE GREAT SHIP CANAL.

WEYMOUTH, February 1, 1925.

Yesterday was a great day for Weymouth. It was the opening of the Great Ship Canal from the Monatiquot to Narragansett Bay. What a strange sight to see the procession of vessels of all kinds, including steamers, steam and electric launches, sailing vessels and tow-boats, making their way through this great and wonderful waterway! Now they pass the great hills and sail by the deep valleys, through Randolph and Brockton, Bridgewater and Taunton.

From the time the first pick picked and the first shovel shoveled in this gigantic waterway, what a change has come over the little village of Weymouth Landing. Those who had for years been land poor were now land rich. What numbers of people have recently come to our borders to have a share in the prosperous times now before us! Already steps have been taken to form the Monatiquot International Trust Company, so much needed to take the place of the old Union National Bank which became extinct more than twenty years ago. New blood has come into the place, and with it new capital.

Weymouth of the past is gone — the Weymouth that we read little of in history except its poor beginning in 1623. The Weymouth of the ill-fated Weston Colony, of the unfortunate Phineas Pratt travelling through the trackless forest to Plymouth in mid-winter, and of doughty Captain Miles Standish coming here to slay the savages; of these things history

always tells us, and then nothing more until Butler gave us his Hudibras story of poor deluded Weymouth.

Some ten years ago the city of Quincy became a part of Greater Boston, and Weymouth as a suburb has recently had built a large number of fine mansions. Real estate has had a great boom. North Weymouth, some twenty years ago a quiet little village, is already considering the advantages of annexation to Greater Boston.

No one who left Weymouth twenty years ago would, upon returning, recognize our Landing. Great storehouses have been built for the cargoes *en route* from foreign lands. As a commercial centre Weymouth will supply all the South Shore towns. Our wharves are much larger than they were seventy years ago, before the days of the Old Colony railroad. Washington Square has completely changed. The old buildings that traveled from one side of the street to the other are all gone, excepting the old Arnold house which was but recently purchased by the Daughters of the American Revolution and fitted up with relics of the olden times.

Prosperity has come at last to the old town where years ago some of our streets seemed almost deserted; from such prosperity families that were running out are now on the increase, a condition impossible in the poor old days when work was scarce and wages were low. What a happy change is this, for had nothing come to improve our business conditions, the old families would have completely gone out, and a strange race would have come in to occupy their places.

The old Town hall, built more than seventy years ago was recently burned, and now it is proposed to build a grand one in the business centre, worthy of the town. Our young people desire to make a city out of the old town, but from the strong conservative element this movement has made little headway. The schools that were so full of "fads" twenty years ago remain the same, except that new "fads" have been devised

to take the place of the forgotten "fads" of twenty years ago.

The churches have little changed. They still struggle along. The Episcopalians have recently erected a beautiful stone church — an ornament to the village and a monument to the unremitting labors of its Rector.

Of the millions required to build this Great Ship Canal, a good part stopped on its borders, and where there had been wild pastures and deforested woodlands we now find many pretty villages, with here and there a new church spire. As the great flotilla sailed along yesterday, it passed through a country changed as if by enchantment. Between the towns of Holbrook and Randolph (already cities in expectation) the procession moved on to the great city of Brockton, which has more than doubled in wealth and population since the inception of this waterway. Twenty years ago a Governor of the Commonwealth was chosen from this city. At that time the route for this waterway had been surveyed, and after being dropped for a few years was suddenly revived and so fully considered as to meet with legislative and popular approval, giving new life to the project which to-day is accomplished.

Within the past twenty years Brockton has not been idle. Wharves and docks have been built, great coal pockets and immense storehouses have been constructed, the United States Government has erected a fine custom house, and declared the city to be a port of entry, ridding the place of dependence upon the railroad as in the past.

Ships, now on the way from foreign ports with cargoes to fill the great storehouses, and barges loaded with coal from Philadelphia, are bound for the port of Brockton. Hereafter instead of bringing coal by the railroads to Brockton, the cars will carry it from Brockton. Coal will cost less delivered in Brockton than in Greater Boston, where the carting is over long distances.

Taunton, once a quiet, sleepy city, has now waked up to its commercial and industrial importance, and like our own Landing, is enjoying increased prosperity and business activity. We owe all this to the Great Ship Canal which has so recently come to us.

OUR STATE FLOWER.

My friend, a clergyman, recently handed me a paper. I said, "What is this?" and he told me that the women of the numberless clubs, of one of which he is the President, want the State to have a floral emblem as other States. On reading his paper I learned that the mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) was to be the chosen one.

Now why is the Kalmia taken for a State emblem? Perhaps for its pretty name, for there is not one bit of sentiment in the plant as there is in the rose and lilac. It is nearly an absolute stranger in our State, so much so that if taken from my garden and shown in our High school it is doubtful if one pupil could call the plant by name.

Fifty years ago the Kalmia, the *Cornus Florida* and the beautiful holly, could be found in their native haunts. The Kalmia was found on the outskirts of Weymouth near the border of the towns of Abington and Randolph, but was always a shrub that had to be looked for carefully. The *Cornus Florida*, with its fine foliage and beautiful flowers, one could often find growing in its glory the last of May. The glossy-leaved holly was a common plant, and nothing more beautiful.

Memorial Day had not then come, neither did our folks observe Christmas. Unfortunately for the Kalmia and the *Cornus Florida* they bloom just in time for Memorial Day, at which season the woods and pastures are full of boys, girls, women and men, despoiling and destroying these shrubs, from their

misfortune of blooming just when flowers are wanted to decorate the soldiers' graves. It is the same at Christmas; the pastures have been so despoiled of holly that it is hard to find the beautiful shrub where once it was so plentiful.

Now where do the women see this beautiful Kalmia? Certainly not in our pastures; perhaps at the arboretums where, I am told, there are many beautiful specimens in the season of bloom. Where have these fine shrubs come from? I will tell you. The mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) is found in its glory on the mountains of the Carolinas and Georgia. There these shrubs cover the mountains which are crowned with their glow in early spring. Here is also the home of the *Rhododendron catawbiense*. These shrubs are brought from the South in carload lots and transplanted to our arboretums and to the great estates about Boston and New York. They are for the gardens of the rich and prosperous, as they cost much money.

My best plants have come from Anthony Waterer, Woking in Surrey, England. A good plant of Kalmia or Rhododendron will cost from 75 cents to $5.00. Now how many of our good people can afford to buy the Kalmia shrubs? I have some one hundred plants, coming from the South mountains. They are, however, very slow growers, and always seem homesick from their long distance from their native home.

Now I will tell of a New England flower that all know. Once on a time, when going down on the South Shore through the old colonial towns, I came to a cross road where was a burying ground. Fenced in by a rough stone wall in the form of an old-fashioned coffin I distinctly remember the place. Opposite stood a tall Lombardy poplar, its half alive, half dead limbs pointing heavenward. At once I knew that this old tree was planted many years before, and that it came from across the ocean.

I climbed over the wall and, as I expected, found an old cellar overgrown by wild roses, and in the centre a great pile

of bricks, the remains of the old chimney. I rehabilitated in fancy the old house so long ago standing there. I saw in those bricks the old chimney, the great fire-place, the oven at the back, the long crane, and iron tea kettle singing. I saw the old settle with its high back, the father and mother watching the children play on the hearth, when the house was new.

In time the children grow up; the sons perhaps follow the sea; the daughters, grown up, find mates near home and live about the old homestead. One son stays at home; he takes care of the old folks and has the old homestead in the end, and so on for generations. Walking back of the old cellar I saw a clump of bushes, and here was the old well long since forgotten. There was no well curb, no well sweep pointing to the heavens, "the old oaken bucket" no longer hung in the well.

Just back of the well was a great bush, beautiful to behold. It was planted when the house, so long gone, was new. The old bush saw the happy bride and bridegroom come to the house. It saw the children come, grow up, going here and there, some on the sea, some on the shore; saw the happy bride and bridegroom grow old and sit on the settle by the fire, thinking of the days of the past never to return.

All this the old bush by the well witnessed, and more; in time the old minister came, and the neighbors gathered, and the little funeral procession walked sadly across the street to the quaint burying ground; — and finally when all were gone and the old house had fallen into decay, there stood the bush as fresh and seemingly as young as one hundred fifty years and more ago.

It has taken a long time to complete the incidents here related, but the end is worthy of the years, for the bush is none other than the one that grew at our grandmother's door — one that has gathered around it more associations of the past than any other flower — one that we all remember in our childhood

as standing by the old well near the back door. It is the beautiful old lilac. This should be our State flower.

CIVIL SERVICE IN UTOPIA.

Many years ago came Charles Francis Adams from Quincy, and with him Carl Schurz, who gave a lecture on Civil Service Reform, in the old Union Church by the river. I remember that the house was well filled, so many being eager to hear Schurz, and again were they glad when he finished.

This lecture was as dry as dry could be; there were no flowers of rhetoric, but the lecturer struck the bed-rock of the matter with cold, hard facts that no one could dispute. The point was that a town officer should hold his office year after year, unless removed for cause, the same as the employer in business deals with his employees.

Now in Utopia things were done this way; before taking town office one must pass the Civil Service examination. The Town Clerk must know all pertaining to rules, and give a specimen of his penmanship. The Town Treasurer was given long columns of figures to add quickly and correctly. The Selectmen were put through a course of history of the town, and required to give the lay of the roads. Here they were called "Fathers," for they served to father all things in town except the babies. As they had charge of the town's poor, they were required to pass an examination on different kinds of food, what was good for the poor and what was bad. There were questions that had to be answered, telling the weight of the "porker" in the sty and how much he will dress off; then they had to tell the number of hens required to produce 1,000 eggs in a certain time, and how much hay can be produced from one acre of land. These that I have enumerated are not one-half of what was required from these Fathers of

But there was in Utopia a more pleasant side, for each Selectman in addition to holding the office for life had one thousand dollars a year. This seemed just what we should have in Weymouth.

Then again no one was to apply for examination to this office of Selectman who was engaged in any personal business of his own. This caused some trouble in Utopia from the fact that when this law came into effect, many of those holding office had business of their own; but it was finally arranged that those already in the town employment were to continue as usual, but that all coming to fill their places must comply with the law. In the end all were in the Civil Service list, and thus it was with all the minor offices.

The police, or rather the Chief, was required in his examination to know when a man was drunk and when sober, and to tell what the intoxicant was — rum, whiskey, Sanford's ginger, or "stretch." Now this seems trivial, but it was necessary, for when the police scent whiskey or rum, they must go on the scent as a dog goes for a woodchuck. Beware of one on whom it is found!

From what I have told of life in Utopia, one can see the great advantages of this Civil Service. When you have a good man in office, keep him there, not for one year but for a term of years, and get rid of the petty squabbling which we have every year in our caucuses. Those holding town office to-day are just as good men as those who want the offices, so keep the ins in, as long as they are of use.

In Utopia, no one being eligible for office until of chloroform age, the schools were well cared for. The Civil Service examinations required applicants for the office of School Committee to answer questions taken from the books used by the pupils. As with the Selectmen, there was an allowance made for the members of the old School Board, but it was expected that those already on the board before the law came into effect

would study up, so that in course of time they would be as able as the scholars to pass the examination required.

The examination of the Board of Health in Utopia related particularly to their nasal organs, and the applicant himself had to conform to printed rules required by the town, for, if not, how could he judge his neighbor? All these matters were well considered in the town of Utopia. This Board of Health is a matter not to be turned off lightly.

Now in Weymouth we have no sewer system, and the population is increasing. Where I cut ice from the pond back of my house twenty-five years ago, the pond is now a cess-pool from the number of closets draining into it. Then again a matter for the Board of Health to attend to should be the filthy books circulating around from one family to another which the school children use. Meeting a boy of the High school who was taking up a new study, I took the book he was to study from his hand and found it full of filth. I said to him, "Throw the filthy thing over the wall, for it is full of all kinds of disease." Still, they tell of an epidemic that comes each year. Why not? There is everything to encourage it.

CONCERNING DOGS.

A short time ago, I took up my paper and this is what I read: "A great, grand Newfoundland dog was given a torpedo in his food, which exploded in his mouth, and the poor dog ran about crying in his agony for help. Again the cry of "Mad dog" was made, and about one hundred men chased and hounded the poor dog to death. Had one of those men fallen from the end of Long wharf, that dog would have jumped in and saved the man's life, not even inquiring whether he were Jew or Gentile.

It matters little what dog one has, whether his tail curls so that his hind legs are taken from the ground, showing his

illegitimacy, or hangs straight to the ground, showing his legitimacy. The dog loves his master, and the master who does not love his dog is a brute.

I am sometimes informed that people on inquiring for Mr. Hunt are told, "You find a man with a big dog by his side, and he is the man you want to see." Named after Dr. John Brown's famous dog that we have all read about, my dog is Rab.

A thousand years ago or more, there lived in the Hartz mountains a dog named Rab. He was called a mastiff from his masterful ways, and it is told of him that in his native haunts he was the equal of the lion. In time Rab came out of his native forest into the world, and we hear of him in Normandy, the land of the Northmen, and when William landed at Hastings with his horde, my dog's ancestors were there, and when King Harold was slain, Rab, the ancient, lapped his poor dead face in commiseration of his sad fate. Now my Rab is a mastiff with no more English blood in his veins than had Queen Victoria, not a drop; and if you care to follow out the lines of history you will see that Queen Victoria's are paralleled by my dog Rab.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome, as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Yes, my Rab walks by my side; I talk to him; he does not answer, but still I know well that he understands what I am saying from the wag of his tail and the gleam in his eye. My dog has a far more loving soul than a certain old minister of seventy years ago.

Seventy years ago (about 1835) the old minister, Rev. Jonas Perkins, exchanged pulpits one Sunday with the minister of

the Old North Church — it was the afternoon service — when suddenly word came into the church, "A horse is cast outside." At that time there were hitching posts all about the church. A number of people left, to help the poor animal out of his trouble. The minister in the pulpit stopped his discourse, looked up and said by his look, "What is all this needless trouble? A horse cast." Looking about the church to the congregation he said, "The horse has no soul." Yes, the horse had no soul, but he had carried the family to church for years, and ploughed the furrows for the corn, faithfully and honestly; and should he not be assisted in his unfortunate condition?

Years afterwards, it was my custom to go to town each day, and one night, just as the train was leaving, a little terrier dog began running around, barking and crying. His master had gone on the train before, and the dog was hunting in vain for him. What happened? Some one cried, "Mad dog," and can you believe it, about fifty men rushed after this poor little friendless dog and kicked and stamped him to death. Alas! man's inhumanity!

MEMORIAL DAY.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead. — *Theodore O'Hara.*

Two years ago on Memorial Day the writer went to the village cemetery, and securing a place of vantage awaited the coming of the old veterans. Strange to say he never before had witnessed the happenings of Memorial Day.

As I waited, I heard from the distance the music of the band, and soon came the old soldiers (many more than there are to-day) — many that I knew years ago, and how pleasant

to grasp and shake hands. Next to the old soldiers the Band was the great attraction to me; the music that rolled out so heavy with its grand bass was just suited to the occasion. The whole proceeding of the day impressed me much. In 1904 all was as the year before, aside from the music of the Band, which was not as good.

Last year (1905) I got sadly mixed; not reading our local paper carefully, I did not get the order of the day, which was changed from that of the year before. In the morning I started for the cemetery, but going by the Baptist Church I heard music from below, down the street. Noticing people waiting around Lincoln Square, I stopped to await the coming. Well, in a little time the head of the soldiers, as I supposed, came in sight. Now what did my astonished eyes see but the village school-master leading off all the school children, with a flag stuck in his hat. How I would like to write as funny as I could. This was the only comic thing of the day. To be serious, the old soldier was obliterated in that crowd of children. From their number I could not get near the soldiers, and so went home to dinner.

Learning that my friend Edwin Clapp was to open his Memorial building and grounds to the veterans, I walked over with my dog Rab to see the goings on, and a pleasant sight it was. It was a pity that he who created this beautiful spot could not have been present, because of sickness. On this day there were no restrictions, Evangelical or non-Evangelical, one was as good as another, and all were happy. When I came to the field, the soldiers were getting ready for their grand dress parade. Wishing to get as near as possible, I asked the good policeman if I could go on the grounds. "Yes, if you won't get in the way, Mr. Hunt," said he. I went out on the parade ground, and as I stood there with my big dog Rab, my mind went back to the time when I went soldiering, some fifty years ago, with the old Band.

The Weymouth Band then became the Fourth Regiment Band under Col. Packard, Lieut. Col. Ames of North Easton, and Adjutant Frank Curtis of Quincy. When we received word from Col. Packard that we had become the Regimental Band, I tell you we were much set up. Each and all felt that something had come into their life to be proud of. All walked with a martial air.

Now this was no sinecure. A lot of work was to be done to sustain and to add to our many laurels. The dress parade was our first study, for in the old time muster this was the grand ending of the day. To get ready for dress parade the band then met in Amazon hall, but to get room we would go to the front of the old Union Church by the river, and there form in line, with an imaginary Fourth Regiment along the street.

The order was this: The Band wheeled out from the right, gave the "cheers," first, third and fifth; then taking up a waltz, it marched slowly down before the regiment, then changing front returned in quick time, ending with three "cheers."

At the time I went soldiering this was the way on the last day of the muster, after the final dress parade. As I remember, there were ten companies, ten drummers, ten fifers and the Weymouth Band. The drummers were in front, the fifers next, then the Band. When the order to march came, what fun. The drummers, as I remember, were continually nursing their drums, snapping the snares, loosening or tightening the heads, and from their actions seemingly wanting to draw attention to themselves for their superior qualifications. The fifers, jealous of the drummers, now and then sent out a trill on a high note, and so it went on in this Fourth Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteers.

All were mustered together, drums, fifes and Band, and playing "The Girl I left behind me," off the field we went.

The drummer tried to beat his neighbor, the fifer to outwind his associate, and the Band followed so proudly — yes, looking down on those who worked so honestly and faithfully with drum and fife. As I stood on Mr. Clapp's grounds all this came to my mind. I saw this dress parade, but more clearly the grander one of other days. The pleasant time to-day was when the old soldiers broke ranks and I had a chance to shake their hands, for I seemed to know them all.

Why have Memorial Day for the soldiers and all the people come on the same day? The soldiers ought to have this day to themselves. How is it? To get the flowers that decorate the soldiers' graves, the pastures are searched, and the little baskets filled with anything. The sentiment is all right, but not the beauty.

This is what I saw on Memorial Day. First, there came the baskets for the old soldiers, then came others to decorate the graves of their friends. The beautiful flowers they brought from the greenhouse outrivaled those of the soldiers in the display they made. This relates in no way to the old veteran. And his basketful, — how small it seems.

In conclusion, I will say Memorial Day should be kept intact for the veterans. Decoration Day should be made another occasion for the public; leave the school children and all else foreign out on Memorial Day. Every year will be more interesting until the last soldier parades alone, carrying the National flag, and when he dies, may he go to his last resting place as quietly as one of his comrades that I saw borne to his grave some years ago. As I looked out on the street, I saw this old soldier carried to his burial with a solitary companion following, bearing the American flag. "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note," as the old soldier was carried to his last home. I attended the funeral of Daniel Webster and other great men whom I have forgotten, but this event I shall always remember. No flowers, no clergyman,

no orator to extol virtues never possessed, — all was so simple, so honest, so true.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

ABOUT ROSES.

I have bought all my roses at auction; they have been imported from Holland, and are sold in the spring and fall in great quantities by McCarthy & Co., Hawley street, Boston. The plants are one year old, and bring from $8 to $10 per hundred, coming in bunches of ten plants. I have found it better to buy the plants in the fall and bed them in, covering them root and branch with earth. They will come up in the spring fresh and green. The roses are all budded on hardy stocks, and the budded part must be planted fully six inches below the surface of the ground. Have the ground made ready in the fall by digging at least two feet deep, and enrich it with cow manure, the more the better, for if you want large roses the ground must be rich, and for this purpose nothing equals this fertilizer.

When ready to plant, trim off the tops of the bush to six inches in height, and have the joint where budded six inches under the surface, as I have said; tread the ground solid, and give plenty of water. The plant will bear fine roses the first season; in the fall cut the tops within six or eight inches of the ground and trim the branches; then slip over one of the straw covers that come on wine bottles and tie a string around tightly; then cover the bed with cow manure nearly to the top of the straw covers.

In the spring there is nothing to do but to remove the straw covering and cut the string about the branches, and the work is done. Straw bottle covers seem just the thing needed, and if one does not use claret they can be easily obtained at the druggist's.

When the plant is ready to grow in the spring, give it a good watering from a watering-pot, using one ounce of hellebore to a gallon of water, and apply the same several times during the season, or whenever green slugs appear on the leaves. If water from the hose is turned on at full force, the plants will be kept free from aphides and thrips. When fall comes, repeat the process. Care must be taken that no growth is allowed from the stalk below the bud. If you want large roses, remove all but one bud to the stalk. The more water and manure you give the rose the finer they will be.

The best pink roses are the "Baroness Rothschild" and "Gabrielle Luiset"; for red, the "General Jacqueminot" and "Ulrich Brunner"; for tea roses, "La France" and "Captain Christy."

Chapter VIII. Ancestral Gleanings.

A CHAPTER on the Hunts may interest my readers, particularly the Hunts of direct descent, as well as those of indirect descent. I have always thought the Hunts pretty good blood, but never dreamed the like of this. To think of it, where so many of our folks have been working so hard, claiming descent from Ephraim Hunt, second, a Colonial Colonel, when his father was a knighted cavalier of Prince Rupert's troops, and his headstone stands intact on Burying Hill, near the Soldiers' Monument, one of the few the vandals have left undisturbed. On it one reads:

> Here lyeth Buried | ye Body of | Ephraim Hunt | aged about 77 | years deceased | ye 22d of February | 1686–7.

It is providential that this history was unknown when the great hegira of school ma'ams came down to Boston in July, 1903, for had they known of it, every one by the name of Hunt, of direct or indirect descent, would have made a pilgrimage to the grave of the old cavalier and the ancient headstone would have been chipped in small pieces and entirely carried away in their skirt pockets. To think of it! The Hunt family should build a chapel over the old stone, that it may be preserved for all time.

I little thought that royal blood coursed through my veins, and all the other Hunts have the same. Be it ever so democratic, I have always thought there was something haled me the other way. It was this royal blood!

I have sometimes thought I had an Irish brogue, derived, as I supposed, from our Irish ancestor, Brian Boru; but now after reading the following, I know it was a Scotch brogue, making me akin to some of my best friends.

I hope the Hunts who read the following article will not feel "stuck up," as the boys say, and pass their neighbors on the other side as did the Levite of old, on account of their royal descent. Perhaps this can be made the basis for the Sons of King David and the Daughters of Queen Maud, or some other Order smacking of royalty.

"The name Hunt is from the Saxon word 'hunti,' a wolf. At one time in the history of Great Britain, this destructive animal so abounded that it was the business of every man to assist in exterminating it. To this end the taxes in some countries were levied in wolf's ears, hence the word "hunting," which at first meant pursuing wolves only; afterwards it came to mean the pursuit of game generally. Probably the Hunts took their name from their prowess in the hunting field.

"The names Hunt, Hunte, Huntes, Hunter, Hunting, Huntting, Huntingdon, Hunton and Huntley, all have the same origin. Hundt, Huntus, Hontus, Hunding, Hundings Huntingas are other old forms of this patronymic.

"One of the first of the name of whom any record exists was Adam le Hunt, who lived in Nottingham, England, in 1295. Ralph le Hunt, who refused the offer of knighthood, lived in the fourteenth century. In the time of Henry VIII, a Henry Hunte lived in Yorkshire.

"The first Earl of Huntingdon received his title in return for services rendered in the restoration of Malcolm III, on the defeat of the famous Macbeth in 1057. His son Waldoef

married a niece of William the Conqueror. Their daughter married David, brother of St. Maud, Queen of England. He became King of Scotland.

"The first person of the name of Hunt in this country was Ephraim Hunt, who settled in Weymouth, Massachusetts. He was a refugee from the disastrous field of Marston Moor, and his right name was Colonel Sir William Hunt; but to conceal his identity, after his arrival in this country, he changed his name to Ephraim. Once an artillery officer and a dashing Tory cavalier, he became a quiet citizen of the new country. He cropped his long hair, and laid aside his fine dress as well as his title.

"He was too noted a man to be overlooked, however, and the search for him was continued until the Restoration. He was regarded by the party in power as a 'malignant,' a name given to all Royalists of sufficient note to be considered dangerous by Cromwell.

"At the siege of York, Colonel Hunt became the hero of the day, and the dignity of knighthood was conferred upon him by Prince Rupert. But at the battle of Marston Moor the tide turned, and Colonel Hunt fled to America, where he died in 1686, forty years after he left England.

"A few months after he settled in the colony of Massachusetts, he married an heiress, Anna Richards. Their three sons were the progenitors of the Hunts in this country, and left records worthy of their gallant father. Every one was a military leader in those dangerous times of Indian and French wars.

"When that generation of warfare was passed, we find the same talent for command displayed in another field — in developing the resources of the country and establishing industrial pursuits.

"Samuel Hunt, a grandson of the cavalier, monopolized shipbuilding in Boston, and had hundreds of men in his employ,

many of them slaves who had been brought in his ships from the West Indies. Some of these negroes were quite famous, and the story goes that one wrote poetry. The last of the race, "Old Prince," gave everyone to understand that there was something mysteriously grand about the ancestors of the Hunts, but that the present generation had sadly degenerated.

"Thomas Hunt, a direct descendant of the cavalier, was a youth of seventeen at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill. His mother hid his gun, so fearful was she that he would enlist and 'run himself into some danger.' She then retired for the night, quite easy in her mind. Thomas found out from a servant where his gun was concealed. As the door of the room was locked, he climbed into the window from the outside, got the gun and was off to the battle-field before daylight. He was on the hill throughout the whole day. Soon after, Washington gave him a commission and he remained in the army till his death.

"His brother William, on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, was Acting Commissary. A stirring story is told of his bravery upon that eventful day. Ammunition was exhausted in the fortification. Powder had arrived as far as the valley swept by the guns of the English vessels. There it stopped. No one would venture to drive across the intervening distance under fire to fetch it. At that moment a young man drove up with a pair of young, fiery horses, which were almost maddened by the uproar.

"Mr. Hunt said that if he could borrow the horses he would bring the powder to the hill. The owner of the animals hesitated; the horses were splendid ones, and the ride was certain destruction. Then he said: 'If Mr. Hunt will risk his life I won't refuse my horses.' They were hitched to the wagon of powder. Lashing the excited animals Hunt dashed across the valley. The dangerous passage was made three times, till all

the powder had been brought. Both men and horses were unharmed."

OLD DUXBURY.

For a number of years I have had a desire to visit the old town of Duxbury, thinking I might find in the old graveyard a stone bearing the name of some of my family — the Sopers; so last week I took the train, with my son and my brother for company. On arriving at the Duxbury station we were met by my good friend Slocum, whose name smells of the salt sea. With his strong horse and roomy carriage, we rode about the town.

From the station the view is not all prepossessing, but shortly we reached the village, where we found a fine stone road, smooth as a billiard table; on each side were the old-fashioned houses that the sea captains of long ago built, and which are still kept in the best condition.

How different the Duxbury of to-day from the Duxbury on the day (July 24, 1852) when the writer, belonging to the Weymouth Band employed by the Whigs of Duxbury, marched through the town, and escorted Daniel Webster from the rail-road station to his home in Marshfield! How well I remember Mr. Webster, greeted by his neighbors and speaking from a hay cart just by the driveway on his grounds!

As a visitor, I would much rather see the town of fifty-one years ago than to-day in its clean appearance. As we rode along, my brother inquired of Mr. Slocum if he knew a Mr. Cushing. Indeed he did. He was an old friend of my brother many years ago. Our trip would not have been half so good had we not met the old gentleman; for he knew so much of the town, he told me of many things I could not have learned otherwise. He pointed out the cottage where our old singer Mr. John Wildes lived, close by his office. He told me of the

churches of which I wanted a history, and where to find the old graveyard in the south part of the town. This was our next point to reach. In this graveyard is supposed to be the resting place of Miles Standish, and also the site of the First Church in Duxbury. Doubt hangs over all. We examined all the old slate headstones, so thickly covered with moss that the writing was hardly legible. I looked in vain to find a stone so far back as 1750, the last of the colonial period, and I did not find what I wanted, as there was no one of the name of Soper. This burial ground was in a dreary place overlooking the salt marshes. In its centre we saw a stone, said to show the last resting place of the sturdy little Captain Miles Standish.

We then rode to a part of the Standish farm, called Captain's Hill, which rises out of the flat country some 180 feet above the level of the sea. Standish's house was at the base; Brewster and Alden lived near by. It was a hard road for our horse to travel this steep ascent, and tiresome for those who rode behind, but we were well repaid from the magnificent scene that spread before our eyes.

On Captain's Hill is the monument dedicated to the memory of Miles Standish, which has been for the last thirty years building, but is now completed and over 100 feet in height. It is strongly built of granite. In the centre of the tower is a spiral stair-case leading to the platform at the top. It is a tiresome journey up to the platform, but when done the view will repay for the trouble, for out of the windows one sees the land of the Pilgrims from Plymouth to Marshfield. Across the bay is Clark's Island, where the Pilgrims stopped awhile.

On the summit of the tower is a stone figure of the "doughty captain" of Plymouth, surveying the land he so carefully guarded and protected, for can anyone say that there would have been a Pilgrim republic had there not been a Miles Standish?

From this point we went to the Standish House (hotel) by the seashore, — a pleasant place, — got dinner and then took carriage for the station and home, having had a fine day in old Duxbury.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

One beautiful day in June, happening to go through the Hunt Burying Ground (Ashwood Cemetery), I stopped as is my wont before the tomb of Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, my grandfather. As I stood there thinking of the past, the tomb door opened and out walked the old gentleman, and shading his eyes from the darkness of the tomb in a soliloquizing way he said, "This is Paradise."

Dressed in the garb of seventy-four years ago, he looked so quaint, — the high collar to his coat, his long vest and buckled shoes. At once I recognized him as my grandfather, from what I had been told of him. He saw me and looked inquiringly.

I told him I was the son of his youngest son Elias, his Benjamin, and that I was the last of my generation. I told him this was not Paradise, but that it was perhaps as near as we would get to Paradise. I told him this was the same old world and the same old sun he had seen seventy-four years before.

When a boy five years old I stood tiptoe on the cellar door and looked into the window of the old house at his funeral. I remember the hymn sung, called "The dying Christian." "Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly:" this I never forgot.

As we stood there, the old deacon said he would like to take a walk around the village. Going out of the old burying ground we turned to the left. At the first house with its old brick basement the deacon stopped, saying, "Here lives my

nephew, Frederick Cushing. I will run in and see him." I told him his nephew had been dead many years. Looking up the street he saw the house of his son Elias, and at once showed a desire to see him. I said, "No, you cannot see him; he died, an old man, some years ago." The old deacon sighed and said, "Is it so? how I would like to see him." Looking across the way he saw his old home just as he left it, and said, "There is the house I built; there I brought my wife Susanna Bowditch, who bore all my children; there she died, and in time I brought to my home my second wife, Tirza Bates."

He saw the place just as he left it, — the great barn, its mows filled with hay, the stalls with oxen and cows, the old bay mare. He saw it all, and then we walked up Front street. Passing the house on the left the deacon said, "I would like to go in and see the Cowings, for they were of my second wife's family." I replied, "No, they are not there, they are dead."

The old man said not a word but walked on up the hill to the Nashes, all of whom he knew and was eager to see, — Timothy, Zichri, Joseph and all. I told him they were all gone.

"Well," said he, "we will go to Gravel hill, and I shall surely find Thomas, Jacob and Nathaniel Richards, my old friends." We went there but found only the old houses they had once lived in; all were dead. The deacon said, "How sad; how I would liked to have met them." Brightening up he said, "Well, we will go across the plain to Back street; I am sure I shall find my old friend Brackley Colson." We found the old house but Mr. Colson too was dead.

The old gentleman, the deacon, owned many acres on the Whitman place where Mr. Colson died. He saw the old place just as it was seventy-two years before. There had been no change only in ownership.

We turned our way down the street, passing on the left the house where Eben Kingman lived. The deacon wished to see him, but I said, "He too is dead." Down the street we went to Albert Hunt's by John P. Nash's, deacon of the old Union Church, and so it was, place after place there was no one to greet him, no one to take his hand, all was so quiet and so sad.

No one noticed my companion, my aged sire, as we walked around together, for he seemed invisible and saw nothing but the world as it was seventy-four years ago. Thus we walked by the railroad tracks and he saw nothing of the things that had come since he died, and it came across me that it seemed quite uncanny to be strolling about the village with the ghost of my grandfather, but it was so.

From Back street we went our way down Front street, the old deacon telling as he went quaint stories of those who had lived in the houses we passed, I learning much from him of the olden times.

As we went along he told of his eldest son Ebenezer, a man of note in his time, who died before the deacon. Down we went, past the Bicknells, the Coolidges and the Tildens — all these the old deacon wanted to stop to see, as he knew them all.

Coming to the house where his second son, William, lived and died, the old gentleman told me of the joyous time when my father, his son Elias, brought his bride from Cambridge along with a gay company. The deacon said to me he did not quite like it, so gay was this company and so unlike the staid folks of the neighborhood, and he the deacon of the church.

Continuing, we went down the street to Dr. Fifield's. I think the deacon loved Dr. Fifield, as I know he loaned him the money that enabled the doctor to stay in Weymouth when he thought of leaving the village. When we got to the Square

the deacon wanted to run in to see Mr. James Whittemore, Cotton Tufts, Asa Webb, Micah Richmond, Caleb Hunt, and others of his old acquaintances. But I told him they were all dead years ago. This was indeed sad for the old gentleman, but still we went on to the old Union Church.

Here he stopped and gazed wistfully. He had seen the old church when it stood in Hollis street, Boston, as Charles Bulfinch designed it, with its two towers. The deacon and Colonel Minot Thayer were the prime movers in bringing the church to our village. The deacon told me much of the church, so interesting.

Going on, we came to the riverside and looking across to the home of Colonel Minot Thayer, he said, "How I would like to see the colonel." I replied, "He is not there, he too is dead." With a sad air the old deacon said, "Well, we will go up the street by the way of the turnpike, we may meet Captain Weston whom I knew so well, and perhaps Mr. Elijah Pierce, Mr. Thomas Reed, and others.

So we went, but found none; all were dead, and finally we wandered back to the old burying ground and as we stood by the Hunt tomb the deacon said, "The earth is beautiful, but how lonely; all of those I knew, all of those I loved, are gone."

Saying this he entered the tomb, the door closed upon him, he vanished from my sight, and entered into the peace that passeth understanding.

ADDENDA.

In the Richards Genealogy it is stated that the name of Richards is a Welsh patronymic and first occurred as that of Archbishop of Canterbury during the reign of Henry II, from 1154 to 1189. Dame Ann Richards, mother of Anna, was the daughter of Governor John Winthrop of New London, and had a sister, Elizabeth Endicott, widow of Governor Endicott, and inherited a vast estate from her husband. Her son John was appointed executor of the will of his father, but being absent in England at the time, the widow, Welthean, was appointed, and her son-in-law, Ephraim Hunt, was bound for her in the sum of £2,000. In 1651 she returned to Boston and was at once received as one of the aristocracy. She died in 1679. Alice, a sister of Anna, married William Bradford, Deputy Governor of Plymouth. Mary Richards, another sister, married Thomas Hinckley, Governor of Plymouth. The three sons of Anna (Richards) and Ephraim Hunt inherited large property and were the progenitors of the Hunts in this country. They left records worthy of their gallant father. Every one was a military leader in those dangerous times of Indian and French wars.

When that generation of warfare was passed, we find the same talent for command displayed in another field — in developing the resources of the country and establishing industrial pursuits.

INDEX.

Abbott, Gorham D. 259
Adams, —— 90, 238-240
  Charles Francis 45, 88, 116, 127, 212, 237, 238, 276
  Henry 232
  John 211
  John Quincy 66, 67, 72
  Nehemiah 72
Adlington, Francis M. 23, 46, 67, 68, 91
Alcott, —— 261
Alden, John 18
  Priscilla 18
Allen, Abijah 268
  Frank 155, 196
  John B. 86
  William 196
Ames, Capt. 160
  Lieut. Col. 282
Anderson, —— 118
  Robert 143
Andrew, John A. 144
Arnold, —— 26
  Cornelius 40
  Elijah 73, 83, 84
  George W. 40
  Samuel 22, 213, 228, 231
Atchison, David R. 120, 122
Atherton, Stetson & Co. 132
Austen, Jane 60
Austin, David 251
Ayres, Royal 76
Baby, Capt. 198, 200
Bacon, Robert 159
Bailey, Jeremiah 85
  Ashford 78
Baker, —— 218
  George 78, 87
  William 78
Baker & Spinney 137
Ball, Francis 232
  Josiah 97, 98
Banfield, —— 161
Banfield & Forristall 156, 193
Banks, Nathaniel P. 107, 118
Barker, —— 268
Barrows, Dan. 148
Barry, John Stetson 203
Bartlett, George 55, 56, 96, 98
Bassett, I. 118
Bates, Benjamin 36
  Cotton 233
  Elijah 20
  Harvey 39
  James 118
  James L. 68, 89, 145
  Joseph I. 52
  Joshua 31
  Robert 40
  Samuel A. 63
  Tirzah 31, 293
  William 39, 41
  Zachariah 33, 34, 37, 38
  Zachri 40
Baylies, Francis 63

Beals, Elias 234
Beauregard, Gen. 143
Beckley, James R. 22
Beecher, Henry Ward 116
Bell, John 139
Bent, Josiah 209
Benton, Jessie 119, 120
  Thomas H. 120
Besant, —— 167
Bicknell, —— 229, 234, 294
  David 29
  George H. 55, 82
  Lovell 137
  Luke 29, 92
  Wallace 29
  Zachariah 227
Binney, Silas 25, 40, 44, 75, 81, 86
Birney, James G. 72, 82
Blagden, Geo. W. 62
Blaine, James G. 140
Blaisdell, —— 145
Blanchard, —— 77
  Elisha 20, 26, 86
  George 20, 40, 86
  Isaac 26, 76
  Isaac L. 86
  Nathaniel 26, 76, 81, 89, 129, 143, 233
  William 270
Boutwell, George S. 107, 129, 244, 260, 261
Bowditch, —— 44, 117
  Adoniram 9, 51, 75, 79
  Adoniram J. 40, 44, 146
  Alden 40, 52
  Alexander 40, 86
  Benjamin 40
  Benjamin T. 40
  Charlotte (Hunt) 9
  Eben C. 86
  Granville 52
  John 83
  Ruthy 40
  Samuel 40, 86
  Susannah 31, 293
  William 40, 41, 44
Bowen, Jock 149
Bowers, Miss 52
Boynton, —— 10
  H. & E. A. 98
  Haskell 76
Bradford, Ephraim 98
Breck, —— 52, 91
Breckinridge, John C. 119, 139
Brignoli, —— 251
Bryant, —— 60
Brooke, Stopford 175
Brooks, Preston C. 121, 123-126
Brown, —— 66
  A. S. & J. 136
  Charles Brockden 254
Bruce, Robert 194
Buchanan, James 98, 103, 104, 119, 120
Burlingame, Anson 125
Burnell, Jonathan 75, 98
Burns, Anthony 112-114
Burr, Waters 193
Burrell, Jesse 40
  Samuel 96
Burrill, Samuel 149
Burroughs, William 32
Butler, Andrew P. 121-123, 125, 126
  Benjamin F. 90, 194, 262
  Samuel 237
Calhoun, John C. 99
Cambridge, William G. 203
Canterbury, —— 234
Cass, Lewis 90, 103, 122
Cate, Frederick 85
Chamberlin, —— 76
Channing, William E. 72
Chapman, Mrs. 133
  Maria (Weston) 72
Cheesman, Addison 21, 31, 37, 38, 80
Chessman, John 37, 38
  William 97
Chickering, Jonas 42
Chipman, —— 117
  Edward 108
  Lucy J. 10, 13
  W. H. 109
Choate, Rufus 107
Clapp, —— 283
  Adoram 28, 29, 89, 109, 128
  Charles 22
  Edwin 281
  J. H. 147, 148
  Joseph 22
Clark, Arthur 167, 168, 175, 178-180
  Rev. Mr. 250

Clark, Robert F. 167
Clarke, James Freeman 69, 117
Clay, Henry 72, 82, 89, 99, 101, 105
Cleverly, —— 234
Clothes, John 232
Coats, Thomas 232
Codman, Ogden 164
Coffin, E. W. 203
Cole, William 52, 86
Collingwood, Admiral 174
Colson, Brackley 293
  Thomas 21, 36, 109
Cook, A. N. 132
  Capt. 242
  John 228
  Samuel 22, 34, 40
Coolidge, —— 294
  William 29
  William B. 40
Cooper, James Fenimore 60, 254, 255, 257
Cowing, —— 80, 82, 220, 228, 293
  Balch 21, 30, 31, 55
  Balch (Hunt), Mrs. 31
  Francis H. 22, 25
  Granny 25
  Henry B. 40, 70
  William 97
Cox, Charles 132
  Matthew 132
Crane, —— 193
Cressey, Rev. Mr. 218, 221
Crowninshield, B. W. 159, 162, 196-198, 200-202
Curtis, —— 239
  Frank 282
  Ira 54, 86
  Leander 267
  Samuel 22
Cushing, —— 218, 265, 290
  Augustus T. 51
  Chauncey (Loud), Mrs. 268
  David 31, 39, 41, 43, 44
  Edward 40, 41, 43, 101
  Francis 136, 146
  Frederic 30, 38, 293
  George 141, 146
  Hannah 40
  Hiram 38-41, 43
  John 39, 41
Cushing, Peter 15, 87, 88, 90, 109
  Peter H. 21, 23
  Simeon 28, 31, 33, 34, 40, 43
  Simon 41
  Thomas 39, 41, 43, 44
Cushman, Charlotte 57
  Spencer 40
Damon, Jonathan 25
  Priscilla 40
Dana, Richard H. 112, 159
Darby, Edward 232
Davenport, John E. 204
Davis, James 160
  Jefferson 124
  Thomas 91, 92
Davy, Manning 132, 136
Dayton, William L. 119
Dean, Annie 268
Deane, Samuel 63
Dennis, John S. 203
Denton, Quincy 83
  Samuel 267
Derby, —— 13, 267
Dickerman, Nathan 259
  Nathan W. 259
  Rebecca 259
Dill, Charles 147
Dizer, Marshall C. 131, 147
Dole, Margaret 40
Donelson, Andrew J. 119
Douglas, Frederick 71
  Stephen A. 103, 104, 112, 119, 121, 122, 139, 144
Downing, Andrew Jackson 250
Doyle, Joseph 155
Dyer, Daniel 115, 128, 234
Easton, —— 218
Edge, —— 136
Ellis, Thomas 70, 96, 107
Elssler, Fanny 74
Emerson, Ralph W. 261
Emery, Joshua 48, 49, 79, 206, 234
English, Frank 141, 146
Esterbrook, John 132
Everett, Edward 116, 124, 139
Faucon, Edward 159, 188, 189
Faxon, —— 239
  Rachel 40
Fellows, Ensign 226

Field, Granville E. 25
William 22, 25
Fifield, Noah 28, 48, 68, 81, 86, 245, 294
William C. B. 244, 245
Fillmore, Millard 90, 100, 102, 104, 119, 120, 232, 233
Fiske, James 267
John 262
Forbes, Cole & Thayer 20
Forbes, John M. 159
Robert B. 99, 159, 172, 188
Foster, John Hatherly 11, 13, 14, 30, 32, 51
Fox, John 61
Foye, John O. 85, 233
Samuel S. 146, 151, 152
Stephen 85
Fremont, Jessie (Benton) 119, 120
John C. 119, 120, 140
French, —— 265
George 239
Samuel 233
Fuller, Margaret 260, 261
Timothy 260
Gannett, Ezra S. 111
Gardner, Henry J. 115, 116, 128
Garland, A. E. 225-227
Garrison, William Lloyd 30, 69, 72, 111, 115, 117, 220, 240
Gilbert, J. H. 128
Goddard, D. F. 204
Goodhue, —— 107
Grant, Ulysses S. 129, 159, 262
Gray, Horace 160
Thomas 169, 172, 180-182, 185, 196
Greeley, Horace 116, 134, 141
Green, Joseph 231
Gurney, Sam 232
Hale, John P. 105
Hall, Albion 97
Capt. 159
Elijah F. 98, 106
Hamlin, Hannibal 139, 140
Hanson, Edward 15
Thomas R. 22, 23, 55, 98
Harding, William M. 234
Hardwick, —— 239
Harris, Tom 147, 148
Harrison, William H. 65, 66
Hartshorn, Jonathan 20
Hassam, Frederick F. 146
Hastings, Charles W. 145
Hatch, —— 118
Hathaway, William F. 85
Hawes, Bradford 222
Hawkins, John 67
Hawthorne, Nathaniel 60, 104, 106, 107, 261
Hayden, J. W. 86
Sam 75
Hayward, —— 228
William 40
Hemphill, J. 203
Hermans, —— 251
Higginson, Thomas W. 113
Hill, Rhoda (Stetson) 51
Hine, —— 169
Hoar, George F. 129, 260-262
Hobart, —— 44
Charles 40
F. A. 53
Henry 40
William W. 86
Hodgdon, John 232
Holbrook, —— 229, 231
Abner 115, 128, 234
Cornelius 231
Daniel 90
Henry 50
Henry J. 131
Holden, George S. 76
Holden & Cutler 131
Hollis, Bart 36
Eliza 40
Freeman 128, 129
James 36
Otis 108
Holmes, Abiel 9
Eleanor 270
Oliver W. 9, 213
Hovey, James G. 136, 137
Howe, Appleton 48, 81, 97, 128, 206
John C. 154, 156
Howe & French 154, 156
Humphrey, —— 229
Albert 55
Col. 211
James 128, 152, 234
Hunneman & Co. 73

Hunt, —— 41, 43, 44, 109, 165, 200, 202, 219-224, 229, 231, 265, 279, 281, 286-289
A. N. & Co. 31, 109-111, 116
Albert 36
Anna (Richards) 288
Asa 34, 36, 129
Atherton, 42, 83, 89, 131
Atherton N. 24, 33, 38, 39, 41-43, 73, 80, 82, 84, 109, 128, 205, 233
Aubrey 169, 180
Betsey (Nash) 42
Byron, Mrs. 34
Caleb 24, 51, 92, 295
Charles 19, 29, 33, 42, 79, 82, 84, 89, 131
Charles E. 40, 43, 70, 90, 101, 107, 118, 128, 145, 233
Charles P. 34
Charlotte 9
Col. 288
Daniel 34
David 33, 34, 81, 108, 132
E. Atherton 34, 83, 118, 128, 143
Eben 29-32, 54, 81, 118, 131
Ebenezer 28, 31, 33-35, 38-44, 50, 57, 84, 151, 205, 228, 258, 265, 292, 294
Ebenezer A. 75
Ebenezer William 14, 129-131
Edmund 83, 244
Edmund S. 75
Elbridge 73, 89
Elbridge G. 9, 22, 29, 92, 233
Elias 9, 30, 31, 38, 40-44, 47, 79, 100, 128, 206, 233, 292-294
Elizabeth 40, 42, 269
Elizabeth (Richards) 32
Emmons 31, 33, 40, 42
Ephraim 227, 228, 231, 286, 288
Eunice (Nash) 42
Fred 131, 149, 150, 155
George 34
George Minot 143
Henry 287
James 269
John 228
John E. 29, 34, 92, 250
Lucy J. (Chipman) 10
Maria (Cook) 34
Nathaniel 19, 21, 29, 33, 40, 42, 43, 268
Hunt, N. F. T. 269
Quincy 25
Richard 19, 29, 33, 42, 79, 82, 84, 89
Richard A. 10, 40, 43, 44, 67, 70, 99, 101, 118, 128, 145, 206, 233, 269
Richard Lloyd 33
Russell 200, 269
Samuel 39-41, 288
Susan 40, 42
Susannah 31, 50
Susannah (Bowditch) 31, 293
Thomas 289
Tirza Bates 31, 293
William 9, 30, 31, 40-44, 265, 288, 289, 294
William M. 188
William M. (Perkins), Mrs. 188
Ziba 40
Hyde, William 27
Ingraham, Fred 143
Irving, Washington 60
Jackman, —— 107
Jackson, Andrew 89, 103
Edmund 232
Isaac 76, 130, 146
James W. 225
John 76
Jefferson, Thomas 119
Jenks, William 259
Jewett, Dr. 67
Johnson, —— 124, 139
Samuel 209
Joice, Mary 40
Jones, James 228
Jordan, Peleg 50
Thomas 40
Joy, Caleb 36
David 39
Eri T. 147
Noah 36
Julien, —— 79, 105
Keith, —— 87
Bizah 52
Kelley, Henry 267
Kellogg, Louise 251
Kendall, —— 150
Kimball, —— 162
Moses 74
Supt. 196-201
King, Benjamin 55

Kingman, Amos 35
Ebenezer 34-38, 81, 296
Ebenezer, Mrs. 35
John 39, 41
Minot 40
Sally 25
Tabitha 40
Thomas 231, 291
William 38, 40
Kingsbury, Fisher A. 22, 55, 86, 90, 91
Kossuth, Louis 102, 103
Lafayette, Gen. 103
Lane, Andrews 266, 269
Daniel 40
Joseph 139
Peter 20, 54, 55, 85, 86, 108
Quincy 20
Lanergan, Andrew 136, 137
Henry 146
Lathrop, Prescott 128
Lawrence, —— 190
Abbott 159, 232, 233
Amos 232, 233
William 232
Lawson, Peter 154
Leach, Benjamin 75
Ezra 14, 23, 33, 48, 51, 54, 66, 71, 85, 91, 92
Isaac 33
Jesse 40
Lebbeus 39
Mary 13
Learned, E. T. 79
Leavitt, —— 56
Le Hunt, Adam 287
Ralph 287
Lewis, —— 168, 169, 218
Winslow 118, 137
Lincoln, —— 218
Abraham 119, 139-142, 144
Cyrus 86
David 267
George 266, 268, 269
Marshall 118
Solomon 63
Lind, Jenny 38
Lindsley, J. C. 132
Linfield, —— 71
Arad 19
Linton —— 140, 141, 146, 151, 152
Augustus 145, 146
Charles 155
Edward F. 132, 134, 136, 145, 146, 155
P. Henry 145
Littlefield, Justin 40
Livermore, Daniel P. 203
Mary A. 203
Long, John D. 124
Longfellow, Henry W. 60, 124
Loring, —— 113
Enos 118
N. W. 86
Thomas 87
William Caleb 201
Lothrop, —— 190
Samuel K. 127, 160
Loud, —— 56, 76
Henry 131, 234
Jacob 32
John J. 44
John W. 40, 44, 55, 86, 98, 128, 145, 233
Joseph 26, 76, 86, 118, 228
Lorenzo H. 75
Richard 32, 131
Richard E. 81, 109
Sarah 268
Warren 86
Lovell, —— 198, 200, 229
John P. 118, 161, 197, 234
Stephen 206
Lucy, Thomas 61
Ludden, James 232
Lyle, Lieut., Capt. 162, 163, 196-200, 231
Lyon, Lieut. 163
Manley, Wm. 232
Marcy, William L. 103, 104
Mason, James M. 140
Lowell 111
Masten & Wells 193
Matthews, Watson 40
May, Samuel J. 117
McCormick, —— 132
McGraw, Morris 196
Medora, —— 251
Mellen, Charles W. 204
Thomas 96
Thomas E. 33

Merritt, Emeline 10, 23
Washington 23, 151
William 151, 153
Miller, —— 238, 239
William 74
Mitchell, Nathan 63
Monk, Elias 232
Morgan, —— 250
J. P. 159
Morphy, Paul 143
Morse, —— 139
Motley, John Lothrop 159
Thomas 159-161, 164-167, 169, 187, 188, 197
Mudge, —— 150
Nash, —— 265
A. Prescott 145
Aaron P. 22
Betsey 42
Ebenezer 33
Elias 22, 97
Elias W. 40
Eliza 40
Erastus 36, 109
Eunice 42
George 32, 36, 40, 81
Gilbert 14, 32, 231, 237
Henry 228
Henry A. 55
Job 35
John P. 35, 39, 40, 88, 294
Joseph 296
Lieut. 232
Nancy 35
Oran 40
Prince E. 33, 83, 84
S. W. 109, 131, 142
Stephen 36, 40, 41, 81, 109
Thomas 31, 128
Timothy 32, 35, 296
Warren 40
William 40
Zichri 31, 296
Newcomb, Deacon 30, 41, 88, 214
Newton, Alexander S. 40
Henry 40
Lincoln 40, 52
Minot 40
Nims, —— 14
Northumberland, Duke of 168
Norton, Jacob 205
Noyes, —— 107
Nye & Hunt 70
Nye, Dr. 78
"Old Prince" 289
Olmstead, Frederick Law 250
Packard, Col. 282
Pain, James 194
Paine, Abner W. 79
Palmer, Capt. 169-172, 177, 178, 180, 185 186
Park, Charles 23
Parker, Theodore 62, 69, 102, 111-113, 127, 220, 240
Pater, Martha 40
Peabody, George 175
Pease, James T. 9
Peck, —— 158
Perkins, Jonas 19, 28, 35, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 67, 88, 204, 245, 279
Josiah 40, 44
Martha 50
Thomas Handasyde 188
Peterson, Henry 98
John P. 25, 97
Phelps, —— 168
Phillips, Isaac 26, 32
John 32, 96, 97
Nich. 232
Wendell 69, 73, 102, 111, 113, 140, 220, 240
Pierce, Elijah 23, 54, 297
Eliot 26
Franklin 98, 104-107
Pillsbury, Parker 14, 69, 71, 240
Poe, Edgar A. 60
Polk, James K. 72, 104
Pomeroy, Samuel C. 127
Pope, Frederic 25
Porter, Frank 267, 268
George 15, 25, 66, 118
George E. 270
George M. 34
Jane 60
John 15, 25, 66
Joseph 40
T. B. 86
Thomas 89, 118, 120

Porter, Thomas B. 21, 22, 85
Whitcomb 20, 24-26, 54, 66, 76, 89, 205
Potter, Edmund S. 234
Powers, Samuel L. 220
Pratt, —— 229
Francis B. 145
Lewis 22
Martin K. 109
Nathaniel 40
Phineas 91, 250, 270
Solon 22
Thomas 94
Pray, Edward 40, 50
George 40
Thomas 25
Prescott, William H. 60
Quincy, —— 238, 239
Rand, Theodore J. 98
Randall, Dean 86
Ray, Abram 70, 71
Raymond, Alvah 137
Robert 75, 267
William 267
Reed, Edwin 163
Hannah 40
Harvey 20
John 163
Loring W. 40
M. F. 204
M. T. 152
Mary 40
Quincy 20
Samuel 24, 40, 86
Samuel W. 12
Thomas 25, 40, 295
Remington, Jacob 83, 84
Reynolds, Sir Joshua 174
Rhines, John B. 76
John C. 21, 22, 49, 76, 86, 89
Rice, C. A. 21, 25
Richards, —— 81, 220, 229
Alden, 32
Anna 288
Augustus J. 52, 55
Austin 30, 74
Avis 32
David 25
Deborah 40
Eben H. 22
Richards, Ebenezer 28, 40
Ebenezer Hunt 29, 44
Edward 32
Elbridge 32
Elias 20, 23, 29, 30, 38, 39, 42, 44, 70-72, 86, 109, 233, 266, 268, 269
Elias (Hunt), Mrs. 38, 42, 269
Elizabeth 32
Elizabeth (Hunt) 42, 269
Francis 32, 36
Frank 32
George 28
Jacob 32, 52, 86, 97, 293
Josiah 29, 32, 129
Nathaniel 21, 32, 40, 293
Sara 40
Susan 270
Thomas 32, 39, 293
Richards & Hunt, 129, 130
Richardson, Mrs. 42, 91
E. T. F. 42
Richmond, Micah 52, 295
Ripley, Ebed 193
Henry 193
Robinson, Charles 127
Rockefeller, John D. 250
Rollie, John 78
Ross, Lieut. 198
Russell, Bradford 261
Thomas 262
Sanderson, Chester 136-138
Sanderson & Lanergan 131, 136
Sato, M. 192
Saville, Dr. 267
Scheyrer, —— 133
Schley, Winfield S. 196
Schurz, Carl 276
Scott, Walter 60
Winfield 104, 105
Sedgwick, Henry Dwight 253
Seguin, —— 79
Seward, William H. 126, 139, 140
Seymour, —— 10
Shadrach, 102
Sheppard, Joel F. 22
Sherlock, —— 165, 167
Simmons, William A. 161, 196, 262
Sims, Thomas 102
Simms, William Gilmore 263

Singer, —— 70
Slocum, —— 290
Smith, Avis (Richards) 32
Dana 269
Darius 80, 109, 269
James 232
Jerome V. C. 111
Otis 31, 80, 108
William 205
Snow, Capt. 189, 190
Jonathan 191
Somes, John 53
John C. 49
Soper, —— 291
Edmund 9, 50, 228, 231
Eliza M. T. 9
South, —— 94
James 40
Souther, Laban 92
Sparrow, B. C. 190, 198
Spear, John M. 68, 203
Spense, —— 182-184
Sproul, Arthur E. 159
Stagg, —— 225
Standish, Miles 250, 270, 291
Sterling, Auburn, Mrs. 270
Stetson, —— 80
Albert (Holbrook), Mrs. 50, 228
Amos 52, 86
Amos W. 13, 16, 44, 50, 86
A. Warren 52
Caleb 31, 40, 41, 50, 80, 86, 101, 212
Henry 153
Loring 75
Major 51, 54
Mary 40
Rhoda 51
Susannah (Hunt) 31, 50
Warren 143
Storrs, R. S. 41, 75, 205, 245
Stowe, Harriet Beecher 110
Stratton, William D. 137
Strauss, Johann 79
Strong, Alexander 130
Sumner, Charles 100, 101, 106, 110, 115, 120-125, 159
Tapley, A. P. 132
Taylor, Bayard 111
John 232
Taylor, Zachary 90, 100-102, 106, 232, 233
Terrill, Jacob 40
Terry, James S. 234
Thatcher, James 63
Thayer, —— 44
Abraham 108, 209
Abram 18, 22, 26
Ben. 66, 90, 91
Benjamin B. 15, 26
Chapin 29
Col. 21, 41, 54, 67
Eben C. 40
Eli 70, 86, 126-128
Elisha 43
Elisha N. 40
George L. 132
Gideon 52, 231
Harvey 83
Hezekiah 83
Isaiah 24
Josiah 12, 29
Lewis 83
Minot 22, 30, 41, 49, 52, 53, 67, 295
Rachel 49, 53
Simeon 83
Stephen 66
W. G. 146
William 141
Thomas, —— 221, 234
George 232
Thompson, Edwin 67, 69, 71
Gilman 40, 74, 77, 93, 109, 233
Granville 94, 98, 137
Thoreau, Henry D. 261
Tilden, —— 56, 75, 294
Atherton 29
Atherton W. 12, 26, 29, 54, 69, 88, 97, 232
Francis H. 13, 26, 29, 75, 81, 97, 232, 269
Louis E. 267
Thomas 13, 29, 71, 77, 83, 87, 88
Thomas W. 109
Tirrell, Abner D. 36
Augustus 267, 268
David 34
David J. 22
Elbridge 24
Elphas 36

Tirrell, Franklin 34, 77
Jacob 36
Minot 55
Torrey, —— 87, 229, 234
Alexis 147
Lemuel 128
Phillips 25
Turner 71, 86
Sumner 147
Tilman, Eben 131
Joseph 131
Trescott, —— 132
Trott, —— 151, 152
Charles 141
Charles R. 132, 136, 146
Rufus K. 40, 85
Tufts, —— 91
Augustus 30
Cotton 27, 28, 30, 132, 227, 295
Mercy 26
Quincy 26, 30
Susan 26
Tufts & Whittemore 16, 23, 25, 54, 57, 70, 91, 107, 212
Turner, —— 174
Hez. 232
Tuttle, —— 158
Tyler, John 66
Van Buren, Martin 66, 88, 90
Van Dyck, —— 174
Vaughn, —— 142
Vest, Sen. 241
Vickers, George 40
Vinal, Dexter 40
Vining, —— 234
Noah 89, 128, 233
Vinson, John 232
Vinton, —— 227
John Adams 63
Josiah 22, 55
Mary 40
Wade, Atherton 40
Harriet 40
Wales, —— 79, 155, 204, 209, 239
Asa B. 21, 22, 55, 86, 90, 98, 106-108, 233
Elisha 40
Walker, Roscius R. 76, 86, 146
Russell 146, 155
Walsh, —— 191

White, N. L. 40
Oran 128, 233
Samuel 227
Sanford 24
Whiting, —— 193
Whitman, —— 36
Whitmarsh, Freeman 96
John 21, 26
Samuel 21
Whitney, —— 41, 137
Henry A. 159
Whiton, Bela 118
Morris 268
Whittemore, —— 91
Augustus 30
James 27, 30, 295
Quincy 30
Whittier, John G. 60
Wild, John 40, 105
Wildes, John 38, 43, 44, 265, 290
Willey, Theodore P. 270
Williams, —— 239
Williams, Chauncey 25, 32-33
John M. S. 127
Willis, George 86
Henry 15
Tilley 24, 79
Wilson, Henry 262
Winsor, Justin 63
Winthrop, Robert C. 100
Wilson, Henry 110, 115, 116, 125, 126, 129, 262
Witte, —— 194
Woods, —— 261
John D. 22
Worster, Edwin P. 26, 97
Ezekiel 26, 86
Henry 97
John 97
Thomas 97
Wright, Justin 76
Solomon 76
Young, Harvey 193

F 318
9

This book is a preservation photocopy.
It was produced on Hammermill Laser Print natural white,
a 60 # book weight acid-free archival paper
which meets the requirements of
ANSI/NISO Z39.48-1992 (permanence of paper)

Preservation photocopying and binding
by
Acme Bookbinding
Charlestown, Massachusetts

1995

3 2044 013 680 723